THE

POETICAL REGISTER,

AND

REPOSITORY

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY,

FOR

1802.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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1803.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ANIMATED by the flattering encouragement given to the First Volume of the POETICAL REGISTER, the Editor now lays before the tribunal of the Public a Second, which he flatters himself will not be found less worthy of patronage. He may, without the imputation of vanity, assert, that if a strict impartiality, and a scrupulous attention to exclude every thing injurious to morals, have any pretensions to favour, he has nothing to fear. Of himself it would not become him to say more. On the merits of his Correspondents it is unnecessary for him to dwell. Their contributions are advocates more forcible, than any thing he could possibly urge.

Three Heads are omitted in this Volume, which were inserted in the last. They are those of Ancient Poetry, Notices of Books in the Press, and Poetical Biography. Of these the first has been left

out from want of room, and the second as being somewhat of an encroachment on the province of advertisements. The exclusion of the third article, requires a more detailed explanation. When the Editor adopted the plan, of giving biographical sketches of eminent deceased Poets, he hoped that he might be able to obtain authentic materials, for carrying his purpose into execution. In that hope he has been disappointed. Anecdotes, and even lives, from newspapers, magazines, and other unauthorized, not to say polluted, sources, he might have gathered in abundance; but to use these would, according to his ideas, have been, at once, a fraud upon the Public, and an insult to the memory of the dead. The practice of publishing memoirs of eminent persons, chiefly fabricated from common report, is now too prevalent. This lying to the present age, and even to posterity, if such things can be supposed to have a chance of reaching posterity, deserves the severest reprobation. The fame of those illustrious men, who enlightened and adorned their age, ought to be held sacred. Under the impression of these feelings, the Editor has resolved to omit in the present Volume, the head of Poetical Biography. He trusts, and with confidence, that the reasons he has given, will justify the omission. Yet though this

part of the Plan is, for the present, suspended, it must not be considered as wholly given up. Whenever authentic materials can be obtained, the arrear of Biography will be discharged; and thus, what is lost in promptitude, will be more than gained in fidelity.

To the unabated kindness of those friends, whose names were specified in the Advertisement to the Volume for 1801, the Editor has to acknowledge his very great obligations. Their assistance and influence has been exerted in a manner, which demands his warmest thanks. He feels pleasure also in owning, how much he is indebted to Mr. Preston and Mr. Heber. The former has been long known and admired in the literary world, and the latter has proved, by his beautiful Poem of Palestine, how strong a claim he has to be ranked among the favourites of the Muse. Those friends who remain unnamed, will not, he hopes, conceive that his silence arises from his not having properly appreciated the value of their support.

Unavoidable circumstances have delayed the publication of this Volume, to a later period, than was originally intended. The future Volumes, will be

regularly published, about the latter end of March, or, at the latest, in the beginning of April. Correspondents are, therefore, requested to send their Contributions, as early as possible, addressed to the Editor, under Cover, to Messrs. Rivingtons. To prevent mistakes, they are also desired to specify, whether their pieces are intended for the Original, or Fugitive Poetry.

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CATALOGUE 456

Original Poetry.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THREE LOVE EPISTLES.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

WRITTEN IN EARLY LIFE.

EVANDER TO EMILLIA.

O! never did thy glowing pen bestow,
To sooth my soul's inevitable woe,
So much, by generous, trusting Faith inspir'd,
So much, by ardent, banish'd Love desir'd,
Free from the cold alloy of doubts, and fears,
And all the fullying drops of jealous tears,
Since first our eyes the conscious glances cast,
That met,—dissolv'd,—and *blended*, as they pass'd.
The precious tenderness these lines impart
Falls on my sick, alarm'd, and longing heart,
Like dews on flowers by sultry noon-beams dry,
Like balmy sleep on Labor's closing eye.
But this long absence!—countless are its pains,
Sprung from the thought how fast our Being wanes;
How *short* its span!—that weeks and months must roll
On towards Existence' dark and final goal,
Ere Time the ravish'd happiness restores
To pass together *some* of those *few* hours,
Forming the short, irrevocable day,
That stays for none, and fleets so *swift* away.

EVANDER TO EMILLIA.

Emillia, thou art far away,
And languid creep the vacant hours;
Yet, when the last mild Evening chas'd,
With yellow light, the recent Showers,

Their wonted path my slow steps found
The green, and shady Lanes along,
That wind around the sylvan cot,
The cot, with ivy curtains hung.

Soft setting Sun-beams gently glanc'd
O'er the young leaves a sweet farewell;
But ah! to these delightless eyes
How vacant seem'd the bloomy cell!

Tho' gilded by so mild a light,
Tho' linnets warbled in the gale,
A lone, and wintry air it wore,
And Silence seem'd to shroud the Vale.

Thy little, faithful Dog I met,
Saw him the circling Lanes explore,
Rush down the glades, then up the steps
Spring to thy clos'd, and silent door.

With eager look, and plaintive whine,
Snuff thro' each chink the passing air;
Ah! little wretch, I mournful cried,
Thy lovely mistress is not there!

Slow he walk'd away, and hung
His sullen head, and nothing car'd
How oft I call'd, to tempt his stay,
And sooth the peevish grief I shar'd.

He left me near the silent Door,
No more half open'd to thy Friend,
When dull the clouds of Evening lour,
And fast her heavy dews descend;

Or drizzling rains, that often weep,
When winds no longer bend the spray,
The moist, and early vanish'd Sun,
That shrinks from April's wayward Day.

Now in that little hall's dear grate
No social embers glow the while,
To *us* so kindly to disclose
The mutual glance, the tender smile.

Protecting Walls! Asylum blest
From every influence unkind!
The rigor of inclement skies,
The rigor of th' unfeeling mind.

From Pride, and Avarice' taunting sneer,
Authority's still dreaded frown,
Whose chidings loud the gentle voice
Of Love's persuasive pleadings drown.

That sylvan cottage is thine own,
A tender mother's kind bequest,
Far from thy haughty Father's power,
'Twill give us shelter, food, and rest.

Till *that* was thine, thou know'st full well
I pleaded 'gainst my *self* to thee,
Opposing the too generous love,
That dar'd the last distress for me.

But now, that shelter, food, and rest
May meet us in the silent bower,
Come to these faithful, longing arms,
And scorn the curbs of Pride and Power!

The busy, bustling haunts of Men
Thy Lover shall, for thee, resign;
For us the Winter's hearth shall glow;
For us the Summer Sun will shine.

The great Ones court thee for their Bride;
With thee, in ceremonial glare,
They wou'd the pomps of Life divide,
For that the world proclaims thee fair.

Ah, it is *vanity*, not *love*,
That bids them seek thy matchless charms,
But Love alone, and love like mine
Deserves the heaven that's in thine arms.

But can that soft, that yielding soul
It's generous warfare long maintain,
Defy constraint, and haste to seek
The shelter of these arms again?

O! yes, while Memory's power remains,
Her glowing images shall prove
The unsubdu'd, and constant Guards
When Force wou'd disunite our love.

TO EMILLIA.

1.

PALE florets tremble o'er the shadow'd Streams,
Low in the winding, and irriguous Vale,
While blazing, at high noon, the solar beams
Flame on the Mountain top, and fire the gale.
Here then, in silence, thro' the summer's day,
Glide, bright with hope, enamour'd hours away.

2.

For now, my love-devoted Soul, at rest,
Hails all the lonely graces of the scene;
Hails them, in soft, confiding fondness blest,
And leaves ambition to her anxious spleen,
Her pomps, her triumphs unregarded shine,
While fair Emillia's melting heart is mine.

3.

Wou'd I this lock of my Emillia's hair,
That floats in golden threads upon the breeze,
Resign for all ambition's Votaries wear,
For all they pine to see a Rival seize?
No, thou dear pledge of love and hope, that pour
Their precious essence on this rosy hour!

4.

Fate will restore thee, Angel, kind and bright
As Spring's fair Morning on the troubled sea,
That surg'd and toss'd thro' the long, stormy night,
Like my tumultuous heart, when robb'd of *thee*;
By thy vain doubts disturb'd, or real fears
Shrouding in shadows dark our future years.

5.

The clouds disperse!—our long disastrous love,
Trembling beneath pale Ruin's hovering wings,
Emerges from their shade! O! may it prove
No meteor-fire, that now before us springs,
But a mild pole-star to the dear Retreat,
Where Peace, and Competence our steps shall meet.

6.

On thee to gaze thro' all the Summer's day!
Hear thy sweet accents cheer the Winter's Eve!
Thro' the soft hours of slumber's darkling sway
Thy balmy breathings on my cheek perceive!
What full reward for all the woes, that shed
Gloom o'er th' impassioned years, irrevocably fled!

AN IMITATION OF HORACE,

BOOK 2. ODE 7.

THE AUTHOR GOING TO TAKE HIS DEGREE.

" O sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum
Deducte" &c. &c.

O THOU, in hair-breadth scapes like me,
By tyrant statutes undismay'd,
While——rules what magic aid,
Gives thee to fly, yet safely see
Return'd the academic shade.

Full oft the light convivial vein
Has sped for us the minutes' pace,
Full oft, amaz'd, the slavish race
Of College seen us both disdain
The pedant Genius of the place.

To me, impatient for the boon,
Expecting long and gaining late,
He deigns his rigours to abate;
But thee condemns for many a moon,
To war with Dulness and with Fate.

And yet thy safe return to hail,
  And welcome my approaching right,
  The Muse on this distinguish'd night,
The Muse our Sovereign will not fail,
  Our proudest homage to requite.

Be ours my——then to shew
  Due honours at her patron shrine,
  My richest ripest flask be thine,
Then let the warm libation flow
  To Freedom, Friendship, and the Nine.

IMITATED

FROM AN ANCIENT GREEK AUTHOR.

1.

WITH me the rosy goblet share,
  With me enjoy the youthful hours,
With me caress the frolic fair,
  With me compose the wreath of flowers!

2.

Now drive with me dull thought away,
  With me defiance bid to sorrow,
Be merry Thou with Me to day;—
  And I'll be wise with Thee to-morrow!

EDMUND L. SWIFT. 1802.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON AN AUTUMNAL VISIT AT THE VILLA OF A LONG-RESPECTED FRIEND.

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

REPINING Memory, sometimes, through
The darkening veil of tears
Regards, with sadly-pensive view,
The shades of former years:

Sees those, who in Youth's sunny prime
Beam'd rapture on our sight,
Eclips'd by distance or by time,
Or set in Death's long night!—

Yet Nature still has means most dear
To keep the heart-blood warm,
Some vernal sympathies to cheer
Mid many an Autumn-storm.

And though poor Life's coëval leaves
Hang thinly scatter'd round,
And not a breeze can blow but drives
Some trembler to the ground;
May the firm few that brave Time's circling blast,
Cling to their early stock of Amity more fast!

HYMN TO OLD AGE.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.

FULL many a Bard attunes the string
For Youth, and all it loves to bring,
It's graceful forms, it's polish'd toys,
Delirium sweet, and promis'd joys;
All these enchant the tuneful throng,
And Youth, the season is for song;
Rhyming, 'mid twenty whimsies more,
Adds but one folly to the score.
But should a Bard in riper age,
Chance to retain poetic rage;
The sole atonement for his rhyme,
Which he can make to slighted time,
Is with some monitory lay,
To sing the praise of LIFE'S DECAY.
Not myrtle bower, not virgin's dream,
Not field of combat be my theme.
No wreath my sober Muse shall find,
For crimes and follies of mankind.
Thy praises, Age, command my voice;
And let the theme reward my choice.
Repress the fiery pride of Youth,
Impart the love of moral truth:

Without regret, I can resign
The vanities that once were mine.
  Come, Age, thy welcome visit make,
I know the journey I must take.
Come, Age, with me a season stay,
Then see me friendly on my way.
I hail thy steps with bosom free,
No terrors dost thou bring to me.
For precious gifts thou canst impart,
The thinking head, the tranquil heart,
For moral truth, 'tis thine, to change
The dreams of Youth, that widely range.
When youthful sunshine fills the skies,
The morning mists of passion rise;—
Unbridled Love, Ambition vain,
And hot Revenge, and fell Disdain,
Unbounded Hope, and fond Belief,
Intemp'rate Joy, and causeless Grief,
That ravish from the dazzled sight
The heav'nly forms of fair and right.
Illusions, bred of air and heat,
In Youth abound, in Age retreat.
Then, Evening blunts the noon-tide ray,
And all the phantoms melt away.
We then imbibe a cooler sky;
We feel the thirst of Pleasure fly.
The thousand hopeless vain pursuits,
The plants that teem with bitter fruits,
When the fierce noon-tide glare is fled,
Decline, and hang the withering head.
  Come, Age, with influence kind inspire
The mild retreating of Desire.
Declining Strength, and failing Sight,
Augmented Pain, abridg'd Delight,

These have no terror, Age, for me;
They come to set the spirit free.
Come, welcome Age, but do not bring
The train, that aged bosoms wring;
The narrow thoughts, the carking cares,
That bring contempt on hoary hairs;
The spleen morose, the lust of gold,
Suspicions base, that haunt the Old,
And Fear, with selfish tremors pale,
And Vanity, with twice-told tale.—
O well I know, that in thy train
Full oft attend the forms of pain.
Diseases fell, an hideous band,
That round the King of Terrors stand;
While, breaking down our prison walls
The hand of Sickness heavy falls.
Spare them and let me wear away,
With unperceived and mild decay.
Let me not know the pang, that rends
An aged Mourner from his friends:
Nor, yet, on Nature's pledges dear,
Untimely ravish'd shed the tear.
Nor tempt me, with myself at strife,
To curse the sluggish dregs of life.
Oh! when th' accomplish'd and the brave,
When Youth and Beauty seek the grave;
Who this unmov'd can hear and see?—
Then, hast thou terrors, Age, for me.
Yet, Age can boast peculiar charms,
When, sinking in our childrens' arms,
By thousand fond attentions sooth'd,
We find the downward path so smooth'd,
That, scarcely conscious where they lead,
On flowrets to the grave we tread!

The calm delights of social hours,
When ev'ry mind expands it's pow'rs,
The private duty, moral tie,
What pleasures they to Age supply!—
Beyond what Youth and Health bestow,
The wild excess, the vagrant glow.
Who can describe the pure delight,
When childrens' children glad the sight?
What transport for our Age is stor'd,
When tender olives grace the board!
Each look benign, each accent kind,
Each act that speaks expanding mind,
Each prelude of some manly part,—
Heav'ns, how they thrill the parent's heart!
Kind Age, all these attend on thee,
And, sure, no terrors bring to me.
From me while youthful spirits post,
They are but lent, not wholly lost:
I see them, in my children live,
New pleasure, thus return'd, they give,
I mingle with the joyous train,
And, in their sports, am young again.
Around my knees they fondly croud,
With hearts elate, and gaily loud;
Nor meet a word, or look severe,
To mingle filial love with fear.
If such delights reside with thee,
Thou hast no terrors, Age, for me.
Come, wearied Nature's sure repose,
Our noisy drama's peaceful close,—
The hope of better life expands,
I hail the glimpse of distant lands.—
Away with sorrow, pain, and strife,
And all that can embitter life!—

With life they come, with life they end.
At thy approach, thou common friend,
Fled are the forms, that broke our sleep,
And bade us wake to sigh and weep.
Thy gentle shaking of the frame
To slumber lulls the vital flame;
Till, like an infant sooth'd to rest,
We sink upon the MAKER's breast.

SONG.

THO' in the festive circle, gay,
You see me move in frolic measure;
Mark on my cheek, in purple play,
The bloom of youth and smile of pleasure;

Ah! think not I am free from care.
But think how hard it is to cover
With smiles the anguish of despair,
And pity an unhappy lover.

D. C.

EDINBURGH.

ST. ANDREW'S EVE,

A VILLAGE LEGEND.

The Spinsters, and the Knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it. SHAKSPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT.

KEEN, the winds of November swept over the wold,
And stripp'd the dry leaves from the grove;
When Mabel, regardless of danger, or cold,
Softly stole from her cot, when the Curfew-bell toll'd;
Mutual vows to exchange with her love.

From the ivy-clad Abbey the screech owl's shrill cry
Fill'd each pause of the deep-swelling blast;
Blue tapers funereal * pale gleam'd on her eye,
And meteors portentous shot thro' the dark sky,
As on to the Church-yard she pass'd.

Long ere she approach'd it, a form cross'd her way
In the garb of a Pilgrim array'd;
(Though dimly descried by the moon's clouded ray)
Who thus, in low accents, well skill'd to betray,
Accosted the credulous maid.

* Corpse Candles, a vulgar tradition in Wales.

Sweet Mabel, a cordial thy spirits to cheer
By thy true love commission'd, I bring;
Drink a health to thine Alleyn so fond, and sincere;
This pledge of his faith too he begs thee to wear:—
He said, and presented a ring.

The maid took the chalice—" Most grateful to me
" Are the gifts of my swain," she replied,
" Love hallows his tribute: O blest may he be!
" And Peace, courteous stranger, attend upon thee,
" Where Fortune thy footsteps shall guide."

Then the path-way pursuing, at length to her view
The wall of the Church-yard appear'd;
(Where spleenwort and maidenhair luxuriantly grew)
And within its inclosures, a wide-spreading yew
For a century, it's huge trunk had rear'd.

There her love she beheld, as athwart the deep shade
The moon-light soft chequer'd the place;
The Pilgrim at distance had follow'd the maid,
And now, by a tomb-stone conceal'd, he survey'd
The Fair in her Alleyn's embrace.

Thrice welcome my dear one! enraptured I press
The treasure so loved to my heart;
The Damsel with fondness return'd his caress;
But her voice sunk and faultering, could scarcely express
The emotions she sought to impart.

At length—" O my Alleyn, thy cordial" she cried,
" By turns chills my blood, and inflames."
" What cordial?"—the lover astonish'd replied;
Then the counterfeit Pilgrim his garb cast aside,
Rush'd forth, and thus wildly exclaims.

" Revenge, thou art mine!—Now attend haughty
" fair,
" And prepare to resign thy last breath,
" No longer my soul thy indifference shall bear;
" But my Rival in turn feel the pangs of despair;
" For the draught that I gave thee—was *death.*

" No more with soft wishes thy bosom shall heave,
" Or Love dart his fires from thine eye;
" No more, Hope's gay visions thy fancy deceive,
" Or whisper that Mabel for Alleyn shall live;
" For Mabel with Hubert shall die!

" With a ring I've espoused thee;—look round and
" behold
" The bride-bed made close by thy side;
" My hands have prepared it,—though narrow, and
" cold,
" With a winding-sheet only our limbs to infold:——
" 'Tis there I would sleep with my Bride."

Then, frantickly laughing, a dagger he drew,
And sheath'd the keen point in his breast;
Poor Alleyn distracted, his arms fondly threw
Round his now dying Mabel, kind, lovely, and true;
And his lips to her cold lips he press'd.

On his bosom so faithful her breath she resign'd,
And her eyelids his trembling hand closed,
Two moons, the sad lover in solitude pined;
Ere the third rose full-orb'd, his pale corse was con-
sign'd
To the grave where his Mabel reposed.

At the end of the hamlet, where four roads unite,
The suicide's relicks are laid;
A stake marks the spot, half conceal'd from the sight
By nightshade, and hemlock;—and adders delight
To lurk mid' the poisonous shade.

Now traditions report, when the year has roll'd round,
And St. Andrew's vigil returns;
The death-bell is heard deep and solemn to sound,
And Hubert's thin shade thrice encircles the mound
Where the lovers are buried, and mourns.

But on May's earliest morn, the fair maids of the vale
O'er the green sward bespangled with dew,
(While they weep at remembrance of Mabel's sad tale)
Strew bright purple pansies, and primroses pale,
With hare-bells and violets blue.

And at Midsummer oft' by the stars silver light,
Love-spells o'er the cold earth they weave;
The oracular herb *, with each mystical rite
On the yew boughs suspending to augur aright,
If their lovers are true, or deceive.

There too village Brides, with their Bridegrooms repair,
Ere at Hymen's pure altars they bow;
Join their hands o'er the turf which conceals the fond pair,
While a soft tear to pity from rapture they spare;
And plight the reciprocal vow.

F.

* Telephium roseum, Orpine, or rose-root. Vulg. Midsummer-men.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM:

AN ODE.

When fiercely raves the arctic storm,
And howling winds the seas deform,
O'er shaking hills I urge my car
To rule the elemental war.
Proud Nature owns my potent sway,
And trembling bows before my throne,
While round her form the lightnings play,
I mock the feeble sufferer's groan:
'Tis mine the boundless deep to heave
In mountains to the gates of heaven,
And mine the cloud-formed gloom to weave,
Whose shades involve the polar Even.

When round the struggling vessel's keel
The ocean's maddening waves congeal,
And the dim moon, with crimsoned rays,
Upon the stiffened canvass plays,
How the blood freezes in each vein,
While they that far from home exil'd
Behold the waters of the main
In crystal mountains round them pil'd!
Yet still they hope these scenes to brave,
To tread the icy-mantled sea,—
I seal their doom, no power can save,
Or my devoted victims free!

Obedient to my dread behest,
The whirlwind's breath rends Ocean's breast,
While Ruin scorns Distraction's cry,
The frantic sufferers shriek—and die.
Lo the fond mother scales the height
Whose brow defies the tempest wild,
And there she spends the fearful night,
To hail her long expected child;
Her hoary locks float on the storm,
Fierce on her head the wild winds beat,
When from the deep her son's pale form
I toss at her convulsing feet.

While Frenzy fires her straining eye,
Her piercing accents rend the sky;
As wild she tears her silvered hair,
That falls upon her bosom bare;
Now Death smiles dimly on his prey,
As the lost maniac to her breast
Clasps the beloved insensate clay,
And plunges in the watry waste.
These are the triumphs of my reign,
And these the trophies of my power,
When riding on the wintry main
I rule Destruction's fated hour.

From the dark bosom of the cloud,
That bears my form o'er Lapland's flood,
The meteor's vivid flame I urge,
Far glittering o'er the icy surge:
Lured by its ray the native braves
The unknown horrours of the dell,
Where scowling night in gelid caves,
On darkness throned, delights to dwell.

Hear, ye fierce demons of the air,
  Preserve yon savage in the wild;
For know your monarch loves to spare
  The rude north's tempest-beaten child.

Where Freedom cheers her western clime,
From Andes' brow that towers sublime,
I hurl the whelming wreaths of snow
To chasmed vales that groan below.
Down his dark rocks the vapours glide,
  That mingling seem a surging deep,
While o'er the troubled aërial tide,
  On sable wings I proudly sweep;
The dryads of the distant wood
  Awake their wildest screams of woe,
As swift I tear the storm-fraught cloud
  That lays their waving kingdoms low.

When Cancer owns the solar ray,
And pours his fervors on the day,
That shines unhailed by Freedom's smile
On dark Ambition's Indian isle,
At Retribution's dread command,
  The minister of wrath I fly,
To crush the dome with giant hand
  That Guilt, triumphant, reared on high:
Unawed the son of Afric smiles,
  As Death and Ruin scour the plain,
They end his long unpitied toils,
  And burst his blood-encrusted chain.

Yes, the tremendous power is mine,
To shake Oppression's hated shrine;

My hand unnerves her coward soul,
While heaven's avenging thunders roll;
I guide the flame-winged lightning's course,
  I bid the struggling earthquake groan,
While the tornado's fearful force
  Shakes the bright Summer's tropic throne,
I rule the spirits of the deep,
  I drive them to their oozy caves,
When bounding from the cloud-crowned steep,
  I revel on the foaming waves.

ADELINE.

EDINBURGH.

TRANSLATION

OF METASTATIO'S "L'ONDE DEL MARE DIVISO."

PARTING from it's native main,
  Glides the wave in ceaseless maze;
Aids the river's swelling train;
  In the fountain's eddy plays:

Down the hill, in slow meanders,
  Many a lonely region o'er;
Ever plaining as it wanders,
  Murmurs to it's native shore.

LINES,

Written in the Park of Wentworth-House, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, on being told that the oaks on Temple Hill were sown by Lord Milton, when three years old.

BY MISS PEARSON.

HERE, rosy Light, with purest influence shine,
Here, zephyrs bland with cheering dews combine,
And latent rills, and vernal rains, to swell
The silky leaf beyond its wintry cell:
And ye, who weave the woodlands summer-bowers,
Here bend your steps ye fair etherial powers!
On this bright slope, with plastic fingers, guide
These youthful oaks to mount in sylvan pride;
Save them, sweet guardians, when mid polar snows
The Sire of Storms awakes from dread repose,
Yokes the fierce tempests to his howling car,
And calls, with thundering voice, the elements to war.
Shield their young boles, when o'er the snowy waste
In rapid triumph rides the arrowy blast;
Watch, when the swollen spring o'erleaps its bound
And robs their infant roots of fostering mound;
Guard their soft buds from mildew's baleful power,
And Jove's red bolt in heaven's indignant hour:

Nurse, and protect them, till revolving time
On this fair summit sees them rise sublime,
With grace superior this sweet scene adorn,
And yield their shade to Wentworths yet unborn.
And when in full perfection's height they stand,
Waving their ample boughs, serenely grand,
O may they bloom true emblems of his worth
Who gave their embryos to the genial earth,
While yet his little feet uncertain trod
Timid and slow along the grassy sod.
Such be the beauty of his mind matur'd,
By taste embellish'd, and to toil inur'd,
Expanded by Religion's sacred rays,
Enrich'd by classic lore of ancient days,
His bosom girt with Truth's celestial zone,
His youthful lips her pure and living throne,
Where sterling sense shall charm in mild Persuasion's tone!
Thus, deck'd with every precious gift of Health,
High on the pedestal of Rank and Wealth,
Long may he tower, unshaken in his place,
Like the Patrician-Oak, his country's strength and grace!

1802.

TO THE NEW MOON.

Oh stay awhile thy silver horn,
That hastens now so fast away,
Adown the western pathway borne,
Closing the rear of parting day!

Sweet Queen of heaven! thou canst not find
In all thy daily circled course,
One who more feels within his mind
Thy soft persuasive beauty's force.

Thou goest o'er the lonely deep
To waste thy splendour on the tide,
Where only sea-born monsters sweep,
Unheeding of thy beamy pride;

Or on some woody mountain's head,
Canadian wilds shall drink thy ray;
Where savage tigers prowling tread,
And savage men more fierce than they;

Or on the long Atlantic shore,
The realm of trade thy view shall greet,
Where busy labour plies the oar,
And jostles in the crouded street.

Unhonour'd and unnotic'd there,
Thou shalt illume the lonely sky:
Then why to these dull sons of care,
Bright Queen, dost thou so quickly fly?

Do these allure thee to the west?
Dost thou prefer these scenes to me?
Nor can a poet's woe-fraught breast
Claim any privilege from thee?

The idlest of the idle train,
The meanest too, with heart forlorn,
He pours to thee his lonely strain,
And gazes on thy parting horn.

He hails thee as a well known friend,
A friend of past and better days;
To thee his fond affections tend,
His sad heart lightens in thy rays.

But not for man's frail plaints her laws
Shall constant nature e'er suspend,
Or stop th' unintermitting cause,
Whence planets in their orbits tend.

Ah no! tho' once a hero's tongue
Bade thee on Ajalon stand still,
No wandering poet's feeble song
Can stay thee on thy western hill.

Unmindful of his ardent prayer,
Thou shalt thy steady course pursue,
And to each clime alike shalt bear
Of light and joy proportion due.

Oh could I mount and soar with thee,
Far, far above this world of care!
And, sailing with thee o'er the sea,
Look down upon the nether air!

Then, as upon the mimic sphere,
We'd trace each river's waving line,
Each gloomy wood, each desart drear,
Each long-drawn mountain's craggy spine;

And view where Europe roll'd beneath
Her plains to despot pow'r resign'd,
Her streams so late distain'd with death,
Nor sigh to leave the scene behind;

And where old Ocean heav'd below
In billowy pride his vast expanse,
Mark how his swelling waters glow,
As shifting Moon-beams o'er them dance.

And there, perhaps, we should survey,
While o'er their barks the sea-spray flies,
Unhappy men who long for day;—
But day on them shall never rise.

Still westward in our course we glide,
And to our view the land appears,
Once the lov'd source of swelling pride,
Still lov'd, but ah! the source of tears.

That land whence Order slow retires,
And headlong Faction rears her claim;
Where Freedom kindled patriot fires,
* But Commerce quench'd the rising flame.

* The author does not mean to depreciate the value of commerce, of whose importance to the national prosperity, when confined within its proper channel, he is fully sensible. His only aim is to protest against a mercantile spirit which has been so frequently

Yet tho' the realm of trade it be,
  Full gladly there with thee I'd roam;
It still has many charms for me,
  For 'tis my country—'tis my home.—

And liberal Nature there has spread,
  To soothe the feeling mind, her stores:
Green groves there nod the lofty head,
  And winding waters wash the shores.

And there, more worth than groves or streams,
  The living life of beauty shines,
From many an eye its lustre gleams,
  And many a heart its force refines.

And tho' with thee secure I range
  Across the blue star-sprinkled plain,
'Tis beauty bids me wish to change,
  And lures me back to earth again.

But ah, I dream!—no starry plain
  My weary wandering footsteps tread;
No native land appears again,
  Beneath in varied prospect spread;

No once lov'd beauty cheers my sight;
  But whilst I cast my eyes around,
Yon castle, on the rocky height,
  Tells me I tread on Scottish ground.—

manifested in the legislative deliberations of his country, where there have been found men, who when the dearest interests of the nation are at stake, sit down calmly to calculate the expence of defending them, and who conclude when money is saved nothing is lost.

Go then, and from this troubled breast
  Its vain regrets, its wishes bear !
Go, give thy glories to the west !
  Go ! while the *Wanderer* tarries here,

And thou wilt find one little spot,
  Where busy Trade does not intrude,
By pompous Art almost forgot,
  But lov'd by musing Solitude.

When o'er that spot thy rays shall stream,
  Roll not unheeding through the sky,
Steal gently down one brighter beam,
  And let it glance on Delia's eye.

That eye, responsive to thy light,
  Shall tremble with a brighter ray,
For well she loves to woo the night,
  When thou thy crescent dost display.

And often when the young and gay,
  Crouded the lustre-lighted room,
She, not unmark'd, has hied away,
  To hail the twilight's dusky gloom.

And oft alone shall she be seen,
  When thou shalt in the west be found,
And by the wonted pillar lean,
  Where twines the honey-suckle round.

Let then no cloud obscure thy face,
  No brooding tempest threaten near,
But one mild blue the welkin grace,
  And silence rest upon the air.

For while to lonely musing given,
Her thoughts to former days may flee,
And 'mid the pleasures of the even,
Perhaps that she may think on me;

Then, could the skies a message bear,
Each wandering fire that rolls above,
Should waft unto her listening ear,
The truth that still I love, I love.

But how should'st thou my Delia know?
And who is she the maid so dear,
For whom I bid my numbers flow,
And weary evening with my prayer?

O! thou wilt know her, should'st thou spy
A maid that meekly moves along,
And shrinks from the obtrusive eye,
Nor mingles with the giddy throng.

Yet tho' unconscious of her power,
None with my Delia may compare,
For she is sweet as May's first flower,
And midst the fairest she is fair.

And thou wilt know her, for thou oft
Hast seen me fondly by her side,
With stolen sighs and whisper soft,
A suitor to her virgin pride.

Oft when thy rays illum'd the dome,
That near her mansion rose to view,
With secret step I left my home,
To meet my love so fair, so true.

To tell my tale of love I came,
Nor she disdain'd to hear me speak,
But sometimes own'd a mutual flame,
While night half hid her blushing cheek;

And when above the southern tree,
Orion's starry baldrick shone,
With sweet reproof she chid my stay,
And gently warn'd me to be gone.

But ah! these times are past, and drear
Unlovely prospects greet the eye;
And tho' Orion rises here,
Orion glides unheeded by.

For now ten times thy growing horn,
Has glisten'd on Night's forehead high,
Ten times to full perfection borne,
Thy orb has waned in the sky;

Since far from Delia, far from love,
Far from my native Severn's strand,
Lonely and comfortless I rove,
An Exile in a foreign land;—

Go then, and from this troubled breast
Its vain regrets, its wishes bear,
Go, give thy glories to the west!
Forlorn and sad I tarry here.

ITHACUS.

EDINBURGH, OCTOBER 22, 1802.

ANACREON. ODE 14.

IMITATED BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

1.

Now, now I yield, I yield to love,
Once Cupid me to love persuaded;
My careless mind he could not move,
Nor argument nor reason aided:—

2.

Instant he seiz'd the forceful bow,
To war his golden quiver rattled;
Arm'd cap-a-pie, from top to toe,
With Cupid's might I vainly battled.

3.

The dart he flung:—trembling, I flew;—
Enrag'd, for emptied was his quiver,
Full on my breast *himself* he threw,
And pierc'd my heart, and shot my liver.

4.

In vain, alas, the shield I bear,
Nor corslet guards, nor spear avails me:
No more of outward arms I care,
For ah, *within* the foe assails me!

1794.

HYMN TO FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! let thy myrtle twine
My flowing locks; and at thy shrine,
While I laud thy power, inspire,
Rule, and animate my lyre.
Thee, by gracious Heaven design'd
To soothe the suff'rings of mankind,
In climes of happiness above,
Virtue bore to gentle Love.
Virtue, in thy early youth,
Nerv'd thy soul with dauntless truth;
And steady vigour to despise
Fortune and her changeful skies.
But Love conferr'd th' engaging air,
That calms the frenzy of despair;
Affections that in secret glow,
And tears that sympathetic flow.
At thy birth th' Angelic choir
Smote with joy th' according lyre;
And th' etherial mansions rung
With the rapture of their song.
Ne'er in Vice's tawdry bower,
Deck'd with many a gorgeous flower;
Where noisy Folly laughs; the while
Squint Suspicion strives to smile;
And Anguish, an envenom'd snake,
Lurks beneath the tangling brake;

And conscious Shame, with barbed dart,
Ere long to probe the cancer'd heart;
And Infamy, foul imp, at last
To blow th' annihilating blast,
And from her harrowing trumpet roar,
That peace and honour are no more;
Ne'er in Vice's tawdry bower,
Deck'd with many a gorgeous flower,
Goddess of the soul serene!
Is thy lenient aspect seen.
Yet, with counterfeited bloom,
Cunning would thy form assume;
Would with blandishment and song
Captivate the witless throng.
But should Fortune frown, and leave
Those who homag'd her to grieve,
Scornful, like her, of tears and sighs,
The counterfeit of Friendship flies.
So the clouds of seeming gold
Round the pomp of Phœbus roll'd,
Blaze with his effulgent ray,
And promise to prolong the day:
Vain promise! he declines, and lo!
Frowning in the garb of woe,
The fen-born vapours scowl, and lour
With horror, on the lonely hour.
  Ne'er with flatt'ring words and vain
Wilt thou intoxicate the brain;
Nor those who in thy truth confide,
Betray to vanity and pride.
Thy counsels vindicate the soul
From Folly's tyrannous controul:
For Discretion's mystic braid,
With many a figur'd gem inlaid,

And gifted with mysterious force,
To rein Imagination's course,
And Passion's headlong tide arrest,
With graceful cincture binds thy waist.
Thy counsels vindicate the soul
From Folly's tyrannous controul;
Purify Ambition's fire;
Manly purposes inspire;
Till th' ingenuous mind atchieve
Deeds that shall for ever live.
  Friendship, let thy myrtle twine
My flowing locks; and at thy shrine,
While I laud thy power, impart
Comfort to my aching heart.
In thine azure robe array'd,
Girt with thy mysterious braid,
With lenient smile and counsel sage,
The sorrows of my soul assuage.
" Alas! what hapless would I say!"
Withhold the splendour of thy ray!
I dare not, in this earthly frame,
Encounter thy meridian flame.
Too strong th' unmitigated light
For a weak mortal's trembling sight.
But rather let thy spirit find,
And influence some congenial mind!
O rather, to some youthful heart,
Thy truth and tenderness impart!
On C—'s ingenuous soul descend,
And let me hail, and call him Friend!

A MASQUE *.

BY THE LATE CHARLES LEFTLY, ESQ.

SONG,

By PARIS, *behind the scenes, as a Spirit.*

CLAD in arms of burning gold,
Flush'd with conquest newly won,
Like a warrior proud and bold
To his western tent the Sun,
O'er the purple plains afar
Rolls his bright carbuncle car.

Rise ye sprites that slept all day,
Or streamed viewless in the light;
In jovial freak, and amorous play,
Sport away the lazy night;
And if mortals hover near,
Bid them listen and revere.

The Cavern opens, and discovers a rich and fanciful scene, with hanging woods and the ruins of an abbey, a view of the sea, and ships sailing in the distance, after the manner of Mr. Loutherbourg's Eidophusikon.

* From the Sylph, a Dramatized Romance.

Enter a Sylph and Sylphil.

SYLPH.

How now Sylphil, whither bound?

SYLPHIL.

Where thou, false sprite, may'st ne'er be found;
Rapt through immeasurable sky,
Beyond the dimmest star I fly,
And leave the distant sun behind,
A purer, happier sphere to find.

SYLPH.

Come, come, this is a trick of mirth,
To make your presence of more worth;
Such jests repeated may repent,
Then tell upon what errand sent.

SYLPHIL.

No errand now my course affects,
My will, and not my fate, directs;
Since you are faithless, I am free,
Your falsehood shall not trouble me.

SYLPH.

Have I been false, my lovely Sylphil, I?

SYLPHIL.

Yes! did you not for Amaryllis sigh?
Slily on tip-toe to her arms you crept,
Play'd with her hair, and on her bosom slept.

SYLPH.

Well, if I did, I did it not till you
Became capricious, proud, and peevish too.
You either fled me, or but stopp'd to chide,
Laugh'd at my tears, and all my threats defied.

Yet over Hyacinthus sad you hung,
Or wild and wanton to Narcissus sung;
Such was the scorn with which my love you teas'd,
While Amaryllis curtsied hath, and pleas'd.

SYLPHIL.

Had I not cause?—Late sitting on the shore
To listen to the chafing surges roar,
High-bounding o'er the billows blue, elate,
Huge navies pass'd, rejoicing in their state;
Trim was their tackle, and their streamers gay,
As through the thronging waves they press'd their way.
Queen of the Pageant, one proud vessel rode,
Her sails well-fill'd, majestic as a god,
And on her tall deck bore a nymph along,
Whom the sleek mermaids greeted with a song:
The girl was beautiful, and young 'tis true,
But what her beauty or her youth to you?
Yet were you seen disporting at her side,
Like a brisk lover with his new made bride;
Sometimes her voyage anxiously to cheer
You stood at helm, and whistled in her ear;
Now to the main-top-gallant nimbly sprung;
Now with the sea-boys on the bow-lines swung;
Methinks, if you had made my love your care,
You had not quite been so assiduous there.

SYLPH.

What could I do? The Tritons ask'd my aid
To waft, with gentle gales, this lovely maid,
Awhile committed to old Ocean's wave;—
No less in manners than in person brave,
She went, a stranger, from her native strand,
To seek her husband in a foreign land.

That in her service I was brisk, I own,
She even charm'd the stern Euroclydon;
O'er the blown Baltic as he chanc'd to stray,
Her bright smiles melted all his rage away.

[*A Fairy Friar crosses the stage.*]

SYLPHIL.

Look, who goes there?

SYLPH.

The fairy friar, anon
I meet him thus this pebbled beach upon,
Counting that rosary, which he kisses now,
And weeps to think of many a slighted vow.
Deep in yon ruin'd abbey's ivy cells,
Sad and forlorn, the lonely hermit dwells;
Till at what time the shrieking screech-owl flits,
Wak'd by a tinkling sheep-bell, pale, he quits
His flinty pallet, and walks forth till morn,
O'er silent heaths, through brake and brier and thorn,
Insensible of every corporal pain,
So fierce and furious burns his heated brain.

SYLPHIL.

Know you the cause of this insatiate grief?
Is there no balm to give his mind relief?

SYLPH.

Alas! what skill or medicine can remove
The gnawing memory of forsaken love?
When farmers wives, and village maids, set out
A bowl of cream for LOB, that knavish lout,
Whose mischief else would do the poultry harm,
Or make the beer in vat to bear no barm,

Or burn the porridge to the pot next day,
In vain for this poor barefoot friar they lay
A peter-penny on the clean swept floor,
Or put an ouzle's egg behind the door.
Heedless he passes, but with sprigs of rue
Flings on the threshold drops of holy dew;
There, having cross'd it, breathes a prayer, they say,
To keep the witches and foul-fiend away.
And on again he wanders till the Sun
Hath like a truant up the east-hills run.
No merrier being frisk'd at wake or fair
Than he was wont, till jaundic'd with despair.
He lov'd a female worthy his desire,
Her hair of gold,—her sparkling eyes of fire;—
She lov'd in turn, till a malignant sprite,
Poison'd their pleasures, darken'd their delight,
And with malicious tales her ear deceiv'd,
Which she unhappily too soon believ'd;
Revengeful gave her hand elsewhere, and left
His heart, at once, of peace and hope bereft.

SYLPHIL.

'Tis a sad story!

SYLPH.

Aye, but it may serve
To caution kindred hearts how far they swerve.
Oh! Sylphil should not the allusion fail,
I bless the hour wherein I told this tale!

SYLPHIL.

Here comes an elfin of a different kind.

SYLPH.

Who? Ciss the dairy maid! aye, her light mind
Turns on malicious pastime.

Enter CISS.

Sylphs, well met;
Have mary-buds shut up their windows yet?

SYLPHIL.

They have. You laugh; what mischief makes you glad?

CISS.

I left a surly gossip almost mad!
Two cows she keeps, yet is so stingy, she,
Though she makes cheese, no curd e'er leaves for me.
Wherefore, because she eats it all herself,
A troop of mice have robb'd the dairy shelf;
I suck'd the teats too of her cattle dry,
Then in an acorn's bonnet crouch'd hard by;
Anon, she came to milk, I peep'd and laugh'd
To see the goody lack her evening draught.
She pull'd and pull'd the dugs, and then she rail'd,
Again she pull'd, again the udders fail'd;
And now she's gone to find with many a curse,
" Bad luck arrives not till pursued by worse."

Enter DEWBERRY.

What ho! what ho! beneath yon branching vine,
A merrier, though much humbler sport was mine.
I bade the wittol snail go hide his head
For shame beneath his low mechanic shed,
While I seduc'd his vagrant spouse to roam,
And left the horned fool to sulk at home.

METEOR *descends.*

Swift darting through the mighty depths of air
With blazing eye, and scintillating hair
I come.—Thrice ere the bat hath blink'd, have I
Whirl'd round the globe, and measur'd the vast sky.

Behold the messenger of MAB your Queen,
To night she holds her revels on the green;
Ye nimble lightnings run before her car,
And in her train ride every splendid star;
And you, ye spheres, and everlasting choirs,
Carol sweet hymns, and sweep your living lyres.

Enter a FAIRY REGENT.

Up, up ye votaries of sainted night!
You that in hills, and dales, and woods delight,
Ye fays and fairies, elves and goblins all,
Dryads, and hamadryads, wait my call;
Weave your quaint morrice these dark oaks among,
And Philomel shall cheer you with her song.

SYLPH.

You too, ye Sylphs, spread your light wings, and fleet,
Dance on the waters with unwetted feet;
While faintly heard, when the vex'd surge is still,
The shepherd Pan shall blow his whistle shrill.

Enter SIREN.

Ye Nereids fair, that under humming waves
Boast your pearl grottoes, and your coral caves;
Or frolicking upon the Sea-beat shore,
Follow the white sails, and the dashing oar;
Ye Tritons too, that in great Neptune's court
With Panope and Arethusa sport;
And you, ye Naiads, of each brook and lake,
Your glassy halls and osier groves forsake,
While o'er their pebbles rushing smooth and strong
The gurgling rills in music pass along.

A GNOME *rises.*

Ye Gnomes, that in impenetrable rock
Earth's central caverns, and rich mines unlock;

Burst your deep bowers, where you behold in turn
Bright rubies blush, and dazzling diamonds burn.
Your founts of lava, and your silver floods,
Your golden palaces, and emerald woods,
Must not detain you!—Rise, ye sprites, arise,
And with you bring your various harmonies.

Several fantastic figures, representing Fairies, Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, Salamanders, &c. enter to soft music and dance.

By a SYLPH, *or* PARIS.

SONG.

Now the blue fly's gone to bed,
And the shriller cricket sings,
Soft through dasied wilds we tread,
Or on tall reeds wave our wings;
Hush! our Princess is at hand,
In a mist aloft she flies,
Sprinkling dew o'er sea and land,
What time the pale star 'gins to rise;
Behind her floating chariot, soon,
Along the winding shores will creep
The fair, and silver-slippered moon,
And smile the river boys asleep.
In sedgy cradles calm they lie,
Come, take hands then, one and all,
And, to yon tinkling waterfall,
Sing lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Lullaby.

The Chorus repeats the burden, when the rock closes.

TO THE HON. THOMAS BRAND.

BY DR. W. L. BROWN,

PRINCIPAL OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

HAPPY the man! whose wishes never roam
Beyond the precincts of his native spot,
Who tastes the simple joys of sacred home,
Nor aims, ambitious, to extend his lot.

What nature asks, to him is richly giv'n.
Fictitious ardours ne'er his breast torment,
Ne'er, on th' inconstant tides of passion, driv'n,
He seeks not pleasure, where he finds content.

By prudent culture to invite the soil
To pay, with bounteous gratitude, his care,
To brace his sinews with each manly toil,
And draw bright spirit from the buxom air;

To fill the part, by ruling heav'n, assign'd,
Thro' all the duties of his rustic sphere,
Enjoy the blessings of a cheerful mind,
A cloudless judgment, and a conscience clear.—

—These are the joys that wait the simple swain
Who, to his manor, limits his desires,
Whose bosom burns not with the thirst of gain,
The lust of pleasure, or ambition's fires.

Bold independence elevates his soul
Above the blast of fame, the pow'r of crowns.
He spurns the despot's, and the mob's control,
Nor courts their smiles, nor apprehends their frowns.

Solicitations' anxious hopes and fears
Sweep not his bosom with alternate tides.
He heeds not how the wind of favour veers,
What int'rest rises, or what pow'r subsides.

He sells not truth for popular applause,
Nor haunts the levees of the man in place;
But pleads, with dauntless voice, his country's cause,
When folly blinds, or sordid arts disgrace.

He traverses, with sapient eye, the fields
That Science opens to the mental view;
Yet culls the sweetest flow'rs that fancy yields,
And wisely joins the pleasing with the true.

Beyond this scene of trouble, doubt, and fear,
Where transient joys scarce sooth our lasting pains,
He looks into a region, calm and clear,
Where happiness resides, and virtue reigns.

CHATTERTON'S POEM

CHARITY,

MODERNISED FROM ITS OBSOLETE ENGLISH

BY ANNA SEWARD *.

1.

THE Sun, in Autumn, shew'd a glaring mien,
And hot upon the meadows pour'd the ray;
The apple redden'd from its paly green,
The mellow pear bent low the leafy spray,
And the pied Goldfinch sung the live long day.
It was the pride and manhood of the year,
And all the glowing ground did richest livery wear.

2.

The Sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
Dead was the air, and all the welkin blue,
When from the Sea arose, in drear array,
An heap of sable clouds, of sullen hue,
And their dark train on towards the Woodland drew,
Shrouding at once the Sun's delightful face,
And the black Tempest swell'd, and gather'd round apace.

* Readers will, in general, rather throw a poem aside at once, than take the trouble of looking perpetually into a *glossary*, to enable themselves to comprehend it; and this composition has so much intrinsic beauty, that it ought to be universally known. It is an admirable paraphrase of the parable of the GOOD SAMARITAN, and has all the poetic constituents, landscape, striking picture, animated apostrophe, sweet touches of pathos, a regular fable, and a noble moral.

3.

Beneath an elm, fast by a pathway side,
Which did unto Saint Goodwin's Convent lead,
An hapless Pilgrim must the storm abide;
Lean were his bones, ungentle was his weed;
He felt the sharpest miseries of need.
Where from the hail-stone shou'd the Almer fly?
For ah! no House he saw, nor friendly Convent nigh.

4.

Look in his gloomy face his sprite to scan,
How woe-begone, how wither'd, and how dead!
Haste to thy Church-yard house, unlucky Man!
Haste to thy grave, thine only quiet bed!
Cold as the clay, that shall lie o'er thine head,
Is charity and love among high Elves,
Lordlings, and Barons, live for pleasure, and themselves.

5.

The gather'd Storm is ripe, the big drops fall;
The Sun-burnt Meadows smoke, and drink the rain,
Th' approaching gastliness the Herds appal,
And the full Flocks are driving o'er the Plain.
Dash'd from the clouds, the waters fall amain;
Th' Horizon gapes, the yellow lightning flies,
And the hot, fiery steam in the wide flashing dies.

6.

Hark! how the sullen Thunder's grumbling sound
Comes slowly on,—and then, loud rattling, clangs!
Shakes the high Spire!—and then, tho' spent and drown'd,
Upon the shrinking ear of Terror hangs!
The winds are up, trees writhing as in pangs!
Again the lightnings flash, the Thunder roars,
And from the full Clouds burst the pattering, stony showers.

7.

Spurring his Palfry o'er the watry plain,
The Abbot of St. Goodwin's Convent hied;
His High-Priest-hat was drenched by the rain,
His glistering girdle met with mickle pride;
Backward he told the bead-row at his side.
The Storm encreasing, to the elm he drew,
Where the poor Almer stood, and shiver'd in his view.

8.

His cloak was all of Lincoln cloth, so fine!
With a gold button fasten'd near his chin;
His loose, white robe was edg'd with gilded twine,
And his peak'd shoes a Lordling's might have been;
Full plain he shew'd that he thought cost no sin.
The trammels of his Palfry pleas'd his sight,
The bridle silver'd o'er, the head with roses dight.

9.

An alms, Sir Priest, the dropping Pilgrim said;
O! let me wait within your Convent door,
Till the Sun shineth high above our head,
And the loud tempest of the air be o'er!
Helpless, and old am I, alas! and poor;
No house, no friend, no money in my pouch,
All I can call my own, this silver keep-sake crutch.

10.

Varlet, replied the Abbot, cease your din;
This is no Season alms and prayers to give,
My Porter never lets an Almer in,
None touch my floor but who in honor live.——
And now the Sun with the black clouds did strive,
And shedding on the ground the diamond ray,
The Abbot spurr'd his Steed, and swiftly rode away.

11.

Once more the Sky grew black, the Thunder roll'd;
Fast running o'er the Plain a Priest was seen;
Not deck'd full proud, not button'd up with gold;
His coat was grey, his surplice very clean;
A Priest he was, of lower order seen.
And to the path-way side then turned he,
Where the poor Almer lean'd against the spreading Tree.

12.

An alms, Sir Priest, the dropping Pilgrim said,
For sweet Saint Mary, and your Convent's sake!
The Curate straight unloos'd his cloth pouch thread,
And did thereout a groat of silver take;
The hapless Pilgrim seem'd for joy to quake.——
" Here, take this silver; it may ease thy care,
" We are God's Stewards all, nought of our own we " bear;

13.

" But ah! unhappy Pilgrim, learn of me,
" Scarce any give a rental to the Lord!
" Here take my Cloak, for thou art bare, I see;
" 'Tis thine;—the Saints will give me my reward."
He left the Pilgrim, and pursu'd his road.
Virgin, and holy Saints, good times restore!
Give you the *great Man will*, or give the *good Man power!*

THE HELOT'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.

God of Armies, break my chain;
Lead me to th' embattled plain,
Where thy daring Sons advance,
Bend the bow, and wield the lance;—
Shafts are whizzing on the string:—
Hark—the shouts of combat ring;
Nerve the limbs, the bosom steel;
Men their wounds no longer feel.
God of Armies hear.

Long these eyes have pour'd a flood;
Others, now, shall weep in blood:
Now, the fierce insulting foe
Shall partake the Helot's woe;
Gasping on the well-fought field,
Tyranny her scourge shall yield.
Couch the javelin—urge the steed—
Try how gallant men can bleed.
God of Armies hear.

Hear the proud exulting cry,
When the noble spirits fly,

Soaring from the mortal cage,
Only subject of your rage,
Baffled Tyrants;—" weep forlorn,
" Break the scourge, your rage we scorn,—
" Mars, receive our votive breath,—
" Give us Freedom, give us Death."
God of Armies hear.

When the bones on earth shall lie,
Weltering to the Summer's sky;
Tho' no sepulture they find,
Tho' they whiten in the wind;
Yet, exult not, haughty foe,
Deem them not a sight of woe:
On the field they shall remain,
Trophies of the glorious slain.
God of Armies hear.

Strains of war let clarions sing,
Let the shouts of battle ring;
Let the volley'd weapons fly,
Dust of combat dim the sky;
In the dread conflicting hour,
Freedom, let me own thy power;
Freedom, take my parting breath,
Godlike trance, ennobled death!—
God of Armies hear.

Freedom, now, revives, tho' late,
Maid divine, to wed with Fate;—
For the nuptial pomp—around
Banners wave, and trumpets sound,
Veins of men libations pour,
Sacred to the genial hour:

Be their offspring Death, or Life,
Lead me to the generous strife.
God of Armies hear.

'Mid the din of mortal harms,
Fold me, Freedom, in thine arms:
Let me in thy lap be laid,
When the final debt is paid.—
Still, the foe, possest with dread,
Shall confess A MAN lies dead:—
Valiant *Helots*, never yield—
Follow, follow, to the field.
God of Armies hear.

EPIGRAM

FROM THE GREEK.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

I, LAIS, once of Greece the pride,
For whom so many suitors sigh'd,
Now aged grown, at Venus' shrine
The Mirror of my youth resign:
Since what *I am*, I will not see,
And what I *was*, I cannot be.

1798.

SONG *.

BY C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

WOULD you the fairy regions see,
Hence to the green woods run with me;
From mortals safe, the live long night,
There countless feats the fays delight.
Where burns the glow-worm's lamp so blue,
One gives each flower its proper hue;
While, near, his busy huswife weaves
Ribands of grass, and mantling leaves;
Some teach young plants with grace to move,
Some lead the woodbine to her love,
Some strew the shores with shells and sand,
While others pilot weeds from land;
By moon-light these their labours free,
Then follow me, follow me,
And the chaffer's bugle our guide shall be.

* Sung by a Spirit in the SYLPH.

THE FALL OF SWITZERLAND.

BY MISS BANNERMAN.

Ye mountain-forests proudly wave,
Your shades have nurs'd the good, the brave,
And stretch'd o'er many a patriot grave
Its solitary canopy.

Ages have roll'd, and suns gone down,
Helvetia, o'er thy high renown,
Since Freedom spurn'd all other crown
Than Nature's hoary diadem.

Hide, Valour, now thy blighted fame!
When o'er thy cliffs the Spoiler came,
With banners red, and arms of flame,
And clarions shouting hollowly;

Then o'er thy glacier-summits cold
The trumpet-knell of Freedom toll'd!
Where glory now thy chiefs of old
To stem the tide of slavery?

Victor so long—to arms! to arms!
Hands that the pulse of Freedom warms!
Again thro' carnage and alarms
Unfurl the flag of victory.—

Ye patriot legions charge—repel—
Fall freemen as your fathers fell!
Here shall your blood's impetuous swell
Proclaim your glorious ancestry!

—Victor no more!—yield, Valour, yield
Thy sacred arms and shatter'd shield,
And humbled on thy chosen field,
Await the chains of tyranny.—

—Master of Fate!—Thy laurels hide,
No glory beams where Freedom died:
Tear from the Gallic standards wide
The insulted crest of Liberty.—

Beneath that sign, in ages rude,
Hath many a band of freemen stood,
O'er hills of ice and fields of blood,
To charge the invading ravager!

They fought—they fell—ye sons of fame,
You blush not for your country's shame;
Could not your deeds and victor name
Redeem her holy solitudes?

What echoing plain, what mountain hoar,
Heard not your storm of battle roar?—
That trump is hush'd—to sound no more,
That led the free to victory!

Yet, Freedom, o'er thy lost abode,
Which many a godlike foot hath trode,
What heart shall trace thy trophied road,
Nor burn to 'venge thy destiny!—

EPILOGUE

TO

"THE WONDER; OR, A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET."

Intended to have been spoken, in the character of Violante, *at a private Theatre, in Hampshire.* 1787.

BY S. E. BRYDGES, ESQ.

WELL; I am glad that we to-night have shewn
These hacknied taunts of men we can disown.
But poor weak woman's faults in every age
Must be the silly joke on every stage;
And if perchance these fellows draw our pictures,
Where in some noble action we are victors,
Why then forsooth all merit to divest,
The mighty *Wonder* makes the saucy *jest.*
Our vanity, our love of dress and show,
Are themes for sneers with every paltry beau.
But let us pry a little in the mind
Of these same fellows, to themselves so blind!
Why, of a drizzling cold December morn,
Before 'tis light, when sounds the echoing horn
Why do they, shiv'ring by some covert's side
With vain pretence the piercing cold deride?

Then at a distance still pursue the pack,
Till eve the grateful respite shall bring back;
Why but among their friends as vain as they
To boast the mighty honors of the day?
Why do these men, on London's proud parade,
Their cars in all the rainbow's hues array'd,
Till the sight wearies, drive them to and fro;
Why but their tinsel trappings still to show?
Then as to dress—they too are fond of flashes;
Their wardrobe's stores, their tricks, their paint, their washes;
The many hours they to the toilet spare,
Would make the very vainest female stare.—
Then forth they wander, and in every street
Some silly coxcomb one is sure to meet,
Who seems to say—" I look so well to-day,
" Methinks no female heart goes safe away."
Coquets at heart by tenfold more than we,
To wound a female bosom is their glee:
Their power once proved, they laugh to see the dart
Transfix for life some wretched woman's heart.
Now for the Wonder if *we* keep a Secret!—
When their faith's pledg'd, pray do *they* never break it?
Yes, yes, if ever in a yielding hour,
Fond woman puts her virtue in their power,
On their tongue's tip the mighty secret lies;
Round the next room they meet, the whisper flies,
And her whose honor they are bound to prize,
Thus to mere Vanity they sacrifice.—
But we a Woman's Secret kept can boast,
E'en tho' we mourn a faithful lover lost.

"THE ORPHAN SAILOR-BOY."

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

1.

TOM HAULYARD was a Seaman brave,
Thro' life a gallant Tar was he;
His cradle was the rocking wave,
His birth-right was the roaring sea:

2.

Twice thirty Years TOM HAULYARD fought,
So long a spotless name he bore;
Nor e'er the hardy veteran sought
Retreat or rest on Britain's shore.

3.

Three noble Sons around him stood
In all the pride of strength and health;
And, while each manly form he view'd,
Kings might have envied HAULYARD'S wealth.

4.

But TOM, his namesake, best he lov'd,
My father was his eldest joy;
Yet well a parent's fondness prov'd
The love he bore each darling Boy.—

5.

Now Britain's foes provok'd the war,
And now their fleets usurp'd the tide;
And hasten'd now each loyal tar
To raise her standard's fearless pride:

6.

Now in the honor'd ship that bore
The auspicious sign of CHARLOTTE's name,
Intrepid HOWE from Britain's shore
To meet the foes of Britain came.—

7.

Oh, peace be on the hallow'd tomb
Of him who never knew to fear;
And ever may his laurels bloom,
Bedew'd with Britain's grateful tear!—

8.

And now advanc'd the daring foe,
And now each British heart beat high:—
Oh God!—How many wounds must flow,
How many Christian men must die!—

9.

The Squadrons meet—the dread array
Stands in a moment's awful pause—
Our Chief to Glory leads the way,
To Glory gain'd in Britain's cause.—

10.

Oh Christ!—It was a fearful sight
To see the wounds that countless bled;
But oh, the horrors of the fight
To tell, would wake the sleeping dead!—

11.

Among the rest TOM HAULYARD stood,
Full six feet high the Veteran rose;
A rock above the rolling flood,
He hurl'd back ruin on his foes.—

12.

His gallant Sons around him drew
The terrors of the flashing sword;
While hostile thunders thinn'd the crew,
And slaughter swept the lessening board.—

13.

And now, alas!—One death-wing'd ball
On WILLIAM's bosom urg'd its force;
TOM HAULYARD saw his youngest fall,
And rush'd to save his darling's corpse.—

14.

In either Fleet conflicting fires
A thousand bloody deaths illume:—
Huzza! Huzza!—the foe retires!——
But HENRY meets his brother's doom!—

15.

TOM HAULYARD was a Seaman bold,
Yet might he weep his children slain;—
Down his rough cheek the salt tear roll'd——
—But does not namesake TOM remain?—

16.

Ah no!—beneath the fatal stroke,
I saw my gallant father fall!—
Then stood alone the aged oak,
Stript of his youthful branches all.—

17.

Nor long he stood—One iron shower,
The vengeance of the sinking foe,
Burst forth in ruins' desperate hour:—
TOM HAULYARD sank beneath the blow.—

18.

He fell!—And striving hard with death,
All bleeding, struggled to embrace
His Sons, to catch each parting breath,
And dying kiss each pallid face,—

19.

Even now I hear the Veteran cry,
" Oh stay, your Father with ye falls!—
" In Britain's cause we nobly die,
" And who shall shrink when Britain calls?—

20.

" But oh, thou GOD, whose heavenly power
" Alike can succour and destroy,
" Receive us in this awful hour,
" And save, oh save this Orphan Boy.—

21.

" My first-born's Son!"—Serene he smil'd
To meet the death that dimm'd his eye;
And his last prayer was " Save my Child!"
And his last word was " Victory!"—

22.

Oh, peace be on the hallow'd tomb
Of them who never knew to fear;
And ever may their laurels bloom,
Bedew'd with Britain's grateful tear!—

23.

But, hapless me!—Of all bereft,
Of Father, Friends, of Hope, and Joy!—
So young, so lonely am I left—
Pity the ORPHAN SAILOR BOY!

1802.

THE NEREID.

TRANSLATED FROM GRESSET.

BY MISS BANNERMAN.

DEEP in thy ruby-colour'd cave,
Hear, Nereid of the sacred main,
And, from the Ocean's stormy wave,
To these fair fields return again!
Blows there among thy emerald bowers,
A gale like this, that fluttering still,
Attendant on the month of flowers,
Breathes on this green and sunny hill.

What tho' along thy foamy verge,
The Halcyon skims her downy breast;
And, cradled on the murmuring surge,
The west-wind rocks her sea-weed nest.
Thou hear'st not in thy crystal cell
The morning anthem of the year;
The music of thy spiral shell,
The wild waves deafen, sobbing drear!

O to these bowers, the bowers of Spring,
The shades of Nature, holy gloom!
While Heaven's soft dews at twilight fling,
On grass and flower their living bloom,
Climena, from thy pearly caves,
Return and hail the Sun of day,
Nor for the roar of tossing waves,
Resign the music of the May.

SENT TO A LADY

AT A BALL.

Go, Muse, and strike the raptur'd lyre,
'Midst yonder group of festive youth,
Nor wear thou Fiction's gay attire,
But the white robe of modest Truth.
Among the fair, who shall thy strain attend,
Thou shalt discriminate a polish'd friend.
Tell her, that if her lovely face,
Nor beauty, nor expression knew,
Nor her fair form a native grace,
Allotted only to a few;
Still would she Friendship ever faithful find,
From all who own the higher worth of mind.

THE RING *.

BY. W. HOLLOWAY.

Author of the "Peasant's Fate," &c.

THE sea-gull wheel'd in circles low,
And, screaming, skimm'd the wintry tide;
The evening blast began to blow,
And up the steep clifts rifted side,

In broken foam, the white surge drove,
And back recoil'd, with rushing sound;
When, on the precipice above,
With haggard eyes, and locks unbound,

Stood MARY—once the fairest maid—
And chastest wife on Cornwall's shore,
Till lost her spouse—herself betray'd,
And fair and virtuous now no more!

Down on the crumbling rock she kneel'd,
O'er which the waving samphire grew;
And, while her aching bosom swell'd,
Her *ring* she from her finger drew.

* Founded on a melancholy event, which recently took place in an obscure village, on the Cornish coast.

" O! golden pledge of early love!
" Thou promise of connubial bliss!
" Upbraid me not!" she cried—" nor prove
" How ill this soul sustains distress.

" Whene'er thy glittering form I view,
" My heart reproaches me, and cries—
" Could'st thou forget a spouse so true,
" Who first conferr'd this hallow'd prize?

" And ere soft April's dewy hand
" Had twice bestrew'd with flow'rs his grave,
" Submit thee to Seduction bland—
" The dupe of Vice, and Passion's slave!

" Accurst by Heav'n, and Woman-kind,
" For ever be that Traitor vile,
" Who turn'd from innocence my mind,
" And dared my easy faith beguile!

" O! golden pledge of happier times!
" Thou promise sweet of wedded bliss—
" No more reproach me with my crimes,
" Nor aggravate my soul's distress!

" Now dear, belov'd, dishonour'd pledge!
" I lay thee, thus, on this rude stone,
" That gazers o'er this fearful ridge,
" Might learn, from thee, that I am gone!

" Here witness thou how MARY fell,
" To expiate her foul disgrace;
" And soon to her Betrayer tell
" The tale that Time shall ne'er efface!"

She clasp'd her hands—she rais'd her eyes,
In bitterest anguish of despair;
Wild was the ocean—dark the skies!
No hope remain'd—no help was near!

Down—down she plung'd—The dashing wave
Receiv'd her on its murmuring breast;
And, rolling back, the gulfy grave
Compos'd her struggling heart to rest!

TO A FRIEND.

Her image, who enslaves my mind,
Urge me no longer to discover;
Fain would I sing, but ah! I find,
The Bard can ill express the Lover.

Yet trust me he whose happier skill,
For terms could ransack earth, air, ocean;
Might shew, perhaps, more wit at will,
But less of genuine emotion.

Though Art the florid phrase deny,
Yet Truth can never want expression,
For that best language of the eye,
Is still in her's, and Love's possession.

T. P.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXON.

STANZAS,

ON THE

DEATH OF MISS H. E. HAY *.

BY ADELINE.

HAIL, awful dwelling of the silent dead!
Where the wild weeds of desolation wave †:
Here the meek sufferer rests her drooping head,
On the cold pillow of the peaceful grave.

To Him that haunts this proud sepulchral dome,
Yon wandering planet of the midnight skies,
Seems Love's pure torch to guide the pilgrim home,
Where the lov'd treasure of his bosom lies.

* Daughter of the Rev. George Hay Drummond.

† The Chapel of Holyrood-house, now a pile of ruins.

O'er yon cold sod to Love and Nature dear,
That shrouds the beauteous tenant of the grave,
Shall pale Remembrance shed the bitter tear,
And from the dust the form of beauty save.

Oh! powers of Memory! it is your's alone,
While beams of Paradise the grave illume,
To bid the heart a transient rapture own,
And call bright visions from nocturnal gloom.

In vivid tints like Heaven's etherial bow,
Is sainted Virtue imag'd in the breast,
While Death's dim clouds in Faith's refulgent glow,
Float like the shadows from the dawning east.

Yet shrinking Nature, o'er yon sacred urn,
Shall muse on scenes of bliss for ever gone;
And o'er the ashes of the dead shall mourn,
While deep and low congenial tempests moan.

When hopeless woe corrodes the aching breast,
More dear the wailings of the wintry storm,
When sinks the dim moon in the darken'd west,
Then vernal bowers in summer colouring warm.

Oh! hear ye winds that sweep the vaulted sky,
O'er yon grey towers, oh pour your cadence wild;
And bid the blast like dying Evening sigh,
For there a Father guards his slumb'ring child.

What tho' the storms that chill the changing year,
Wave their dark pinions o'er the humid mound;
Yet silver dew, pure as an angel's tear,
Shall gem the wild weeds as they spring around.

No blushing bands yon mould'ring arch entwine,
Where the lone night-bird wakes his cries of woe;
But there the wreaths of new fall'n snow shall shine,
Pure as the innocence that sleeps below.

Stranger approach, if e'er thy bosom knew
The sacred influence of an angel's smile;
When thy lov'd hand wip'd the heart-chilling dew
From the sweet face that cheer'd consuming toil.

Approach, for thou art hallowed by woe,
Oh come, and gaze upon yon holy tomb;
While pensive Memory's vivid visions glow,
And her pale fires the shades of Death illume.

O'er the green turf that wraps the blissed clay,
Shall the light wing of youthful Fancy wave,
And chaunt at eve, beneath the lunar ray,
The dirge of Sorrow o'er *Eliza's* grave.

EDINBURGH, DEC. 4, 1802.

TO ADELINE.

On receiving from her the foregoing Elegy, on the Decease of a beloved Daughter.

Ah! little thought the subject of thy song,
Sublime, yet plaintive, and though tender, strong;
When the sweet warblings of thy fairy lay *,
The pain of sickly languor charm'd away;
That to herself so soon it should be given,
To join the holy "minstrelsy of Heaven."
Thy friendly Muse should chaunt the funeral verse,
And scatter flow'rets o'er her virgin hearse.
Her Spirit thanks thee—for methinks I hear
Angelic sounds thus vibrate on mine ear.—
"Blest be the maid, who to a sister's urn,
"For incense brings the vivid "words that burn;"
"What though her heart, by sympathetic glow,
"May feel a pang the selfish never know;
"Yet e'en from Sorrow can her polish'd mind,
"A pensive pleasure draw by love refin'd;
"And when delightful themes her thoughts employ,
"Pure is the transport, exquisite the joy.
"O henceforth may she muse on such alone,
"Partake of other's bliss, and double all her own."

G. H. D.

* To Oberon, &c.—which had been perused with great delight, especially these two lines;

"To hear the minstrelsy of heaven
"Float on the breezes of the even."

It will be seen that this expression here borrowed, refers to a much higher order of beings.

THE GAMEKEEPER'S RETURN AT NIGHT.

BY S. E. BRYDGES, ESQ.

WRITTEN 1802.

1.

THRO' the long morning have I toil'd
O'er heath and lonely wood,
And cross the dark untrodden glen
The fearful game pursu'd:
But deeper now the gathering clouds
Collect along the sky,
And faint and weary warn my steps
Their homeward course to hie.

2.

And now the driving mist withdraws
Her grey and vapoury veil:
I mark again the sacred tower
I pass'd in yonder dale.
A little while, and I shall gain
Yon hill's laborious height;
And then perhaps my humble cot
Will chear my grateful sight.

3.

Ah now I see the smoke ascend
From forth the glimmering thatch:
Now my heart beats at every step,
And now I lift the latch;

Now starting from my blazing hearth
My little children bound,
And loud with shrill and clamorous joy
Their happy sire surround.

4.

How sweet when Night first wraps the world
Beneath her sable vest,
To sit beside the crackling fire
With weary limbs at rest;
And think on all the labours past,
That Morn's bright hours employ'd,
While all, that toil and danger seem'd,
Is now at home enjoy'd.

5.

The wild and fearful distant scene,
Lone covert, whistling storm,
Seem now in Memory's mellowing eye
To wear a softer form;
And while my wand'rings I describe,
As froths the nut-brown ale,
My dame and little list'ning tribe
With wonder hear the tale.

6.

Then soft enchanting slumbers calm,
My heavy eyelids close,
And on my humble bed I sink
To most profound repose;
Save, that by fits, the scenes of day,
Come glancing on my sight,
And, touch'd by Fancy's magic wand,
Seem visions of delight.

ODE TO THE VENUS URANIA.

To heights where Fancy ne'er aspir'd,
In what blest region of the sky,
Eludes the Queen of Love retir'd,
The Sophist's art, the Poet's eye.

Not she for whom Cythera's bowers,
Or Aphac's violated steep,
Or proud Assyria's guilty towers,
Licentious revels wont to keep.

Thee rather modest Nymph! I greet,
The sage Athenian's chaster theme,
While echoed to his accents sweet,
The oliv'd roofs of Academe.

Still Goddess thy permitted view
Charms more than mortal can reveal,
Instruct each sense, to nature true,
The eye to judge, the heart to feel.

Within us dwell those forms divine,
Which thy sole image can impart;
We rear to thee no marble shrine,
Whose living temple is—the heart!

T. P.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXON.

INSCRIPTION

ON A MURAL TABLET,

IN THE

Chapel of Holyrood-house, Edinburgh.

SACRED

to the Memory of

HENRIETTA ELIZABETH HAY,

DAUGHTER OF THE

REVEREND GEORGE HAY DRUMMOND,

SON OF

ROBERT, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK;

Who departed this Life, November 28, 1802, in the Sixteenth Year of her Age.

Too pure and perfect still to linger here,
Cheer'd with seraphic visions of the blest,
Smiling she dried a tender father's tear,
And pour'd her spirit forth upon his breast.

He bends not o'er the mansion of the dead,
Where loveliness and grace in ruins lie;
In sure and certain hope he lifts his head,
And Faith presents her in her native sky.

G. H. D.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

BOOK 2. ODE 14.

TO MR. PROFESSOR BEATTIE, JUNIOR, OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE.

BY DR. W. C. BROWN,

PRINCIPAL OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume!
Labuntur anni.

Alas, my Friend! the silent speed of time
Contracts the course of life's appointed space;
Scarce have we reach'd the period of our prime,
When Age's wrinkles creep along the face.

What, then, avails, my Beattie! to pursue
The steepy path that Wisdom's voice prescribes;
What, Passion's lawless tumults to subdue,
To spurn Ambition's wreaths! Corruption's bribes?

Will Genius, Pow'r, or Opulence engage
The King of Terrors to suspend his blow?
He sweeps, alike, the hero, and the sage,
The king, and subject, to the shades below.

In vain, we shun the bloody fields of war,
The raging surge that breaks on Biscay's coast,
The feverish glare of Sirius' baneful star,
October's vapours, or December's frost.

None can avoid th' appointed hour of Fate.
Death, unexpected, finds his certain way,
Arrests his captive, opes th' oblivious gate,
And shuts the scene of life's precarious day.

What folly, then, to rear the spacious dome,
Adorn the garden, or the grove expand,
And fix the semblance of a lasting home,
When, every hour, departure is at hand!

Yon icy cellar, now profusely stor'd
With claret, or Burgundia's rarer wine,
Will soon be emptied by the youthful Lord,
Who oft invites the jovial hunt to dine.

Ev'n with the joys of dear domestic life,
The sweetest pleasures of the virtuous heart,—
The smiling family, the tender wife—
At the grim tyrant's stern command—we part!

Of all enjoy'd, or occupied below,
A sod—a stone, is all that then remains,
Vain man! who lives in ostentatious shew,
And dies a fool, to crown his idle pains!

Thus sings the heathen Bard. His feebler eyes
Descried no brighter scene beyond the tomb,
And caught no beam descending from the skies,
To cheer the spirits, and dispel the gloom.

Far other are the Christian's views! Inspir'd
By pure Religion's animating breath,
With promis'd heav'ns eternal glories fir'd,
He dwells with Piety, and tramples Death!

LINES,

WRITTEN ON MOUSEHOLD HILL, NEAR NORWICH.

BY WILLIAM CASE, JUN.

STRANGER, whose feet this mountain's sun-burnt steep
Laboring have scaled, if that thou lov'st to muse
On deeds of other days, O may this spot
Arrest thy roving fancy! Know, that erst
Kett, that base recreant to the loyal cause,
Marching his rabble thousands up these heights,
Here pitch'd his wide-spread camp; here grew of yore
That tree, the "Oak of Reformation" named,
Beneath whose hoary boughs the factious chief
Harangued his vile adherents.—Sallying forth
Sudden, he storm'd yon city gates, then pour'd
His bold marauders on the neighbouring towns,
And awed them to subjection. Yet not long
Thus triumphed he—high on yon castle walls
Was hung his chained corse; his colleagues shar'd
The rebel's doom, and with their carcases
The Oak's broad branches bow'd. Tho' o'er the land
Two ages since have roll'd, the name of Kett
Lives in his country's curse! Such fate be theirs,
Who vaunting, as in scorn, the hallow'd cause
Of Freedom, plot against their Albion's weal.

STANZAS,

BY MR. P. L. COURTIER.

So you say that my looks now no longer convey
The language that once was to you most delighting;
This you say, but forget, at the same time, to say,
How long *you* have ceased to be also inviting.

Restore me the dimple that played on that cheek,
And the eyes in mild lustre so gratefully beaming,
And the tongue that in accents of music would speak,
When of love and of hope my fond bosom was dreaming.

Yes, be the same girl that I once could adore
My eyes and my heart by thy beauties enchaining,
Be this! and in conscience I think that no more
Any cause wilt thou find for reproof and complaining.

O that time, which can reason and friendship mature,
Should the frailty of softer affection discover,
Should declare that, however important and pure,
Too vain are the sighs and the vows of the lover.

And yet, on reflection, perhaps *I* gave rise
To the change and the evils I thus am lamenting;
Obscured the sweet radiance that shone in those eyes,
And taught to that tongue the sad art of tormenting.

If so, and my girl can the truant forgive,
Who too long may her charms and her graces have slighted,
He will now do his best in contrition to live,
And be with those charms and those graces delighted.

EPIGRAMS.

TRANSLATED FROM LUCIAN, AND FROM PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

THY Riches use, as hastening to the Grave,
And as of Life secure, thy Riches save.
So are the wise prepar'd to die or live,
That Life may keep, and Death may riches give.

LOVE is my wound; the tear is blood,
That bathes my fault with endless flood;
Oppressive sighs my bosom heave,
Nor can Machaon's art relieve.
O were I Telephus to thee,
Faithful Achilles thou to me,
Then should a smile thy victim save,
And Beauty heal the wound it gave!

1798.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE,

LIB. 2. ODE 8.

TO BARINE.

BY E. L. SWIFT, ESQ.

1.

If e'er to thee, perfidious maid,
One broken vow its charge had laid,
Hadst thou one blemish'd tooth or nail,
Again thy falsehood might prevail;

2.

But while thy vows for vengeance call,
Swift on thy perjur'd head to fall,
Thou comest forth, more bright and fair,
Of all our youth the public care.

3.

Swear by thy mother's hallow'd tomb,
The silent stars that night illume,
Swear by the deathless powers divine;—
False Fair, no punishment is thine.

4.

Thy cunning Venus smiles to see,
And smile the gentle nymphs on thee,
And Cupid smiles in cruel mood,
Whetting his fiery darts in blood.

5.

For thee the rising age is born,
New slaves appear, to meet thy scorn;
And they who still to fly thee swore,
Still linger round thy dangerous door.

6.

The mother fond, and frugal sire,
Guarding their child, from thee retire;
And weeps the bride, lest thou detain
Her husband in thy softer chain.

1801.

EPIGRAM.

BY MR. P. DODD.

Joe hates a Sycophant. It shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

A FAREWELL

To the Seat of the Right Honorable Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, in Llangollen Vale, Denbeighshire. 1802.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

O CAMBRIAN Tempe, oft with transport hail'd
I leave thee *now*, as I did *ever* leave
Thee, and thy peerless Mistresses;—with heart,
Where lively gratitude, and fond regret
For mastery strive, and still the mastery gain
Alternate. Oft renew'd must be the strife
When far from this lov'd Region, and from all
That now its ancient witchery revives;
Revives, with spells more potent erst than knew
Your white-rob'd Druids on their Deva's bank
Aweful to frame; when the loud, mystic song,
And louder clang of their unnumber'd harps
Drown'd e'en the River's thunder, where she throws
All, all her waters in one rocky chasm,
Narrow, but fathomless; and goads them on,
Roaring and foaming; while Llangollen's steeps
Rebellow to the noise.—Ye, who now frame
Your talismans resistless, O! receive,
Ye mild Enchantresses, my warm adieu!

Time, that for *me* has pass'd, full many a year,
On broad and withering pinion, may have quench'd
By the rude wafture of his dusky wing,
Fancy's clear fires;—Enthusiasm may waste
In her own fruitless energies, and pine,
Vainly may pine, for the exhausted powers
Of bankrupt language; bankrupt of the skill
To please, with varied praise, the taste, made coy
By riot of encomium; but yet,
The benediction of increasing love,
Bless'd Pair, receive, with no ungracious ear!
When first your Eden in this peerless Vale
Stole on these eyes, its solemn graces first
Seiz'd on my wondering senses, to their wish
The Muse of landscape came, and to my hand
Her pallet, glowing in ideal hues,
With smiles extended. Straight my trembling pen
Eager I dipt, and not unfaithful rose
Some features of the scene; Yet, even then,
In Friendship's primal hours, my soul perceiv'd
Feelings, that more defied expression's force
To speak them truly, than to paint the charms
Of that transcendant spot; its mountains vast,
Here pale and barren, and there dark with woods;
Yon mural rocks, whose surface aye defies
All change of seasons; tho' they deign to yield,
At intervals, their grey and wannish hue,
Purpling to orient Suns, and catching oft
The occidental amber; sylvan glades,
Bright fields, and shadowy lawn, whose concave soft
No beam of noon can pierce;—the shelter'd seat,
By mossy pillars propt, on the last verge
Of a lone, clamoring brook, that down its slope
And craggy bed swift struggles; for the stones,

Pointed and huge, ceaseless impede and vex
Its passage to the base of that rude bank,
Which rises opposite this shelter'd seat,
And *instant* rises. Dark the bank, and rude,
But not inflexible. Its craggy sides
No longer spurn, as they had often spurn'd
The mountain shrubs, and trees. They feel, at length,
Their twisted roots into the fissures strike,
Meandring far. So do they fearless bend
Their green heads o'er the chaf'd and brawling stream,
Round the huge stones swift eddying. Fearless now,
Conscious of deepen'd root, e'en when loud rains,
Heavy and vast, have, 'mid the tempest's roar,
O'erwhelming fallen; and when the madden'd brook
No longer meets from tranquil, human eye
The gaze contemplative. Appall'd we shrink
From the tumultuous flood, that tumbles down
Fearfully deepen'd; and oft hurling up
The yeasty billow, while the tide beneath
Thunders and groans. Remorseless is its rage,
But quickly spent; while under calmer skies,
Or 'mid the balmy drop of *quiet* rains,
Guiltless it rushes, and innoxious raves.
More than innoxious;—pass a little way
Up its green bank, terrific now no more,
And we shall view, well pleas'd the useful stream
Leap o'er a clattering mill-wheel, high above
In the brook's hilly channel; 'mid whose brakes,
Thick and entangled, lo, the white foam gleams!
See, higher yet, on the still rising steep,
Another hub-bub tenement obtains
Power, from this captious, and oft violent stream,
To yield the first, best nutriment to man.

Haste to the Scene, benignant Powers of life,
Mild Lachesis, and gay Hygeia, haste
From day to day, propitious!—On that bank,
Mossy, and canopied with gadding boughs,
Spin the firm thread, and brim the sparkling cup
With juice salubrious; breathing soft, the while,
Dear Eleanora's, and her Zara's name!

SONG *.

BY C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

LET AUSTER indulge in Atlanta's gay smiles,
As his light canoe skims by the Western isles;
Rude BOREAS may blow his shrill horn in the North,
When the Cherokee huntress runs bounding forth;
Swift sliding in sledges o'er deserts of snow,
With the witches of Lapland let EURUS go;
But ZEPHYR more fond, and more gentle, and true,
Sweet nymph shall be found an attendant on you.

Let KAMSIN be seen with the Slave's caravan,
And for Indian Sultanas burn fierce HARMATTAN;
Dread SIMOOM may rush over Nubia's waste,
To Mecca's gilt mosques SERAVANSUM may haste,
While mighty TORNADO, and weeping MONSOON
With swarthy Egyptians spend many a moon;
But ZEPHYR more fond, and more gentle, and true,
Sweet nymph shall be found an attendant on you.

* Sung in the character of Zephyr, in the SYLPH.

A TRIBUTE OF REGRET,

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND, WHO DIED IN ST. VINCENT'S ISLAND, 3d JULY, 1801.

BY WILLIAM CASE, JUN.

WHEN late my Muse to thee, O dear departed!
Breath'd but a transient, though a sad adieu *,
Whilst Memory to her view past joys imparted,
And Fancy almost hail'd the vision true;—

Ah little deem'd she, that *so soon* the morrow
Would blast thy hopes, whilst yet they loveliest shone,
So soon her lyre would pour its deeper sorrow,
Its votive dirge to thee for ever gone!

E'en when that truth awhile would claim intrusion,
How few Contagion's livid touch can flee,
Affection whisper'd still the sweet delusion,
Amongst the *rescued few* to number *thee.*

Vain her attempt to paint, with plea beguiling,
Her Albion's clime with Nature's boons thrice blest—
Ah me! methinks e'en now I see thee smiling
At each fond fear, that Friendship dared suggest!

* See Poetical Register, Vol. I. page 312.

Where now thy hardy manhood's welcome season
Where Genius' toils in its *self-taught* career?
Thy airy projects, e'er disown'd of reason?
And all thy fancy's bold aspirings—*where*?

Ah not e'en Temperance' self a charm could render
Potent enough thy youthful frame to save;
Thy joys, thy pains, thy hopes, thy fears so tender,
With thee are buried all in Friendship's grave!

Perchance, when pain first bade thy feelings languish,
The thought of kindred ties, to *thee* as dead,
Imparted all the bitterness of anguish
To the last sigh, that told thy spirit fled!

Condolence oft, her woes in secret telling,
For thee shall saddest vigils duteous keep,
And oft Remembrance, on thine image dwelling,
Shall note the day, which gave her thus to weep.

ON HOPE.

Hope, heaven-born Cherub still appears,
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower:
Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,
And is the *Rainbow* of the Shower!

ETHIC EPISTLES,

FROM A FATHER TO HIS SONS.

BY W. PRESTON, ESQ.

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

DESPISING themes, that catch the public eye,
The daily slanders, that are born to die,
The selfish plaudits, that are bought, and sold,
And speak the boundless worth, of pow'r and gold,
The Muse expatiates o'er the mental plain;
And seeks a subject for the free-born strain.
First at my heart, for ever in my eyes,
The sweet ideas of my children rise.
Far nobler theme my Boy's content and health,
Than titled meanness, and exuberant wealth.
In childhood blameless, in th' unsullied mind,
I boast, for once, a faultless theme to find.
How long, my children, shall that boast be giv'n?
—Ye bear no traces, now, but marks of heav'n:
Fair as Creation, dawning from its God—
Ere Death and Sin the walks of Eden trod;
Fair as the forms, that, in the hour of song,
In beauteous order, on the poet throng.
What things unhallow'd an abode may find,
Within the Paradise of spotless mind!

How soon, perhaps, the raging mental storm,
May print the features, and the soul deform!
Avarice, and Pride, may, then, with cruel art,
Bid the false head belie the honest heart;
And many a fiend, the foe of good and fair,
May sting the conscious heart with guilt and care.
While yet the prospect is so fair and bright,
Let me enjoy the vision of delight.
Here, boundless flattery no contempt shall move;
Ev'n partial blindness shall a virtue prove.
Yet, tho' the present with such charms is fraught,
It cannot chace the future from my thought.
No—the fond Muse anticipates the time!
With throbbing heart my Sons shall read this rhyme:
When clos'd that eye, where fondness now o'erflows,
And cold the bosom where your welfare glows;
When of your Father verse alone remains,
If time, perchance, should spare some favourite strains;
If you, my Sons, from noise and festive sport,
Should steal an hour, and to my tomb resort;
As o'er my dust, fraternal, hand in hand,
With heads inclin'd, in pensive mood, you stand;
My children, then, may heave a sigh, and say,
" The frame, that here return'd to parent clay,
" Once held a heart, with fond unwearied zeal,
" Warm for our fame, and anxious for our weal.
" If parted shades the frame to dust consign'd,
" Retain a care of friends they leave behind;
" Our Father's spirit with enquiring eyes,
" To mark our conduct, round his children flies."
—At least, believe it; think him ever near;
His warning voice in hours of trial hear.
Think how he lov'd you; nor his quiet wound,
With deed unworthy, or ungentle sound.

Thus, may my cares beyond the grave extend,
In life, the Father, and in death, the Friend.
  Attend, my Children, while your years demand,
The kind controul, and the sustaining hand.
'Tis now; that time has blanch'd your Father's hair,
He sees the value of a parent's care;
That care despis'd, or hated in the hour
Of dangerous Novelty's seductive power.
When fairy visions all the soul employ,
And youthful senses chace th' ideal joy;
Then harsh and importune our warnings fall,
Less heard, and less the grave parental call.
Yet you, I trust, may pace the downward stage,
Where mellow'd manhood ripens into age;
Then, sober Reason shall assume the throne,
And wake and watch, for children of your own.
  If any worth my wakeful cares may claim;—
If Heav'n shall prosper the parental aim;
In fair Example, or imparted Truth,
If ye shall feel the Father of your youth;
Indulgent Heav'n has to my Sons supply'd,
The mighty blessing, to their Sire denied.
Whate'er I am, my mind spontaneous grew;
No Father's forming care my childhood knew.
Forbear, my thankless, and irrev'rent tongue—
Forget the Father—be the Mother sung—
Disease and suff'rings mark'd my tender age,
A Mother's cares assuag'd their cruel rage.
How many nights she watch'd around my bed!
How many tears maternal fondness shed!
When Nature falter'd, 'twixt my life and death,
Her pious prayers redeem'd my forfeit breath!
If life is good, 'twas her's that life to save;
If ill, the means of bearing ill she gave.

Guided by her, my little footsteps trod,
The paths that early led me to my God.
O sacred Fountain of eternal Truth,
Preserve th' impressions of my tender youth;
For oft, in hours, when woes assail the mind,
Their blest effects with grateful heart I find.
And oft thine influence, with sustaining pow'r,
Has arm'd my soul against th' afflicting hour.
Mortals may frown, and Fortune aim her rod,
I feel the mighty presence of my God.
Yet all too weak, the soft and gentle sex,
To sway the child, that stormy passions vex.
My soul recalls, with deepest anguish fraught,
Each word unweigh'd, and each irrev'rent thought.
Oh may my Children early learn to feel,
The Heav'n-ward hope, and the religious zeal!
Great is the precept, that example gives.—
A lesson to the Son, the Father lives.
Censure may fix on talents misapply'd,
Aukward reserve, and solitary pride;
Yet, when the volume of my life they trace,
My Sons will find no lesson of disgrace.—
To you, my Sons, I leave a spotless name,
And Vanity would add a Poet's fame.—
With pride, my Children yet shall hear it told,
Their Father's verses were not bought, or sold.
—The spotless name preserve, with pious care:
Of fame poetic, O my Sons, beware.—
It sunk your Father in the jaundic'd ken,
The sordid estimate of little men.
I might have been—but why, with thankless mind,
Revolve the blessings, that my Stars assign'd?—
My purest pleasures to the Muse I owe,
My happiest hours, in tuneful labours flow.

Hope and Dependence are alike unknown;
Myself my Patron, and my Muse my own.
Ev'n *Alma* prov'd a step-dame to her Son,
And Fraud withheld the palm, that Science won.
In vain she heard my first-born lays resound,
The nascent Muse no verdant honours crown'd.
Then blasted——sway'd her studious train,
The scorn of Genius, and of Worth the bane:
Vain, false, and shallow, profligate, unjust;
Ordain'd to humble Learning in the dust.
If there is pow'r in Justice, or in Rhymes,
That name corrupt, shall stink to latest times:
But let the miscreant and his memory rest;
How could my Sons the hateful theme suggest?
The soften'd soul, whene'er my Children fill,
All cares are vanish'd, and all passions still:
I calmly pass, without a wish, or fear,
A graceless B——p, or an upstart Peer.
No wreaths of mine o'ershade a copper face,
I twine no laurels round a gothic mace.
New to the task of panegyric lays,
Not ev'n a Newcome wins the song of praise;
In silence, I revere the sainted aim,
The modest virtues, and the letter'd Fame.
All forms of life are open to your choice;
But trust, my Sons, a Father's warning voice.
Let Truth and Virtue be your guiding stars;
Mid war's wild ravage, and domestic jars.
I yet may hope, should Heav'n my days extend,
And you, my Children, your assistance lend;
For all my cares, without your aid are vain,
In Virtue's paths your heedless youth to train:
To see you rise, in manly virtues tried,
Ev'n to the wish of fond parental pride.

Oh could you know, my Children, could you feel,
How this fond heart throbs, anxious for your weal!
Let love fraternal fill the tender mind.—
Tho' Fortune separate, be your souls combin'd:
With perseverance meet the worldly strife,
And buoy each other, as you sail thro' life;
Tho' cares and dangers in the tempest rave,
With open breast repel the troubled wave;
Let Friendship's ties, and Nature's bonds combine,
And heart with heart, and fate with fate entwine.
In ev'ry station, and thro' ev'ry stage
Of sanguine youth, or disappointed age,
Your filial rev'rence let your Mother share;
For well her love demands your pious care.
Be it at once your pleasure, and your praise,
To gleam contentment on her latter days.
I cannot hope; nor does my fondest hour,
Desire for you, the baubles, wealth and pow'r;
Yet, should dame Fortune's wild capricious play,
In worldly gauds a poet's sons array;
Let not your trappings insolence impart;
Or noxious fumes intoxicate the heart.—
Still in your breast retain the words of Heav'n,
The length of days to filial duty giv'n.
In real kindness, but in seeming hate,
Should Fortune doom you to some humble fate;
The painful duties of the Man of God,
Such rugged paths, as pious *Hooker* trod;
Still let your parent share your little store,
Prevent her wishes, and her wants explore.
Thus, on your little shall a blessing wait,
That, ev'n in want, abundance will create:
Such as of old, the widow's cruise supplied,
Such as is, now, to greedy gold denied.

Let no false aims, with specious colours fraught,
Warp the tribunal of the conscious thought.
Why should you envy, who trick'd out by Fate,
Struts in the pageant of this mortal state?—
What are his trappings, but the varied coat,
In Life's procession that the herald note?—
The great and rich may take a herald's name,
Proclaiming Fortune's fickleness, and shame;
The noisy pageant closing at the grave,
Impartial Death disrobes the strutting slave.
The bench of *Themis* groans with burthens vile,
And *Bestia's* filth her ermin may defile.
The honest vulgar, with indignant eyes,
To heights unenvy'd, see *Ventoso* rise.
And some there are, who aptly can explain
The saintly gifts, that mitred pomp attain.—
Let not their progress wound your mental ease,
Nor poorly stoop, to envy things like these.—
Seek for support in the self-center'd mind,
Nor lean upon the broken reed, Mankind.
Trust not professions; they are all a cheat.—
Distrust the World; but, chief, distrust the Great:
Let not kind glance, or the familiar smile,
With air-built schemes, believing youth beguile;
Sell not the golden quiet of your days,
For that fallacious, empty bauble, Praise;
Look thro' the world, behold the men of name;
Who, braving infamy, can find it fame.
Heroic meekness shall sustain your youth,
That heav'nly offspring of religious truth.—
March on, erect.—Mark with unalter'd ken,
The frowns and blandishments of little men,
As the wing'd serpent licks the ground to rise,
Triumphant baseness, tow'ring to the skies,

The precepts of dishonour courts afford,
Th' unmanly tricks, that make, or please a Lord.
Be firm and virtuous.—Trust my warning rhymes,
Far diff'rent scenes impend, and diff'rent times;
When rugged virtues yet may bear a price;
And Honour lord it o'er triumphant Vice.—
When honest men no more shall be the sport,
Of tinsell'd vermin flutt'ring in a court.
No more shall Pride, Ambition, or Caprice,
Bid guiltless myriads bleed for Guilt, or Vice.—
These happy days my Children yet may see;
Far diff'rent from the days ordain'd for me.—
By Fortune on an age of iron cast,
In fogs *Bœotian*, doom'd my days to waste.
A land unletter'd, and a venal age,
The harden'd spirits selfish aims engage:—
What cruel fate reserv'd a man of rhymes,
For these ungentle and untuneful times?—
The rage of warfare, and it's direful train,
Terror, and Care, and Poverty, and Pain;
Disease, and Famine march, in dire array,
And gloom Despondence on th' eventful day.
In each abode the hand of pow'r is found;
In ev'ry ear th' alarms of war resound.
The stormy times, nor age, nor station spare,
But summon all, to suffer, and to dare.—
No season, this, for gay poetic dreams,
No place to muse beside th' *Aonian* streams.
Scar'd by the lust of gold, and martial strife,
Are all the soft pursuits, and ornaments of life.
Ere you, my children, rise to manly age,
You may be call'd to this eventful stage.—
What parts to you, my Boys, shall be assign'd,
In this great drama of the human kind;

To Him is known, who first infus'd your breath,
Who keeps the issues of your life and death;
But, act it well, whate'er may be your task;
And never stoop, to act beneath a mask:
With generous scorn the sordid throngs behold,
Who sell their honour, and their peace for gold.
You do not issue, from the cells obscene,
Of sordid parentage, and prospects mean.—
You shall not need to join the reptile brood,
Of aims as base and lowly as their blood;
That win their crooked way, by many a wile,
And bask and wriggle in a great man's smile.
You shall not beg, in *Alma*'s learn'd retreat,
The scraps of Science, with the scraps of meat.
Tho' some the Bar, and some the Bench may own,
That pertly smirk, or supercilious frown;
And some may loudly in the Senate prate,
With self-importance swell'd, with hope elate;
Who nurst in hovels, smoaking by the road,
With brother pigs, and vermin crept abroad:
Like their own curs, importunate and loud,
For noise and rancour, mark'd among the croud;
Forget the time, when *Alma* wont to deal,
On greazy trenchers the cold offal meal.
Far other documents shall form your youth,
To chaste regard of order, and of truth.—
With jealous care, from you parental love
Shall sordid thing, unseemly sound remove;
As priests that tend some temple's hallow'd space,
Irrev'rent sound, polluted object chace;
And shame and guilt are banish'd from the cells,
Where Heav'n is open'd, and the Godhead dwells.
And still preserve the temple of the mind,
A pure recess, where Godhead dwells enshrin'd.

And ever be the generous bosom fraught,
With every virtuous aim, and noble thought;
The laws and sanctions on the soul imprest,
The just tribunal of the conscious breast:
Prepar'd to stem the waves of civil strife,
And pass with dignity thro' varied life,
O may my Sons, with modest worth endued,
With virtuous pride, and temp'rate fortitude;
Behold poor greatness with undazzled ken,
And keep their station in a race of men.
Born in the dregs of this unworthy age,
Too cold my bosom, for the noble rage,
That times corrupt, and public wrongs demand,
That dares to vindicate a suff'ring land.—
The Patriot's flame lies dormant in my mind,
To silent pray'rs, and fruitless sighs confin'd.
But, well I know it, for your youthful prime,
Events are ripening in the womb of time.
Then, Reason shalt exult in giant strength;
And Prejudice extend her mazy length.—
Subdued, exhausted, by full many a wound,
The Hydra falls—the victors shout around.—
From all the train loud *Io-Pæans* rise;
Loud gratulations fill the gladsome skies.
The voice of Freedom runs from shore to shore;
And Bigotry and Discord are no more.
The guilty genius, that delighted dwells,
In statesmens' conclaves, or in monkish cells;
Deserts the shore, with more than mortal pangs,
And breaks his serpent scourge, and iron fangs.

TO OBERON.

ON MISS A——N BEING AFFLICTED WITH AN INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.

Oh leave awhile thy fairy bowers,
Where Beauty tints her Summer flowers,
With many a bright and vivid hue,
That glowing thro' the crystal dew,
Perfumes the zephyrs airy wing,
That fans at eve the Elfin ring;
Oh Oberon! hear Friendship's prayer,
If youthful Virtue be thy care;
And from thy moon-light island come,
Across the ocean's silver foam;
Thy light bark form'd of tendrils fine,
Which curl around the purple vine,
Floats as the whispering billow heaves,
Around thy sails of wild-rose leaves:
Ah urge it o'er the heaving deep,
When soft the gales of Twilight sweep,
And if in Fairy-land there be
On opening bud or blossom'd tree,
The sparkling drops of charmed dew,
Distilled thro' Evening's concave blue,
Whose silver showers can cure the pain,
That fires the fibres of the brain,

Then bring, oh bring the hallowed bough,
And bind it upon *Anna*'s brow!
Oh bid thy gentle spirits fly
Along the blue vaults of the sky,
To hover o'er Elysian bowers,
Where Health immortal rears her flowers,
Waving in amaranthine bands,
From cliffs that shadow golden sands;
Her snowy feet bath'd in the stream,
Illumin'd by the lunar beam,
With humid steps imprints the vale,
Where Twilight breathes her purest gale;
Her golden locks, in wreaths of light,
Dew'd in the falling tears of Night,
Bright floating o'er the beaming star,
That burns on Evening's azure car;
And as they hail her angel form,
Her cheek in heaven's own blushes warm,
Oh bid them lave their fluttering wing,
Where her eternal fountains spring;
While laughing 'mid the dimpling wave,
The seraph-forms of childhood lave.
O bid them cull the myrtle green,
Whose deathless bowers adorn the scene,
That round her humid cell appear,
Saved from the ruins of the year!
And bid the lovely wreaths divine
For ever bloom on Friendship's shrine!
And when my friend again shall tread
The mazes of the woodland shade,
To hear the minstrelsy of Heaven
Float on the breezes of the even,
Oh may thy train, from Health's gay bowers,
Bestrew her path with early flowers;

While round her steps their leaves exhale,
The odours of their native vale;
And when her eye again shall trace
The lineaments of Nature's face,
When soft the streams of Twilight heave
The mirror of the blushing eve,
O bid the soothing cadence die,
Amid the echoes of the sky,
That lunar spirits round thy shrine
Chaunt to their heaven-strung harps divine;
And bid it charm her tranquil breast,
Waking the holiest dreams of rest.

ADELINE.

EPIGRAM.

TO A LIVING AUTHOR.

YOUR Comedy I've read, my Friend,
And like the half you pilfer'd best;
But sure the Piece you yet may mend?—
Take courage Man, and steal the rest.

HORACE, LIB. 1, ODE 5.

TRANSLATED BY E. L. SWIFT, ESQ.

TO PYRRHA.

1.

WHAT slender youth, all-odor'd, presses
Thee, Pyrrha, in the roseate shade?
For whom thine auburn-flowing tresses,
Simply becoming, dost thou braid?

2.

How oft, alas, by thee forsaken,
Shall he his alter'd fate deplore;
View the dark deep, that storms awaken,
And wonder at th' unwonted roar;

3.

Who *now* enjoys, too fond believer,
Thy golden charms; who always kind
And lovely deems his dear deceiver,
Forgetful of the faithless wind.

4.

Ah wretch, by whom untried thy beauty!
My votive tablet on his fane
Shews my dank weeds, with grateful duty
Hung to the Ruler of the Main.

VERSES

ADDRESSED, IN 1782, TO MR. WRIGHT, OF DERBY.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

1.

THOU, in whose breast the gentle Virtues shine;
Thou, at whose call th' obsequious Graces bow,
Fain wou'd I, kneeling at the Muses' shrine,
Pluck the green laurel for thy modest brow!

2.

And shou'd in vain my feeble arm extend,
In vain the meed these faltering lays demand;
Shou'd from my touch the conscious laurel bend,
Like coy Mimosa, shrinking from the hand,

3.

Yet thy bright tablet, with unfading hues,
Shall beam on high in Honor's sacred fane,
By * him emblazon'd, whose immortal Muse
Adorn'd thy science with her earliest strain;

4.

Brought every gem the mines of Knowledge hide,
Cull'd roseate wreaths from Fancy's flowery plains,
And with their mingled stores new bands supplied,
That bind the Sister-Arts in closer chains.

* Mr. Hayley celebrated Mr. Wright's talent in his first work EPISTLES ON PAINTING.

5.

What living lights, ingenious Artist! stream
In mingling mazes, as thy pencil roves;
With orient hues in bright expansion, beam,
Or bend the flowing curve, that Beauty loves!

6.

* Charm'd, as we mark, beneath thy magic hand,
What sweet repose surrounds the sombrous scene,
Where, fring'd with wood, yon moon-bright cliffs expand,
The curl'd waves twinkling, as they wind between,

7.

Start, as on high thy red Vesuvius glares,
O'er earth and Ocean pours his sanguine light,
With billowy smoke obscures the rising stars,
Or darts his vollied lightning thro' the night;

8.

Sigh, where, 'mid twilight shades, yon pile sublime,
In cumbrous ruin, nods o'er Virgil's tomb,
Where nurs'd by thee, poetic ivies climb,
Fresh florets spring, and brighter laurels bloom;

9.

Or weep for Julia in her sea-girt cave,
Exil'd from love in beauty's splendid morn,
Wild as she gazes on the boundless wave,
And sighs in hopeless solitude forlorn!

* "Mr. Wright's MOONLIGHT VIEWS OF MATLOCK;"—his "VESUVIUS;"—his "VIRGIL'S TOMB;"—and his "JULIA,"—banished to a desert Island by her Grandfather, Augustus Cesar, for her amours with Ovid.

10.

Now, ardent Wright, from thy creative hand,
With outline bold, and mellowest coloring warm,
Rival of Life, before the canvass stands,
My Father's lov'd, and venerable Form!

11.

O, when his Urn shall drink my falling tears,
Thy faithful tints shall shed a bless'd relief,
Glow, with mild lustre, thro' my darkned years,
And gild the gathering shades of filial grief!

ON WIT *.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Wit must at once be vigorous, light, and gay,
Sense, satire, humour, mix'd in frolic play;
Yet from the coarse grotesque be distant far
As from the smoky torch the brilliant star;
And spring from images in contact brought
Till then ne'er coupled or in fact, or thought;
Yet, when together seen, we laugh, and wonder
That things so like, so long were kept asunder.

* Pope thus defines wit ——

True wit is nature to advantage drest,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest.

This by no means appears an accurate definition. Wit, to deserve its name, must in some degree strike and surprise, and to produce those effects *novelty* of *idea* is even more necessary than *felicity* of *expression*; tho' to the perfection of that rare faculty, *both* are necessary.

ODE,

ON THE 4th OF NOVEMBER, THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION, 1688.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE.

IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

" Ὄυ λιθοι ϐδε ξυλα."

WHAT constitutes the Bard?
Not silver sounds, nor numbers that compel
  Proud Tyranny's regard;
Not the sweet witchery of Fancy's ſpell,
  That can at will entrance
The captive sense, and bid the charmed soul,
  To faery measures dance:
No—but an energy that spurns controul,
  An intellectual fire,
That fann'd by Freedom, to sublimest heights
  Impels us to aspire,
And from base earth the spirit disunites:
  This constitutes the Bard.
Then in the shouts that " ring from side to side"
  Loud o'er the rest be heard,
The Muse's hail! which at this season wide
  May pour the patriot rage,
She, Freedom's best ally, whose voice alone
  Through ev'ry clime and age
Prevailing, mocks the thunders of the throne.

T. P.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXON.

THE FAREWELL.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

1.

LIGHT was my heart, and free from care,
When first I met my conquering fair;
In every glance secure to wound,
She dealt unerring deaths around;
Love in her eye his dart conceal'd,
The magic pierc'd my bosom's shield,
EMILIA's willing slave I fell,
And bade to *Liberty* "FAREWELL."

2.

Now swiftly o'er mine heedless head
The joy-wing'd hours uncounted sped;
While Hope's gay colours cheer'd mine eye,
Ah, fondly deem'd too bright to die!—
But soon arose th' unwelcome day,
That call'd EMILIA hence away:
With sighs I mourn'd the broken spell,
And bade the flatterer *Hope* "FAREWELL."

3.

Ah when compell'd from thee to part,
When sorrow rent my bleeding heart,
When o'er thy much-lov'd form I hung,
And anguish trembled on my tongue,

Say, did I mourn with *Friendship's* tear
The loss of all my soul held dear?
Ah no!—I felt *Love's* funeral knell
Strike on mine heart the sad "FAREWELL."

4.

Pulse of mine heart, when, each lorn hour
Of night and day, the plaint I pour,
Wert thou, for Love is Pity's child,
Of Pity's tenderest tear beguil'd,
Love might, as Joy and Hope return,
His wither'd myrtle cease to mourn;
With thee for ever might I dwell,
And never bid thine arms "FAREWELL."

5.

Then should abide no more with me
Or anxious *Hope*, or *Liberty*;
For *Liberty* were then from Heaven
A curse, and not a blessing given;
And why, it's dearest wish possest,
Should *Hope* remain to rack my breast?
But still with Joy that breast should swell,
And bid to *Grief* a long "FAREWELL."

6.

How blest thy suppliant's lot, wouldst thou
Accept and trust his faithful vow!
Nor Ill should hurt, nor Folly vex,
Mischance assail, nor Care perplex;
Serenely gay, and free from strife,
We'd pass the noon and eve of life;
Together sink in Death's dark cell,
And gently bid the world "FAREWELL!"

1798.

ADDRESS

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

WRITTEN IN STRATHEARN, PERTHSHIRE.

QUEEN of the clear unclouded night,
Musing, thy pensive ray I hail,
And mark thy fair and chasten'd light,
Pour its soft lustre o'er the vale.

From ills that vex life's peaceful calm,
My soul with silent sadness steals;
And finds beneath thy orb, a balm
For every ill, it trembling feels.

The storm that roll'd its angry clouds,
And curtain'd all the redden'd west;
No more thy pallid lustre shrouds,
But nature seems again at rest.

Propitious interval of peace,
Ere bleak November's blast be blown;
O may the furious tempest cease,
And May's soft mildness be thy own.

Oft to thy soft and mellow beam,
  My vows with rapture pure I'll pay;
And mark thy shadow in the stream,
  At close of each autumnal day.

Methinks at such a solemn hour,
  The gentle heart would feel it sweet,
The fair enchantress in the bower,
  In thrilling extacy to meet.

Oh Love to me, you never came,
  With smiling look, and gentle air:
Thy influence palsied all my frame,
  And thrill'd my soul with wild despair.

But Friendship, with her dewy cheek,
  Already wet with Pity's tear,
Comes, with her gentle influence meek,
  The lonely path of life to chear.

Warm is the heart, the feelings pure,
  Of her my soul with rapture owns;
Anxious, she seeks the wounds to cure,
  Inflicted by Misfortune's frowns!

R. CARLYLE.

SONG *.

BY CHARLES LEFTLY, ESQ.

I DANC'D with Harriet at the fair,
And prais'd her for her jetty hair,
Which, like the tendrils of a vine,
About her brow in wanton twine,
Luxuriantly ran;
But why I prais'd her, sweet one, know,
Because I recollected, so
The tresses negligently flow,
About the cheeks of Anne.

One evening in the passion week,
When Lucy play'd at hide and seek,
Her black eyes shone, like glow-worms, bright,
And led me by their sparkling light,
To find out where she ran;
But if I prais'd them, sweet one, know,
I recollected even so
The black eyes sparkle, burn, and glow,
Of gentle mistress Anne.

* From the SYLPH.

Louisa's lips in kisses meet,
Like a twin-cherry, ripe, and sweet;
In Catherine's breath, rich perfume dwells;
But ah! how Julia's bosom swells,
To charm the gaze of man;
Yet if I praise them, sweet one, know,
They singly but remind me, so
Lips, breath and bosom I can show,
All blent in mistress Anne.

FRUITLESS CARE.

In vain, within my tortur'd breast
Its love-inspired sighs repressing,
A stranger to the balms of rest,
I smile, as though its balms possessing.

In vain, those tears that strive to flow,
Tears of a heart now doom'd to languish,
I check, lest aught on earth should know
How dark my fate, how deep my anguish.

In vain! for more than tears or sighs
This, sure, my passion must discover,
That, spite of care, my tell-tale eyes
In every glance betray the lover!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

HORACE, LIB. 1. ODE 4.

TRANSLATED BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

1.

FANN'D by Favonius' balmy wing,
Sharp Winter melts beneath the Spring;
  Again the streams unfetter'd flow;
Now from their stalls the herds retire,
The plowman quits his humble fire,
  And fields no more are white with snow.

2.

Beneath the newly-rising Moon,
Now Venus leads in varying tune,
  Her Nymphs' and Graces' modest band;
While Vulcan feeds his glowing forge,
And their dread toil the Cyclops urge,
  To fill the thunderer's awful hand.

3.

Now with the myrtle green, and flowers,
That earth's unshackled bosom pours,
  Our temples gayly let us twine;
And pay, whiche'er the God approves,
To Faunus in the sacred groves,
  A lamb or kidling at his shrine.

4.

Death with impartial step awaits,
The cottage doors, the palace gates;
  Thence, happy Sextius, wisely learn,
How short is life, and hope how vain:—
E'en now the spirits' shadowy train,
  Expect thee at thy destin'd bourn.

5.

Then shall no lucky throw to thee,
The empire of the bowl decree,
  In Pluto's solitary shade;
No Lycidas with sprightly song,
Shall there the lonely hour prolong,
  Or wake to love the raptur'd maid.

1802.

EPIGRAM.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MR. P. DODD.

ON THE DEATH OF A SPENDTHRIFT.

His last great Debt is paid—poor Tom's no more.
Last Debt! Tom never paid a Debt before.

STANZAS,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZA *.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "*Pleasures of Solitude.*"

WHILE to their splendid scenes the race
Of fickle Pleasure madly throng,
I seek, sweet Saint! this lonely place,
And wake the melancholy song.

Though years have pass'd; still, from my mind
Years to efface thy memory fail!—
Why lingered Friendship then behind
Thy blameless sufferings to bewail!

Oh, if a flame as mild, as pure
As ever warm'd the virgin-breast,
May Heaven's approving smile secure,
Dear parted Spirit! thou art blest.

Children of Hope, to whom is dear
The morning of life's little day,
Though rapture raise th' impassioned tear,
Yet thoughtful view this kindred clay.

* If the most amiable dispositions, endearing manners, and fine personal attractions, accompanied with a virtuous but unhappy attachment, can awaken sympathy, then will the fate of ELIZA be read, even by strangers, with no common regret. This interesting young lady died on the 22d of April, 1800, in her 24th year, of a rapid decline,—to which she resigned herself, with humility and patience truly exemplary, and with a hope full of immortality! The following stanzas, were written on the evening of October the 14th, 1802.

'There sleeps beneath that chilling sod,
One, blythely innocent as you,
Who erst the stage of being trod,
And all its warmest transports knew.

But ere the genial hour had past,
While yet the morning sweetly smiled,
Her sun of peace was overcast,
And rudely lower'd the tempest wild!

Sacred the bounds, that now contain
What once could tenderest joys inspire;
Here, let Repose eternal reign,
Here, Love and Friendship oft retire.

Fresh o'er this earth the green-grass wave;
And, softening here, ye tempests sigh;
'Tis sweet ELIZA's early grave:
Here Youth and Love and Beauty lie!

EPITAPH ON ELIZA.

WHILE o'er this turf in mingled sadness bend,
The honoured parent, and the early friend,
ELIZA, see! upon thy vernal tomb,
One wreath, in which thy memory yet shall bloom.
Dear, sainted shade!—calm be this hallowed rest,
Calm as the virtues of thy spotless breast;
Till, through the dreary regions of the dust,
Benignly break the Morning of the Just!

P. L. C.

SONNET.

OCCASIONED BY DISENGAGING A MARTLET FROM THE JAWS OF A CAT.

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

HERALD of Summer! hapless was the flight
From thy mud hermitage or chimnied cell,
To skim the streamlet where, since dawn of light,
In the long spear-grass lurk'd grimalkin fell;
For while in airy cirque thy rapid wing
Fann'd the young swarms that hover near the flood,
Yon dark assassin, at one deadly spring,
Fix'd his strong talons in thy innocent blood!
Nor ever can thy shatter'd pinion tower
To milder climes when wintry white-frosts chill,
Nor hither flit at April's balmy hour
To mould thy matted nest with plastic bill:—
Like some sad alien from Gallia's shore,
Here wert thou exil'd, to return no more!

SONNET.

Written extempore, at the request of a Lady, for a Valentine.

BY CHARLES LEFTLY, ESQ.

Dost thou pass sleepless nights, by day-light rove
To dusky thickets to indulge thy tears?
Dost thou remember nothing but thy love,
Now burn with ardent hopes, now chill with freezing fears?
Perchance thy mistress treats thy suit with scorn,
Canst thou at night her company forswear,
Yet lay beneath her window till the morn,
Regardless of the shrewd and biting air?
Canst thou for her brave poverty and pain,
A parent's anger, and the world's disdain;
And may she hope thy fondness to engage
Though pale with sickness, and deform'd with age?
If so, then seek her, wishful to be thine,
For thou and none but thou shalt be her VALENTINE.

SONNET.

TO MR. WESTALL.

BY CHARLES LEFTLY, ESQ.

WESTALL, I wish'd to steal into Fame's graces,
And oft I tried, but tried alas in vain;
The fickle goddess fled from my embraces,
So now I crave your help my suit to gain;
For on her shrine your hand such offerings places
As she can never look on with disdain;
She loves each object that your pencil traces,
And hangs your harp up in her sacred fane.
Then, since all grace and gentleness possessing,
You suffer me no common boon to claim,
Grant me this wish'd for and distinguish'd blessing,
First on your list of friends to write my name:
So do I guess, if I have skill in guessing,
To get admitted to the porch of Fame.

SONNET.

TO THE MEMORY OF A BROTHER.

BY W. L. BROWN,

PRINCIPAL OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis? HORACE.

O THOU! for whom my verse has often flow'd
In strains of woe to thy fraternal name,
For whom my bosom with affection glow'd,
While thou wast tenant of thy mortal frame;
For thee that bosom still remains the same,
Tho' many a spring has deck'd, with flow'rs, thy grave,
Time rolls his years; but loses still his aim
T' impair the deep impressions nature gave.
Thine image can each present object brave,
And prove remembrance stronger far than sense.
Fraternal love can never cease to crave
The tender tribute of regret intense.
Tho' hoary age should tell my hundredth year,
Thy name shall still be mention'd with a tear!

SONNET.

THE MUSING LOVER.

LONG have these walls, since touch'd by Ruin's hand,
Hung, threat'ning death to all that pass'd below;
Yet, strange to tell, while pensive here I stand,
Their desolation fills my breast with woe.
For here I first beheld the darling maid,
To whom henceforth my best regards are due;
For here I first that graceful form survey'd,
By far the fairest in affection's view:
Here first those eyes I saw, whose radiance clear
With softest influence penetrates the soul;
Here first that voice I heard, whose accents dear
Can each tormenting passion's power controul:
Here first I knew that strong, but gentle mind,
From which my future life its comfort hopes to find.

*

SONNET.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Oh that the time were come, when she who now,
(If Hope may trust to Love, a guide so blind)
(Did maiden pride such frankness here allow)
Would greet her friend with accents doubly kind;
The time, when she, by Wedlock's holy vow,
In Custom's tyrant bonds no more confin'd,
Might ev'ry feeling of her soul avow,
And leave Reserve and all its frost behind.
But why ungrateful should I thus repine?
Has not the maid whom all my thoughts adore,
Already deign'd, with goodness most divine,
To grant as yet whate'er I durst implore?
And sure, thou trembling heart, the fault were thine,
Hadst thou not boldness to solicit more.

SONNET.

THE DOWNRIGHT LOVER.

And could the charmer of my soul suppose,
That praise, so justly to her talents due,
From any source but strong conviction rose,
And only meant my bantering pow'rs to shew?
Alas, that she I love so little knows
This simple heart, to feign which never knew;
And which could now without alarm expose
Its inmost feelings to her piercing view:
But sure, if right I could those blushes read,
Which kindled on her cheek confusion's flame,
These cruel words from doubt could ne'er proceed,
But rose entirely from ingenuous shame;
Which strove beneath that sportive veil to hide
The sweet perplexity of virgin pride.

*

SONNET.

THE BLUNDERING LOVER.

When late I nam'd the only sect I hate,
And on my lip still sharper censure hung,
How quickly then did she that rules my fate,
Check the bold rashness of my froward tongue!
From her displeasure's unaccustom'd glance,
My face, with blushes ting'd, its error found;
And saw that speech no farther must advance
On such unlucky, rude, offensive ground.
Oh ever thus, thou charmer of my soul,
Let ev'ry dang'rous word by thee be check'd;
Let thy sweet eyes my temper's fire controul,
And thy dear hand my careless course direct:
By three fair claims, oh deign to guide my life,
At once the Friend, the Mistress, and the Wife.

SONNET.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

YES, I have lov'd before; for many a maid
Hath many a sigh this anxious bosom torn;
And oft the Muse with moving song to aid
My hope adventurous have I call'd; my youth
Was fond and ardent, yet the flower of truth
Beneath the cold aspéct as oft did fade:
For how could Love, though faithful, live forlorn?
Not fickle was my heart, yet ah, to mourn
Through many a year affection ill-repaid
With cruel scorn and ridicule! in sooth,
Hard was the task.—At length, in smiles array'd,
Thee, ELLEN, I beheld; thy tear of ruth
Dropt on my heart; to me thy faith was sworn:
Yet thou, even *thou*, the pledge of plighted love betray'd!

1802.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES LEFTLY, ESQ.

PARDON that absence, mistress, which offended,
And think what fears to servitude belong;
Indeed, indeed, my love I meant no wrong;
My thoughts at least upon your feast attended:
But had I gone the merry guests among,
Though by your smiles and cheering care befriended,
How sadly would my sighs and tears have blended,
With their loud laugh and bacchanalian song.
Hard was the task, and painful to forbear,
When Music, Beauty, Wit and Mirth invited;
And sad the contrast of such social fare,
To sit alone in the mind's gloom benighted:
But, lo! you weep. Nay if my griefs you share,
By such affection I am well requited.

SONNET.

TO DIANA.

BY CHARLES LEFTLY, ESQ.

CHASTE Huntress! whether with immortal Jove
You taste the pleasures we can never know;
Or with the wood-nymphs wild delight to rove,
Your shoulders girdled with the silver bow;
Whether you bid your pale lamp brighter glow,
When dapper elves in daisied circles move;
Or wandering through the Stygian glooms below,
Practice your spells in the metallic grove;
If e'er in dusky cave, or midnight bower,
The young Endymion claim'd your tenderest care,
If e'er you felt that sympathetic power,
Congenial spirits in pure essence share,
Let me, fair Queen of Eve, in thy still hour,
Clasp her I love, like thee most chaste, most fair.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES LEFTLY, ESQ.

'Twas on a sabbath in the month of June,
I came, a spruce and inexperienc'd guest,
To listen certain minstrels of request,
Call from their viols sounds of Tuscan tune:
Then, Lady, seated in a cool saloon,
I first beheld thee, fancifully drest,
Thy sainted goodness in thy smiles express'd,
And bright thine eyes as summer-suns at noon.
Where leafy tendrils fring'd a window's side,
Shaded by shrubs and trees I lay reclin'd:
Rich fruits and wines the costly feast supplied,
And roses dropp'd their perfumes in the wind.
But, ah! surpassing all this pomp of pride,
Thy person pleas'd me most—much more thy mind.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES LEFTLY, ESQ.

LATELY at afternoon, the sun hot-shining,
Flush'd with the grape, and in poetics deep;
On a soft sopha carelessly reclining,
Tuning new sonnets, lo! I dropp'd asleep.
Through the vine-bower'd windows then inclining,
My mistress from the garden chanc'd to peep;
And left her lilies with the heat repining,
On tip-toe to my cool recess to creep.
She read the verse for her sweet self intended:
We must indeed, she said, those lips salute,
Which blushingly do use such modest suit,
That maiden meekness cannot be offended;
She kiss'd, I wak'd—how eloquently mute
Her eyes, her blushes, the sweet fault defended.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES LEFTLY, ESQ.

HERE comes my mistress, like a bride-maid clad,
Or like a nun who thinks all pleasure vain,
I would not have her throb like me with pain,
And yet, methinks, I would not have her glad;
So long an absence should have made her sad:
Yet why be sad to meet my kiss again?
Ah no! like me, she may affect disdain;
And yet like me be rapturously mad.
I fain would see her full of hopes and fears,
Hang on my neck with pleasure and with shame;
Behold her bright eyes smile, though red with tears,
And hear her falter as she lisps my name.
Oh! if the vagrant beauty thus appears,
Love light thy torch, I bid adieu to Fame.

SONNET.

TO A FAVOURITE CAT*.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

" Come nel Ocean, s' oscura, e' nfesta, &c."

BY ALEXANDER THOMSON, ESQ.

With stormy rage while ocean's billows roll,
And midnight's added gloom obscures the sky,
The toil-worn seaman to the starry Pole,
With eager wishes turns his anxious eye:
And thus my tabby Friend, must hapless I,
Dark victim of Misfortune's stern controul,
On thee alone for comfort's light rely,
And call thy sacred eyes my starry Pole.
Thou, and thy purring child, must form to me
Of Arctic Bears the Constellation bright;
By whose kind aid your luckless Bard may see,
In gloom's nocturnal hours his lays to write:
And so may Heaven both milk and flesh provide,
And shield from cruel blows each velvet hide.

* Tasso, in a humourous Sonnet addressed to his favourite Cat, earnestly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight studies, not being himself able to purchase a candle to write by. ADVENTURER, No. 59.

SONG.

ROUND Love's elysian bowers,
The softest prospects rise,
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
There shine the purest skies;
And joy and rapture gild awhile,
The radiant heaven of Beauty's smile.

Round Love's deserted bowers,
Tremendous rocks arise,
Cold mildew blights the flowers,
Tornadoes rend the skies;
And Pleasure's waning moon goes down,
Amid the night of Beauty's frown.

Then youth, thou fond believer!
The wily syren shun,
Who trusts the sweet deceiver,
Will surely be undone!
When Beauty triumphs, ah beware!
Her smile is Hope, her frown Despair!

ALCÆUS.

ODE.

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

ON HIS LEAVING THE COUNTY OF DOWN,

SEPTEMBER 17, 1802.

BY THE REV. HENRY BOYD, A. M.

WE spent at *Campbell's* * friendly board
Of social hours, alas! the last;
Campbell, by commoner or lord
Of that illustrious name, surpast
Seldom in sense and worth and taste—
And *Percy's* † health and praise went round—
—How is the prospect all o'er-cast—
Since you have left *Uladia's* bound!
—Even tuneful *Hafiz* ‡ seems to mope,
Like Patrick's Dean bereft of Pope!

* The Rev. Dr. William Campbell, Newry.
† Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore.
‡ Thomas Stott, Esq. Dromore.

Deserted by the sinking gale,
  Since you forsook the northern shore,
Like ships becalm'd, with furled sail,
  Unmov'd by canvass or by oar
We lie, nor longer now explore
  Those Islands where the Muses play;
The potent magic acts no more,
  And all our glimmering fires decay.
That strand *, which late we trod with you,
Seem'd to presage a long adieu!

We saw *Mount Catherine* o'er the tide
  Salute the cloudy range of *Mourne*,
We saw *Rosstrevors* sylvan pride
  The foamy spray indignant spurn,
Where on the beach by Neptune worn,
  From pendent bowers and billows hoar,
Sapphire and emerald tints adorn,
  In fairy dance, the winding shore.
Yet still the parting scene display'd
O'er all a melancholy shade.

Ah! little thought the mingled throng
  That on the barren strand we spy'd
Saunt'ring in Pleasure's search along,
  Or sporting in the wavy tide,
What nobler joys, by thee supplied,
  Might raise their minds above the scene
Of all that Fancy yet descried,
  In moon-light wave, or woodland green,
Or where the golden shafts of day
Thro' chequer'd shades on Ocean play.

* Carlingford bay, a scene of unparalleled beauty and magnificence.

For, like thy country's pride of yore,
The peerless Knight of Ellerslie *,
Who wav'd on Ayr's romantic shore
The beamy torch of Liberty;
And roaming round from sea to sea,
From glade obscure, or gloomy rock,
His bold compatriots call'd to free
The realm from Edward's iron yoke,
You rouse the Heliconian train,
The cause of virtue to sustain †.

Thy banded minstrels march along,
The descant rolls from hill to hill;
Fond Zephyr propagates the song,
And charmed Echo answers still;
While you conduct, with studious skill,
The pomp, where'er the varied lay
May best the general bosom thrill;
Or where their files in broad display,
As thy sage guidance they pursue,
May give their pageantry to view.

The swains from many a hamlet round
Croud the fine melody to hear,
And list'ning stand, in awe profound,
As the full concert charms the ear;
While more than music from the sphere
Descends, their waken'd soul to raise

* Wallace.

† The general dispersion of Dr. Anderson's edition of the British Poets, the critical merit of the editor, the influence of general knowledge, and particularly of the refined entertainment which these volumes afford, in humanizing the manners and aiding the cause of virtue in rural literary societies, are alluded to here and in the following Stanzas.

Above the shadows dim and drear,
  Where Comus rules the murky maze,
And lures, by Sin's bewitching themes,
Fallen Reason, in the land of dreams.

Thine is the heaven-distinguish'd boon,
  The soul of music to explore,
And to the blazonry of noon
  Her buried treasures to restore,
Hid by malignant critics lore,
  Or ne'er by mole-ey'd stupor seen;
And Elegy's sweet muse once more
  Wanders with thee thro' vallies green;
And paints the varied joys and pains
Of life, in cities and in plains *.

Sages and Legislators old,
  Their honours earn'd by toils like thine,
Before the learned hand unroll'd
  The noble tale of Troy divine;
His claims to Sparta's regal line
  Lycurgus left, to cull the stores
By Homer given to chance malign,
  To scatter round on Asia's shores,
He brought complete the matchless strains,
To harmonize Laconia's swains.

Belov'd by Science and the Muse!
  While others with a partial ray,
The light of Helicon diffuse,
  Thou giv'st the cloudless blaze of day,

* Alluding to the Editor's own Poems.

And all its genuine stores display;
  And East and West thy labours hail,
And oft thou call'st the lofty lay
  From the sequester'd humble vale;
Young minstrels catch celestial fire
From thee, and Rapture crowns the lyre.

Like thee, O *Jessy!* * could I sing
  Our Friend, now sailing on the main,
Could I pursue thy rapid wing,
  Or emulate thy swelling strain,
I would not toil to paint, in vain,
  His soul with varied stores replete,
But ah!—the Muse must now refrain
  And rest awhile her feeble feet!
And on her lonely hill reclin'd
Survey the picture in her mind.

RATHFRYLAND.

* A young Lady of Edinburgh, whose Poems, yet unpublished, possess an uncommon degree of merit.

EPIGRAM,

ON A MARRIAGE.

That very day he chose to wed,
I wish'd the old curmudgeon dead;
It matters not, since now he'll lead
On earth the life to hell decreed!

P. L. G.

SONGS.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

1. *

" DAMON by all the Powers above
" Plighted to me eternal love;
" And as a rose adorn'd my breast,
" He on its leaf the vow imprest;
" But, while the winds did round us play,
" Vow, leaf, and promise blew away."

2.

For *this*, when Summer mornings glow,
O! shall I veil their beams in woe;
And 'mid the rosy hours of youth,
Weep and repine o'er vanish'd truth?
No! let me hail the shining day,
Blithe as the lark, that meets its ray.

3.

Beauty, and Health, have joys that prove
Balm for the wounds of slighted Love;

* The first verse is from an old ballad.

And when a faithful Lover gains
The heart a FALSE-ONE now disdains,
Ungrateful Damon may deplore
What vain regret shall ne'er restore.

4.

Celia to Damon then shall say,
" Vow, leaf, and promise, blew away;"
And to those winds I gave my grief,
That bore the love-recorded leaf;
Nor do I chide the gales, or thee,
Since thou art false,—and I am free!

5.

And till return those hours of prime,
Borne with the onward stream of Time;
Yes, till the Spring restores to me
That *very leaf*, inscribed by thee,
Scorning thy sighs, shall Celia say,
Vow, leaf, and promise, blew away!

II.

1.

THE stormy Ocean roving,
My William seeks the Foe.
Ah, me! the pain of loving,
To war when Lovers go!

2.

O! why my locks, so yellow,
Shou'd *rosy* garlands bind,
When trembles yonder willow
As blows the sullen wind?

3.

Ye Nymphs, who feel no anguish,
My Garlands gay ye wove,
But I in absence languish,
And fear for him I love.

4.

Nor yet the sprays of willow
Shall wave my temples o'er,
But weeds, that Ocean's billow
Leaves dark upon the shore.

5.

Pale *willows* suit the sorrow
The fair *Forsaken* knows;
Fierce WAR has wing'd the arrow,
That wounds my soul's repose.

6.

Sad on the beach I linger,
And watch the altering Sea;
But no cold doubts shall injure,
My Love is true to me.

7.

Yet, till rest crown my pillow,
Till Peace my Love restore,
Be mine the weeds yon billow
Leaves dark upon the shore!

III *.

Recitative.

My Stella sleeps, the sultry hour
Seals her sweet eye-lids in the bower!
And see! the snowy rose she wore
Has fall'n upon the verdant floor.

AIR.

1.

Ah, rose! thou hast fled from a throne
Where thy fairness, and scent are outdone,
And the beauties that rival thine own,
Thy envy has taught thee to shun.

2.

And O! since thy thorns might annoy
A breast all the Graces adorn,
To the mansion of love and of joy,
Pale rover, thou shalt not return!

* This song, and the preceding one, are exquisitely set to music by Mr. Rauzzini.

ODE,

TO A YOUNG LADY *.

Why thus decline my troubled eyes,
If hither their mild lustre bending
Those azure orbs to meet me rise?
Why thus with thee conversing, dies
My voice, in broken murmurs ending?

Yet, dawning from my looks distrest,
Yet, wooing in the coy expression
Of faltering sounds, that half-suppress
In sighs ill stifled breathe the rest,
Read—ah too dear! the fond confession.

In vain! What these soft tumults show,
From thee, yet new to love, is hidden;
Untaught thy wishes yet to know,
If sighs ascend, if blushes glow,
What means the sigh, the blush unbidden.

* This Ode, and the Odes to the Zephyrs and to Fancy, have been printed in an elegant collection called the Metrical Miscellany, from very imperfect copies. They are now given in a corrected state.

But hope not ever thus secure
To dart thy wildly-wandering glances:
What others now for thee endure,
Thou soon shalt feel in bloom mature;
On hasty wing thy youth advances.

O, skilled in every graceful art
That adds a polish'd charm to beauty;
Be mine those pleasing cares to' impart,
Which best refine the gentle heart,
Be mine to teach the tender duty!

††.

ODE,

TO THE ZEPHYRS.

YE! before whose genial breath,
Hovering Death,
Girt with troops of wan diseases,
Quits the usurp'd domain of air;
Where, oh! where
Linger ye, propitious breezes?

Hither, where my languid maid
Wooes your aid,
Come, with balmy spirit blowing;
Gentle harbingers of Spring,
Hither bring
Health in rosy beauty glowing,

Bright-eyed Joy to Youth allied
At her side;
  While with giddy gesture after
Trip gay Sports of wilder glance,
Tiptoe Dance,
  Dimpled Smiles and sleek-brow'd Laughter:

Joy-born Mirth shall lead the train;
Soon again
  Her each sprightlier Love shall follow,
All who from the front defy,
All who lie
  In the dimple's treacherous hollow.

So your praise my song shall tell;
So my shell
  Pour to you the liquid measures;
Soft as when your downy wings
Fan the strings,
  Murmu'ring sweetly-pensive pleasures.

Ah! no such reward you seek;
O'er that cheek
  Blushing if she meet my gazes,
O'er that bosom's living snow
Free to go,
  Little you regard my praises.

Yet, if to my sober ear
Ever dear
  Sound your voices sadly sighing,
Where from lonely shades my grief
Courts relief,
  To your airy woe replying;

Mindful now, in amorous play
Boldly gay
  As around her charms ye hover;
Oh! in whisper'd sighs reveal
What I feel,
  What to you alone discover. 11.

ODE,

TO FANCY.

On Thou! whose empire unconfin'd
Rules all the busy realms of Mind!
  The slow-eyed Cares thy mild dominion
Confess, if thou thy rod extend,
No more the sharp-fang'd sorrows rend,
  But hovering round on frolic pinion
The laughing train of Joys descend.

To soothe the woes of absent love,
Come Fancy! now, what time above
  The full-orb'd moon, that rose all-glowing,
Begins her lifted lamp to pale;
What time to charm the liste'ning vale,
  In liquid warbles fondly-flowing,
Laments the' enamoured Nightingale.

In softly-pleasing light the Queen
Of Heave'n arrays the blue serene,
  Yet lovelier beams the' gentle glory
In Anna's azure eyes displayed:
Sweet is the poet of the shade;
  Yet sweeter than his warbled story
Each sound from Anna's lip conveyed.

Nor haply shall I ever find
That tongue to me alone unkind,
  On every grief but mine so ready
To bid the balm of comfort flow;
Nor shall that eye which every woe
  But mine can melt, thus ever steady
To me alone no pity show.

Like mine, her bosom now may feel
The tender melancholy steal,
  Tho' maiden modesty dissemble;
And now while Memory brings again
The Muse which first revealed my pain,
  The' involuntary tear may tremble,
And own the triumph of the strain:

So whispers Hope: by Fancy led
She comes. With rosy wreaths her head,
  With rosy wreaths her sacred anchor
Love intertwines—in vain employ;
For lo! behind the' exulting boy,
  With stifled smiles of patient rancour
Creeps Mockery, watchful to destroy.

Ah! still, tho' whisper'd to deceive,
Let me thy flatteries, Hope, believe,
  Content from grief one hour to borrow!
Ah! still, if o'er my distant way,
As through the path of life I stray,
  Hang gathering clouds of future sorrow,
O Fancy! gild them with thy ray!

tt.

A MONODY,

On the sudden and lamented Death of the Marquis of Downshire, September, 1801.

BY THE REVEREND HENRY BOYD,

TRANSLATOR OF DANTE.

1.

THE Dog-star sunk *, and with it drew
To Hope's deluded eye, away
Pandora's imps, an hideous crew,
That gorg'd the grave with hourly prey.
The far-destroying Angel seem'd
To follow the terrific star;
We thought his fiery falchion gleam'd
Its last, in ocean's waves afar.
Autumn, in hymeneal robe,
Of richest green and gold array'd,
To the bright orb, that warms the globe,
His smiling progeny display'd.
'Twas then conceal'd behind the festive pall,
The dark assassin took his secret stand—
Would no kind angel lift a saving hand,
As the grim shadow crost the good-man's hall?

* Alluding to the uncommon mortality of that season, in the Province of Ulster.

Alas! the fatal dart,
Already reach'd his noble heart,
Before Affection's fervent prayer,
Could pierce th' incumbent air,
Or Pæon's hand employ his usual art!
Mild are the glories of * September's moon,
And rich the presents which her reign conveys;
But she has robb'd us of an heaven-sent boon,
Which all her waving wealth but ill repays!
Poor are the floating fields of golden grain
To such a MIND, that when her chearless beam,
Malignant glanc'd upon the niggard plain,
Open'd sweet Mercy's heaven-directed ſtream.

2.

On Tamari's † aerial brow,
I stood to view the scenes below,
Where o'er the yellow fields advancing,
The swains pursued their jocund toil,
In bending files, with ſickles glancing,
And of its vesture stript the soil.
And oft they stood in solemn pause,
With fear and pity ſtruck, to view
Some friend, by Fate's relentless laws,
Born to his grave with dirges due.
While from the winding vale, in cadence slow,
Complaining Echo ſent the notes of Woe;
Here startled FANCY saw, in wide survey,
A picture of the judgment day.

* The munificence of the late Marquis of Downshire, was the means, not only of alleviating the distresses, but prolonging the lives of vast numbers during the famine.

† The Western extremity of the mountains of Mourne, from whence the view is so extensive, that large portions of *seven* counties, can be easily observed by the naked eye.

To the harvesters of Heaven,
Their office seem'd already given;
And viewless squadrons of the sky,
Seem'd around the task to ply;
On ridgy hill and russet mead,
The swathes and sheaves alternate fell,
And ever and anon was heard,
The deep-ton'd funeral bell:
As death had meant, in active speed,
His rustic rivals to excel.
And many a busy hand appear'd
To cull the TARES, a task severe,
And to their final doom to bear.—
Ye thoughtless men—prepare to meet your God,
And learn to deprecate the lifted rod!

3.

Not such wert THOU, altho' a sudden fate,
Lamented HILL! consign'd thee to the dust;
Yet to thy large benevolence, we trust,
Heaven opes the glories of th' empyreal state.
The social virtues all were thine;
And ONE * that rose to heights divine;
The man that injured, you forgave,
You pitied sin's entangled slave,
And lur'd him from the fatal snare,
With holy and paternal care;
Till, by thy great example taught,
His heart the glow of virtue caught;

* Forgiveness, even of deep injuries, formed a conspicuous part of the character of the late Marquis. A remarkable instance which distinguished the last year of his life, is here alluded to; wherein every particular mentioned here, was exhibited in the most amiable light, in his conduct to an individual.

And not (we hope) a transient heat,
Soon from the torpid breast to fleet.
This might seem flattery, while you liv'd to tell;
But flattery now is o'er:—
Hark! to the musick of yon mournful bell;
Yon solemn vault has clos'd the door
On adulation; ye, attend the call,
Whom Heaven, like him allows the means to ease
Pining Worth, or sore Distress;
A dread eye views this air-invested ball,
A giant arm uplifts the cloudy pall,
That shews the realms of Woe, or everlasting Peace.

CHORUS *.

Who deserves the civic wreath?
Who to fill the curule chair?
Feast from gold, sweet perfumes breathe,
And all that Honour gives to share?
The brave, the brave, the patriot brave,
Who toil their Country's rights to save.

Who deserves the chace to join?
Who to dwell in woods serene?
Build his hut, and prune his vine,
And trim his porch with olives green?
The brave, the brave, the patriot brave,
Who toil their Country's rights to save.

* From the Corsicans, an unfinished Play, by C. Lefdy, Esq.

TO A LADY'S BLACKBIRD.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

"I would I were thy Bird!" ROMEO.

SAY, happy Bird, when sunk to rest,
On the soft couch of EMMA's breast,

Say, wouldst thou on that heaven of snow,
Expand thy jetty pinions wide,
To bid that heaven more spotless shew,
Or half it's beauties envious hide?

Too happy Bird, what boundless bliss
Awaits thee in thy EMMA's kiss!—
Too happy Bird, indulg'd to sip
The nectar of thy EMMA's lip!
Soon as thy bill the gift receives,
Ere that lov'd seat the rapture leaves,
Haste, hither haste on friendly plume,
Around me shed the chaste perfume;
Bear to *my* lip the fragrant store,
And there the spicy treasure pour!

Too happy Bird, ah vain my prayer,
Vain are my sighs, my tears are vain;
To me thy wings no blessings bear,
Thy songs unpitying mock my pain!

Thou woulds't not leave that Throne of Love,
The perils of the air to prove:
Thy EMMA, oh that I could say,
My EMMA's voice would bid thee stay;
Think not she'd loose thy wings, to try
The unknown dangers of the sky:
Yet, shouldst thou 'scape, her song would lure
Back to his cage her "*Tawny Moor* *,"
Back to his cage, that song to learn,
Her "*Way-worn Traveller* *" would return.

Too happy Bird, ah would she deign
To cast one smile, one look on me,
With pride, with joy, I'd bless the chain,
That told me I could ne'er be free!

Ah wouldst thou, perch'd beside her ear,
Reject the jealous doubts of fear;
Ah wouldst thou, her cold heart to move,
There whistle tender notes of love;
Then, if thy true, thy artless tale,
Can o'er her pitying breast prevail;
Would she, too happy Bird, to me,
Confide her care, her love for thee;
Thy cage unwearied would I tend,
Thy guardian, and thy constant friend.

Too happy Bird, ah swell thy throat,
Thy powers of soft persuasion raise,
To EMMA's ear attune the note,
And Love, kind Love, shall bless thy lays!

1794.

* Two Songs in "the Mountaineers," which the Lady was in the habit of playing.

WANDERING MARY.

BLEAK blows the storm upon that breast
Whose guest is life-consuming sorrow;
Oh take me to some place of rest,
Where I may slumber 'till to-morrow.
You view my face—it once was fair—
At least so said my charming Harry;
But he is gone—and black despair
Is all that's left to Wand'ring Mary!

Bright shone our blythesome bridal hour,
Love shook his wings with pleasure beaming;
But soon he left our little bow'r,
While I of bliss was fondly dreaming:
A soldier's coat allur'd my love,
I wept—I kneel'd—he would not tarry—
I pray'd him by the pow'rs above,
Not to desert his faithful Mary.

Alas! how shall I speak the rest,
The grief that's in my bosom burning?
The cold clay clothes his bloody breast!
And can you blame his Mary's mourning?
Nor house, nor home, nor friend have I,
Except this babe, my pledge of Harry;
And famine dims his infant eye,
That us'd to glad the mournful Mary.

No thief am I, as some alledge,
  Though sore hath cold and hunger try'd me;
I pluck the haw-berry from the hedge,
  When human aid is oft denied me.
But hush, my babe! though large the load
  Of woes that we are doom'd to carry,
Within some cold grave's bleak abode,
  You'll sweetly sleep, with Wand'ring Mary!

A. B.

ARBROATH.

CHORUS *.

Crowns of oak and laurel bring,
  Strew with branching palm the ways;
Tune your pipes, symphonious sing
  Songs of triumph, songs of praise.

Hail the Chiefs, the Patriots hail,
Who their foes in arms assail,
And their native land to free,
Welcome death, or victory.

Children join a nation's voice,
Matrons blest, rejoice, rejoice;
Would you rich and happy be,
Welcome Peace and Liberty.

Crowns of oak and myrtle bring,
  Strew with branching palm the ways;
To your pipes, symphonious sing
  Songs of triumph, songs of praise.

* From the Corsicans, an unfinished Play, by C. Leftly, Esq.

ELEGY *.

ADDRESSED TO CORNET V—— (NOW GENERAL V——)
IN THE YEAR 1765.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

ERE yet thou seek'st Ierne's jocund shore,
Pensive I weave this tributary lay;
Confess thy Julia muſt the fate deplore,
That soon shall lead thee o'er the watry way.

Ting'd with no blush, she boasts herself thy friend,
That gentle name, from dangerous wishes free!
Yet will no merit from the boast pretend,
For who, *who* would not be the friend of *thee?*

* This Elegy was written in the Author's early youth. A Friend lately told her, that she saw it in a Worcester Newspaper, some time back, and that it was there given as the composition of a Miss T——e, then residing in that town. Its real author recollects having permitted Miss T—'s mother to take a copy of these stanzas. It is thus that the permission of transcript is often abused. A. S. 1802.

In the last volume this Elegy, from a part of the MS. being unfortunately mislaid, was printed in a mutilated manner: the last four stanzas were omitted. They were afterwards printed, and given to the purchasers of the volume; but as many persons may not have received them, the Editor thinks it an act of justice which he owes to Miss Seward to give to the Public a correct copy of the Elegy.

While youth, and bloom, and dignity combine,
All that can poliſh, all that can adorn,
To manly grace attempering softness join,
Life's noon-tide lustres in her orient morn;

While glows thy mind with Sense, and Fancy's boon,
While general praise selects thee for its theme,
Desert so high the coldest breast may own
Awakes and justifies its *ow'd* esteem.

Love's fairy visions, for a while are gay,
" A *little*, *little* while, when they are *new*;"
But soon the soft enchantment fades away,
Transient as summer morn's exhaling dew.

Then follow a long train of secret woes,
To faithless hope the varied pang succeeds;
The thorny pillow banishes repose;
The wounded heart inevitably bleeds.

Yes, bleed it must, and bleed at every vein,
When the pale brood, of disappointment born,
Attendants oft on Love's tyrannic reign,
Leave the lost Maid her living death to mourn.

If my presaging soul aright divine,
Such the sad lot I am ordain'd to prove,
Shou'd I, rash votary at that dangerous shrine,
Assume the rose-deck'd chains of guileful LOVE.

No wreaths of amaranth he twines for me,
Then guarded rise my gay, and youthful hours!
Calm be my thoughts, my artless bosom free,
From the sharp thorns of transitory flowers!

But, happier amity, pervade my breast,
With tranquil empire thro' these vernal years,
While in Horatio's trusting friendship blest,
Mine his prosperity, and mine his cares.

This sympathizing heart implores the task,
To sooth thee, drooping in thy native clime,
Give then the precious confidence I ask,
The * tender records of the vanish'd time!

My pitying spirit shall partake thy pains,
And grief divided loses power to blight,
Watch the lone sigh, that steals to Gallia's plains,
Where Beauty mourns thy much-unwilling flight.

Ah! pale no more thy star of love should gleam,
Cou'd my soul's wishes its soft orb command,
But point in smiling light each languid beam,
And on the azure zenith shining stand.

O! may unblemish'd Honor guard thy fame,
And plumy conquest triumph on thy sword!
Thine be each meed the milder virtues claim,
Health, Peace, and Plenty, Hand-maids of thy board.

When ardent Youth, and rosy Love are flown,
O! e'en thy graces cannot bribe their stay!
As joy had brighten'd in thy radiant noon,
May soft Contentment gild thy closing day!

* The Author had heard, and believ'd, that her friend was attach'd (at the time this little poem was written) to a Young Lady at Angiers.

And when thou soarest from these wayward spheres,
From busy life, and from its silent bourn,
Thine be the bliss, that change, nor period fears,
IN THE BLEST REGIONS OF THE NIGHTLESS MORN!

SONG,

FROM FLORIAN.

ERE Morn illumes with rosy beams
Our plains, I wake the echoes round,
And tire the woods, and vales, and streams,
With many a love-complaining sound:
While still to ease my heart's consuming pain
Echoes, and woods, and vales, and streams, alas! are vain.

On flowery banks, where oaks arise
In shade, no more I find repose;
I sigh, the ring-dove answering sighs,
Tears swell the stream that murmuring flows;
But, ah! to ease my heart's consuming pain,
Streams, woods, and vales, and echoes, all are vain.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

ELEGIAC POEM,

ON THE

DEATH OF THE EARL OF CHARLEMOUNT.

BY W. PRESTON, ESQ.

OPPREST with grief on *Tara*'s height I stood,
And gaz'd, with moisten'd eye, the gloomy scene.—
The Angel of Destruction had been there.—
The traces of his awful step remain'd
Imprinted deep;—frowning on either side
The ruins * spake the desolating hand
Of civil War; for late this thirsty soil
Was drench'd with civil blood; when frantc rage,
Oh *Erin*, hapless *Erin*, drove thy sons,
In wilder'd blind pursuit of anarchy,
To meet the fatal doom.—Low hung the clouds,—
Evening came on apace;—at intervals,
With loud and hollow sound, the loaded blast
Beat on the hills, and swept the chearless plain.—
My heart was sunk, and recollections dire
Crouded on memory.—While thus I stood

* The Town of Tara, in the county of Meath, was burned during the late Rebellion.

Absorb'd in bitterness, methought a Spirit
Past by me in the wind;—his form unseen,
I felt his influence, an etherial impulse
In gentle horror tingling thro' my veins.
As at the presence of a thing divine,
Awestruck, I lowly bent; and thus I said.—
" I feel thee rushing thro' th' astonish'd sense,—
" Whence, and what art thou, strange mysterious
Power?"
I heard a voice—ev'n now on Fancy's ear
It seems to vibrate; and, while life remains,
Shall vibrate ever on my sorrowing heart.
" I come, th' afflicted Genius of the Land,
" With dismal tidings fraught:—Mourn Erin, mourn—
" Thy noblest offspring snatch'd, the example bright
" Of every virtue, and all honest praise,
" Snatch'd from thee, in these vile unhappy times,
" When truth and virtuous patterns are so rare!
" Mourn *Erin*, mourn, thy *Caulfield* is no more."—
—O heart-appalling sound! O Messenger of Woe!
The wind in cadence sigh'd; the plains around,
The distant hills, and every vale replied;
" Oh *Caulfield* is no more! mourn *Erin*, mourn,
" Mourn *Erin*, mourn; the patriot soul is fled;
" Is fled to heav'n, from this afflicted land,
" Oh heart-appalling sound, O Messenger of Woe!"—
I call'd the Muse for solace of my pain.
She, sweet companion, often had beguil'd
The weary hours, and smooth'd the rugged path
Of thorny life—but answer none return'd.
—No more, with heart-felt strain, to words of fire
Tremble the chords. Fancy and vig'rous thought
From life's cold dregs recede; this drooping heart
Weighs down the mental energies, nor yields

A strain deserving of a patriot's name,—
Yet—what he may the sorrowing Bard shall give;
Poor off'ring! Rhymes, that, like my gushing tears,
Spontaneous flow, and praises never won,
By favours, or by hope; th' indignant Muse,
Unprostituted, at the shrine of Power,
And upstart Wealth, when Fortune's minion, swoln
With sudden honours, rode to *Mammon*'s fane
In transitory pomp, and venal crouds
Wreath'd the vile off'ring of their venal tongues;
Spurn'd at the little triumph; and reserv'd
The Poet's incense for the Deity,
And those distinguish'd favorites of Heav'n,
The virtuous few, to birth, and titled things
Little devoted.—*Caulfield*'s nobleness,
Tho' sprung from a long line of ancestry
Unstain'd and honour'd,—*Caulfield*'s nobleness
Was chiefly in himself, in heav'n recorded,
And not in parchment rolls, blazon'd in deeds,
And not in vain heraldic pageantry,
Of gaudy colours, on the quarter'd field:
The heav'n-descended nobleness, that dwells
In high pursuits, and bright accomplishments,
Such was thy Patent, *Caulfield*, of more worth,
Oh infinitely more, than all that Kings
Can grant, or kingly favorites receive.
Inmate within his mansion dwelt the Muse;
And all the Graces harmoniz'd his tongue;
While from his lips the sounds instructive flow'd;
And various knowledge join'd with polish'd sense.—
I knew it well—for I may proudly boast
That honour'd *Caulfield* deign'd to call me friend.
Never shall time from my sad mind erase
The dear remembrance of the vanish'd hours,

O never to return, that fled with him,
In social converse.—At his pious hearth,
Domestic household gods, the Virtues all
Were ever resident; and in his mind,
As in a sacred shrine, fair honour dwelt,
Off'ring incessant to the God of Truth
Pure motives, an unspotted sacrifice.
How few the men, that in our iron days,
Of selfish, groveling, and of cruel rage,
Have priz'd and honour'd the neglected Muse,
Companion as she is of public worth,
And all exertions of th' exalted mind!—
But *Caulfield* lov'd her. His harmonious soul
Was not unconscious of her influence.—
And shall he silent rest? Shall not the Muse
Hang on the willows, that surround his tomb,
The tributary verse? and give a form,
And measur'd cadence, to the general grief,
That bursts for *Caulfield* lost? Mourn *Erin*, mourn.—
And thou dost mourn—how frequent and how loud,
The groan of anguish sounds! and thro' thy vales
And giant hills, that proudly mock the skies
Was there an eye that wept not *Caulfield* lost?—
Or hearden'd heart, that felt not?—while he yet
Ling'ring on life's last verge with parting steps,
Ponder'd his passage to a better world;
While wayward nature, clinging to this earth,
Was wrestling with th' angelic Messengers,
That waft the just to God; ere yet his breast
Had ceas'd to throb with aspirations high,
For *Erin*'s welfare; ere the ray benign
Of mild benevolence, and piercing sense,
That wont to beam from *Caulfield*'s eye was sunk
In shades of night: Oh how we caught at hope,

With self-delusion fond! what earnest prayers
From pious lips, by every form of faith,
Were wing'd to heav'n! and oh with what reluctance
Did we resign that hope, and in her place
Receive despair, sad visitant, to rend
The bleeding heart-strings with the dismal sound—
—" Mourn, *Erin* mourn, thy *Caulfield* is no more."
Never shall *Erin* and her sons forget,
While sense and memory of virtue dwell
In human bosoms, what a mighty debt
Of gratitude her *Caulfield*'s patriot zeal
Justly demands;—thro' long revolving time,
It never can be cancelled.—Ye who saw
How fiercely beautiful, in dread array,
Spontaneous rose *Hibernia*'s gallant sons *,
Arm'd to protect their rights, and guard the soil
That gave them being from insulting foes,
When *Caulfield* led them on, ye will declare
His public merit.—With a powerful charm,
His name rever'd, like sweetest music dwelt
On every ear, that rudest basest minds
Were touch'd, were elevated, at the sound.—
They learn'd they had a country; felt, that virtue
Was something more than words; that noble minds
Might ev'n amidst the wretched toil and din
Of this low earth, from God and man receive
The guerdon of their virtue; that, in times,
When Vice and Folly, with too common sway,
The progeny of Wealth and Fashion lead,
Thro' senseless luxury and wild expence,
Thro' midnight mask and asiatic feast,
Where naked beauty revels, to the dens

* Volunteer Associations, for the Defence of Ireland.

Of Infamy and Ruin—there are joys
Which treasures cannot buy, nor guilt attain,
Nor dissipation prize.—Oh sure the tears,
That, pour'd by myriads, now bedew his grave,
Are of more worth than oriental pearls.—
Tho' restless Calumny and canker'd Spite,
For ever waiting, in the hateful train,
Rang'd thro' the land; and prey'd with noxious tooth,
On proudest merit, and the fairest names;
Yet, so distinguish'd was a *Caulfield*'s worth,
Those things of darkness, from its sacred light
Shrunk back appall'd; his fair integrity,
And pure unquestion'd motives, ev'n from malice
Rev'rence extorted. Parties all combin'd,
Who ne'er combin'd before, in CAULFIELD's praise.
After long absence, with propitious step,
When Science and the Muses, hand in hand,
Deign'd to revisit this neglected isle,
Among the nations a degraded name,
Degraded for transgressions not her own;
Foremost of all the learn'd and polish'd train,
That strove, with liberal and useful arts *,
Or elegant pursuits, to decorate
The parent soil, and teach the blessed lore,
Of mental, proud enjoyment; *Caulfield* shone.
Yes, he was first, among full many names,
Of fame not undeserving, nor unknown,
To that mild glory, which, in better times,
Awaits the letter'd toil.—A day shall come,
When the wild burst of stormy war is spent,
(For, sure, this storm, at length must overblow,
And halcyon calms succeed,) when this fair isle,

* Alluding to the Institution of the Royal Irish Academy.

Too long the seat of ignorance and sloth,
Too long the scene of sanguinary rage,
The blandishments of that *Aonian* maid,
Shall hear enraptur'd; and awake her sons,
From deep *Lethean* trance, to cultivate
The good and fair, and nurse with pious hand,
The palm unstain'd with blood. O *Caulfield*, then,
Some Bard may rise with genius worthy thee.—
Just to thy praise, he shall embalm thy name,
And to the swelling breeze, in rapture borne,
Shall words of heav'n resound and echo learn the song.
Meantime, the cultur'd vales, and shaggy glens,
And lofty hills smote by the rays of morn,
Deplore their patriot lost; and all resound
Responsive to my sighs, " that *Caulfield* is no more."
Should ravag'd Italy again respire,
From murderous deeds, and more than Gothic rage,
On *Tiber*'s bank some Poet may for him
Melodious grief awake; for *Caulfield*'s name
Was not unhonour'd, or his steps unknown,
Where *Arno* flows, or sliding *Mincio* strays.—
Nor was he heedless of the *Tuscan* lore.—
The parted shades of many a bard arise
Borne on the sweeping blast, at the sad strain:
Stern *Dante*'s awful port, the graceful form
Of him that *Laura* lov'd, and the sweet Muse,
To Fancy dearest, fair *Ferrara*'s child,
With him that sung of *Solyma* redeem'd;
To celebrate a *Caulfield*'s honour'd name;
While hoary *Mansus* bows the reverend head.
And yet, we mourn not *Caulfield* for himself.
Not for himself, who parted, well assur'd
Of those rewards, for virtuous men prepar'd;

And sorrowing mark'd, how chearless was the fate,
Of gentle spirits, cast on iron days,
And iron men, amid th' outrageous din
Of war and factious hate; when polish'd arts
Are all despis'd, and some accursed spell
Has conjur'd up the furies of the mind,
With blood-stain'd garments, torch of Stygian flame,
And maddening yell; to mix, in conflict dire,
The human savage—from the hideous scene,
The soul benign still gladly would escape.—
—What can the virtuous spirit find in *life*,
To make him prize it? In society,
What charm for him?—Oh no, he turns away,
With deadly loathing, and for freedom calls,
On welcome death, most willing to depart,
And seek th' abodes where Peace and Virtue dwell.
Oh well I know, what generous *Caulfield* felt,
When civil Strife, with her infernal crew,
Defac'd the lov'd parental soil, and War,
With Want, and Woe, and Famine in the rear,
Spread her alarms around, his patriot soul
Could not within it's own pursuits retire,
Sequester'd with the sweet abstracted Muse.
Born for mankind at large his patriot soul
Could not the welfare of the whole exclude,
Or lose th' afflicting sense of human ills
In home enjoyments, or in private goods.
Yet, private goods were his, and home delights,
Ev'n to satiety.—Wealth, honours, taste,
Refin'd by science, general esteem,
And fame unenvied, with a spirit apt
For every pleasure that consorts with virtue.
—Nor yet did public cares estrange his mind,
From mild enjoyments of the social life,

And soft unbendings, from the tender charms,
Of the domestic hearth. He felt and lov'd
Th' endearing charities, that weave the band
Of friendship, kindred, and affinity.
The charm of flowing converse, and the grace
Of playful wit, in the gay festive hour,
Rebounding quick, shone eminent in him.
—Benevolent affections, the warm heart
Were his.—I well can speak thee as thou art,
O *Caulfield*, for my drooping soul recalls
The days for ever past, and with them joins,
Th' afflicting moment—the last tender grasp—
The feeble pressure of the clay-cold hand,
Clammy with dews of death—deep, deep the trace
With mighty force is printed on the heart
Indelible by time, the faint adieu,
Slow, interrupted, to the outward sense
Scarce audible—to Fancy's ear resounds
Loud unremitting, with a Seraph's voice
It speaks immortal things; it tells how vain,
The modern dreams of rash Philosophy,
Chearless, unhallow'd, that consign the soul,
With powers divine endued, and capable
Of happiness progressive, to the gloom
Of sleep eternal!—no, I will not think
That faculties like thine were only giv'n
To shine a moment in this bounded span
Of sorrows, imperfections, and despair;
Then sink, confounded with the meanest works
Of Wisdom infinite, with brutes that graze.
Thou art not gone for ever,—these sad eyes,
That now bewail thy loss, may yet behold
Caulfield in glory, if I may indulge,
Unworthy as I am, th' aspiring hope

Of such society, amid the train
Of honest men, that lov'd their native soil;
The virtuous and the just, in scenes remov'd
From human suff'rings, and from human crimes.
There, the full measure of his just reward
Attends the good; and never-fading crowns
Adorn the patriot's brow; nor envy blasts
His fame deserv'd, nor human wickedness,
With human folly, shall combine to foil
The wish benevolent, and pious aim.
Erin, meantime, lament thy *Caulfield* dead,
With tears of grief unfeign'd, till thou hast shown,
To heal the wounds inflicted by his loss,
And dry those tears, a rival of his worth.

EPIGRAM,

FROM THE GREEK*.

ON A BEAUTIFUL BATH AT SMYRNA.

THE Graces bathing on a day,
Love stole their robes and ran away;
So naked here they since have been
Ashamed in day-light to be seen.

††.

* This Epigram has been imitated by the late T. Warton.

COMPLAINT

OF AN ARABIAN LOVER.

ODE,

BY ANNA SEWARD.

WIDE o'er the drowsy World, incumbent Night,
Sullen and drear, his sable wing has spread!
The waining Moon, with interrupted light,
Gleams cold and misty on my fever'd bed!
Cold as she is, to her my bursting heart
Shall pour its waste of woe, its unavailing smart.

Thro' the long hours—ah me! how long the hours!
My restless limbs no balmy languors know;
Griev'd tho' I am, yet grief's assuaging showers
From burning eye-balls still refuse to flow;
Love's jealous fires, * kindled by Aza's frown,
Not the vast watry world, with all its waves, can drown.

* A critical Friend of the Author's seemed to doubt whether a *frown* kindling fire was just metaphor;—but since it is poetically orthodox to say, that the flame of love is lighted by the sunny ray of a *smiling* eye, that of jealousy may certainly be said to enkindle from the lightning of a *frowning* one. There are lurid and dismal fires, as well as bright and cheerful ones.

Slow pass the Stars along the night's dun plain!
Still in their destin'd sphere serene they move;
Nor does their mild effulgence shine in vain,
Like the fierce blazes of neglected love:
But this—this pang dissolves the galling chain!
Aza, a broken Heart defies thy proud disdain!

EPIGRAM,

FROM THE GREEK OF JULIAN,

PREFECT OF EGYPT.

As a garland once I made,
In a bed of roses laid
Love I found; with eager joy,
By the wings I seiz'd the boy;
Crowning then an ample cup,
In a bumper drank him up.
Now along my veins he swims,
Fluttering, tickling through my limbs.

THE COUNTRY MAID.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

1.

An easy heart adorns the vale,
And gilds the lonely plain;
No sighs of mine increase the gale,
No peevish tears the rain.
From happy dreams the orient beams
Awake my soul to pleasure,
With cheek that glows, I milk my cows,
And bless the flowing treasure.

2.

To tend the flock thro' summer's day
Is surely no disgrace;
A wreath of leaves from noon-tide ray
Defends my shaded face.
Industrious heed the hours shall speed
On pinions gay and light;
The rising thought, with virtue fraught,
Shall consecrate their flight.

3.

A maple dish, a cedar spoon,
Seem fair, and sweet to me,
When, on a violet bank, at noon,
I sit, and dine with glee.
From crystal rill my cup I fill,
And praise the bounteous GIVER;
Nor with the Great wou'd change my state,
But dwell in vales for ever.

4.

I love to mark the sultry hour,
When Phœbus ardent glows,
How deeply still are plain and bower
In undisturb'd repose;
All but the rills, that down the hills
Their glittering waters fling,
And round the bowers, on sweet, wild flowers,
The bees, that murmuring cling.

5.

When Eve's gray mantle veils the sun,
And hill's late gilded height;
When green banks whiten, as the moon
Sheds wide her milky light,
I mark the vales, and shadowy dales
In soft perspective showing;
Their winding streams, beneath her beams
In trembling lustre flowing.

6.

Then homeward my pleas'd steps I bend,
To yonder ivied cottage,
Where Parents dear, and gentle Friend
Prepare the savory pottage;
The wholesome fare, the pious prayer,
Conclude my day, so pleasant!
Ye Rich and Proud, confess aloud
Right happy such a Peasant!

EPIGRAM,

FROM THE GREEK.

What, whence am I? Why came I? But to go.
Where all is doubt, how little can I know?
From nothing I began; in nothing I
Again shall end. Man is but vanity.
Come live then, while you live: A bumper fill.
This cordial is a cure for every ill.

PALESTINE.

A PRIZE-POEM.

BY MR. REGINALD HEBER,

OF BRAZEN-NOSE COLLEGE.

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD, JUNE 15, 1803.

SYNOPSIS.

Lamentation over the miseries of Palestine—The Guardian Angels of the land invoked—Subject proposed—Present appearance of the country, with its present inhabitants geographically described, beginning from the north—The Druses, from their situation and importance, first noticed—Contrast between the inhabitants of mountain and plain—Saracens and Bedouins (Nebaioth and Kedar) —Modern Jews—their degraded state of banishment—Appeal to the Almighty in their behalf, founded upon his miraculous interpositions of old—Their former greatness—David—Solomon—His splendour—Popular superstitions respecting him—Improved state of the Arts among the Jews—Their Temple—Firmness of the Jews under misfortunes—derived principally from their hopes of the Messiah—His Advent—Miracles—Crucifixion—Consequent punishment of the Jews, in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, and total desolation of the country—Scenes of Christ's sufferings, however, continued to be venerated—Pilgrimages—Holy Sepulchre—Empress Helena—Crusades—Nations which embarked in them described—English heroism—Edward the First—Richard Cœur de Lion—Palestine still the scene of British valour—Acre—Conclusion.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad City, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears it's craggy stone?

While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdue'd?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear;
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade *.
  Ye Guardian Saints! ye warrior sons of heaven †,
To whose high care Judæa's state was given!
O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep ‡!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill,
If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you lov'd so well;
(For, oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale,
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale §,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear;)

* Alluding to the usual manner in which Sleep is represented in ancient statues. See also Pindar, Pyth. I. v. 16, 17. "κνώσσων Ὑσρὸν νῶτον ἀιωρῇ."

† Authorities for these celestial warriors may be found, Josh. v. 13. 2 Kings vi. 2. 2 Macc. v. 3. Ibid. xi. Joseph. Ed. Huds. vi. p. 1282. et alibi passim.

‡ It is scarcely necessary to mention the lofty site of Jerusalem. "The hill of God is a high hill, even a high hill as the hill of Bashan."

§ See Sandys, and other travellers into Asia.

Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy!
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight *,
And wave her eagle-plumes exulting in the light.
O happy once in heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
Though weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate †;
Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop thy mouldering wall;
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew:
And as the Seer ‡ on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide §;
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill;
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze ‖,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays;

* Common practice, and the authority of Milton, seem sufficient to justify using this term as a personification of poetry.

† St. Matthew's Gospel, xxiv. 38.

‡ Moses.

§ Almotana is the oriental name for the Dead Sea, as Ardeni is for Jordan.

‖ The mountains of Palestine are full of caverns, which are generally occupied in one or other of the methods here mentioned. Vide Sandys, Maundrell, and Calmet, passim.

Or, where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.
Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold * ;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear †
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.
Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
O ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What though no more for you the' obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;
Though now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold ‡ ;
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet your's the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows § ;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows :

* The untameable spirit, feodal customs, and affection for Europeans, which distinguish this extraordinary race, who boast themselves to be a remnant of the Crusaders, are well described in Pagés. The account of their celebrated Emir, Facciardini, in Sandys, is also very interesting. Puget de S. Pierre, compiled a small volume on their history; Paris, 1763. 12mo.

† " The Turkish Sultans, whose moon seems fast approaching to it's wane." Sir W. Jones's 1st. Discourse to the Asiatic Society.

‡ The gold of the Tyrians chiefly came from Portugal, which was probably their Tarshish.

§ In the southern parts of Palestine the inhabitants reap their

Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.
So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western Sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.
Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb:
For, few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.
As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild *,
Arabia's parent, clasp'd her fainting child,
And wander'd near the roof no more her home,
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam:
My sorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
And southward throws her half-averted sight.
For, sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,
A dreary waste of undistinguish'd woes:
See War untir'd his crimson pinions spread,
And foul Revenge, that tramples on the dead!
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine †,
Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine ‡!
'Tis your's the boast to mark the stranger's way,
And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waste of war;

corn green, as they are not sure that it will ever be allowed to come to maturity. The oppression to which the cultivators of vineyards are subject throughout the Ottoman empire is well known.

* Hagar.

† The watering places are generally beset with Arabs, who exact toll from all comers. See Harmer and Pagés.

‡ See Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43. Ed. Vales,

Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye *
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.
Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
Where waves on Kishon's bank the whispering reed;
And their's the soil, where, curling to the skies,
Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's sacrifice †.
While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.
O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power ador'd!
If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force ‡,
And refluent Jordan sought his trembling source;
If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head;—
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine §!
Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
From far Euphrates to the western main?
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
And o'er the' Arabian deep her branches play'd?
O feeble boast of transitory power!
Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour!

* "Thine eye shall not spare them."

† A miserable remnant of Samaritan worship still exists on Mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his conversation with the high priest.

‡ Psalm cxiv. § See Psalm lxxx. 8—14.

Not such their hope, when through the parted main
The cloudy wonder led the warrior train:
Not such their hope, when through the fields of night
The torch of heaven diffus'd its friendly light:
Not, when fierce Conquest urg'd the onward war,
And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car:
Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight *,
In rude array, the harness'd Amorite:
Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,
The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd;
The Moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round!
  Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,
And God's own darkness veil'd her mystic height:
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd:)
Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
His praise, his power,—eternal, infinite?—
Awe-struck I cease; nor bid my strains aspire,
Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire †.
  Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's fate,
And such the glories of their infant state.
—Triumphant race! and did your power decay?
Fail'd the bright promise of your early day?
No;—by that sword, which, red with heathen gore,
A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore;
By him, the chief to farthest India known ‡,
The mighty master of the ivory throne;
In heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her foes
Victorious Salem's lion banner rose:

* Josh. x.

† Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

‡ Solomon. Ophir is by most geographers placed in the Aurea Chersonesus. See Tavernier and Raleigh.

Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.
—And he, the warrior sage, whose restless mind *
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd;
Who every bird, and beast, and insect knew,
And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew;
To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—
The powerful sigill and the starry spell;
The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,
And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
Hence all his might; for, who could these oppose?
And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose †.
Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
In frantic converse with the mournful wind ‡,
There oft the houseless Santon rests reclin'd;
Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wondering ears
The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

* The Arabian mythology respecting Solomon is in itself so fascinating, is so illustrative of the present state of the country, and on the whole so agreeable to Scripture, that it was judged improper to omit all mention of it, though it's wildness might have operated as an objection to making it a principal object in the poem.

† Palmyra ("Tadmor in the desart") was really built by Solomon, (1 Kings ix. 2 Chron. viii.) and universal tradition marks him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec. Estakhar, is also attributed to him by the Arabs. See the Romance of Vathek, and the various travels into the east, more particularly Chardin's, in which, after a minute and interesting description of the majestic ruins of Estakhar, or Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, an account follows of the wild local traditions just alluded to. Vol. II. 190. Ed. Amst. 1735. 4to. Vide also Sale's Koran;—D'Herbelot Bibl. Orient. (article *Soliman Ben Daoud*;)—and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, passim.

‡ It is well known that the Santons are real or affected madmen, pretending to extraordinary sanctity, who wander about the country, sleeping in caves or old ruins.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,
Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;
And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
How lovely were thy tents, O Israel †!
For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore *,
And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore †;
Thine all the Arts that wait on wealth's increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.
When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;
Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,
Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone;
Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,
Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
The Temple rear'd it's everlasting gate ‡.
No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung §;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke;
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad ‖,
View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God.
Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud ¶.

† Numbers xxiv. 5.

* Behemoth is sometimes supposed to mean the elephant, in which sense it is here used.

† An African port to the south of Bab-el-mandeb, celebrated for gold-mines.

‡ Psalm xxiv. 7.

§ "There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was in building." 1 Kings vi. 7.

‖ "And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down, and the glory of the Lord upon the house, they bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped." 2 Chron. vii. 3.

¶ Psalm cxxiv. 4.

E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land;
Who sadly told the slow revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;—
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
Their destin'd triumphs, and their glad return:
And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chaunt their future fame,
And from the skies their lingering Saviour claim.
His promis'd aid could every fear controul;
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's soul!
Nor vain their hope:—bright beaming through the sky,
Burst in full blaze the Dayspring from on high;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant king!
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er His radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand, and lift the exulting voice!
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war:
Messiah comes:—let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of peace!
Disease and anguish feel His blest controul,
And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illume,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread!
Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red!
Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek, forgiving eye
Rais'd from the cross in patient agony?
—Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide the dreadful sacrifice!
Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for His sake your tearful vigils keep;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep *!
—Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursue'd;
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah rag'd, by ruffian Discord led,
Drunk with the fteamy carnage of the dead:
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wafting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there:
Love, ftrong as Death, retain'd his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore †.
Yet they, who wont to roam the' ensanguin'd plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
To their lov'd altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.

* St. Luke's Gospel, xxiii. 27, 28.
† Joseph. vi. p. 1275. Ed. Huds.

As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,
The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd;
To save their Temple every hand essay'd,
And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade:
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's last anger warm'd the dying man.
But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom!
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome;
To swell, slow pacing by the car's tall side,
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride *;
To flesh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.
Ah! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
She mourn'd her sons enslav'd, her glories lost:
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid;
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb:
While forms celestial fill'd his tranced eye,
The day-light dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.

* I know not how Titus has acquired his fame for humanity; but the cruelties of the brutal Domitian, or the frantic Caligula, are surely more excusable than the barbarities which this man, with the smile of benignity on his countenance, and the cant of philosophy on his tongue, exercised against a valiant people who dared to vindicate their liberty.

Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal?
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel?
Be his the soul with wintry Reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast!
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows!
Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine*,
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine †.
Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
Then altars smok'd, and Sion smil'd again.
There sculptur'd gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen ‡;
There barbarous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head.
There, when her fiery race the desart pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword §,
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow;
From the moist regions of the western star
The wandering Hermit wak'd the storm of war ‖.

* The Temple of the Sepulchre.

† See Cotovicus, p. 179. and from him Sandys.

‡ St. Helena, who was, according to Camden, born at Colchester. See also Howel's Hist. of the World.

§ The invasions of the civilized parts of Asia by the Arabian and Turkish Mahometans.

‖ Peter the hermit. The world has been so long accustomed to hear the Crusades considered as the height of frenzy and injustice, that to undertake their defence might be perhaps a hazardous task. We must however recollect, that, had it not been for these extraordinary exertions of generous courage, the whole of Europe would perhaps have fallen, and Christianity been buried in the ruins. It was not, as Voltaire has falsely or weakly asserted, a conspiracy of robbers; it was not an unprovoked attack on a distant and inoffensive nation; it was a blow aimed at the heart of a most powerful and active enemy. Had not the Christian kingdoms of Asia been

Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came;
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age;
While beardless youths and tender maids assume *
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.
In bashful pride the warrior virgins wield
The ponderous falchion, and the sun-like shield,
And start to see their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream †.
The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran:
Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
And hovering vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.
Not such the numbers nor the host so dread
By northern Brenn, or Scythian Timur led ‡,
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore!
There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance §,
Form the long line, and shake the cornel lance ‖;

established as a check to the Mahometans, Italy, and the scanty remnant of Christianity in Spain, must again have fallen into their power; and France herself have needed all the heroism and good fortune of a Charles Martel to deliver her from subjugation.

* See Vertot, Hist. Chev. Malthe. liv. 1.

† Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberias) is the name used for the Sea of Galilee in the old Romances.

‡ Brennus, and Tamerlane.

§ The insolence of the French nobles twice caused the ruin of the army; once by refusing to serve under Cœur de Lion, and again by reproaching the English with cowardice in St. Louis's expedition to Egypt. See Knolles's History of the Turks.

‖ The line (*combat à la haye*) according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was characteristic of French tactics; as the column (*herse*) was of the English. The English at Créçi were drawn up thirty deep.

Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand
Ausonia's sons, a soft, inglorious band;
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain;
Here, in black files, advancing firm and slow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow:—
Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in freedom's cause the freeman's generous blade!
Ye sainted spirits of the warrior dead,
Whose giant force Britannia's armies led *!
Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might;
Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear †,
Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear!—
At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb!
Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
To Salem still their generous aid supply,
And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!
When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
The' Apostate Chief,—from Misraim's subject shore
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore;

* All the British nations served under the same banner.

"Sono gl' Inglesi sagittari ed hanno
Gente con lor, ch' è più vicina al polo:
Questi de l' alte selve irsuti manda
La divisa dal mondo, ultima Irlanda.

Tasso, Gierusal. Cant. I. 44.

Ireland and Scotland, it is scarcely necessary to observe, were synonimous.

† The axe of Richard was very famous. See Warton's Hist. of Engl. Poetry, I. 155.

When the pale desart mark'd his proud array,
And Desolation hop'd an ampler sway;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd?
What arm repell'd the victor Renegade?
Britannia's champion!—bath'd in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless SEAMAN stood:
Admiring Asia saw the' unequal fight,—
E'en the pale crescent bless'd the Christian's might.
Oh day of death! oh thirst, beyond controul,
Of crimson conquest in the' Invader's soul!
The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supply'd a panting road;
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the grisly rampiré grew.
While proudly glow'd above the rescue'd tower
The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power.
Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
Yet shall she rise;—but not by war restor'd,
Not built in murder,—planted by the sword.
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away *.
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring †;
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye vallies, sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;

* Psalm ii. 3. cvii. 16.

† "I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field, that ye shall receive no more the reproach of famine among the heathen."—"And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden," &c. Ezek. xxxvi.

The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now, perhaps, wide waving o'er the land,
The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand * ;
Courts the bright vision of descending power †,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower ;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destin'd reign.
  And who is He ? the vast, the awful form ‡,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm ?
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.
To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land :
And hark ! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more !
  Lo ! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo ! thrones are set, and every saint is there § ;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey ;
Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night ‖ ;—
God is their Temple, and the Lamb their light.
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home ?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again ¶.

* Ezek. xl.

† " That great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God." Rev. xxi. 10.

‡ Rev. x. § Ibid. xx.

‖ " And I saw no Temple therein : for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof " Rev. xxi. 22.

¶ " Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold, I will

Hark! white-rob'd crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong;—
"Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,
"Who die'd, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!"

cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live."—"Then he said unto me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel." Ezek. xxxvii.

Original Poetry.

Supplement.

THE CRUSADES.

BY MR. JOHN MITFORD,

OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

SPIRIT, who sitt'st in solitude, unseen,
Watching the change of nations, as they roll
Their fated round, beneath the wing of Time,
That ever with it's swift and ceaseless strokes
Brings manifest alteration; now a gleam
Of joyous sun-shine pouring, and e'en now
Plunging in total darkness man and all
His vaunted powers: Spirit, who hast seen
This awful change, as down oblivion's gulf
With swelling sail, full tide, and surges high
We fated speed, give ear unto my song!
Meanwhile, if strength possessing, from the grasp
Of dire Oppression it essays to sing
Man's proud deliverance, when the' assembled chiefs
Woke Europe into arms, and pour'd their might
Upon the Asian Continent, as thick
As are the locust-armies in the breeze;
What time Christ's Sepulchre from Paynim hands
They strove to liberate, and their toilsome way
Unto the Holy Land fervid they bent.
  Time was, o'er Europe's desolated plain
Her ebon wand and cowl of sable hue

Grim Superstition spread. Oppression then
Frown'd from his feudal castle, and with heel
Contemptuous spurn'd the vassal croud below.
Oh, 'twas a time of darkness! for the spirit
Of man was humbled, and he plenteous drank
The bitter draught of slavery: he had not
A pleasant home of quietude and rest,
A peaceful dwelling in the tufted woods
And vocal waters bosom'd; but he heard
Instead of the soft music of the vale,
Soft music from oat-pipe, or pastoral reed,
Far other notes, and sounds of sadder tone.
Unceasing gall'd the fetter, and the scourge
Tore every throbbing vein: then, quite subdue'd
And plung'd in such calamitous constraint,
Himself of heaven descended, and of earth
A freeman, he forgot;—till his mind sunk,
And with the body's bondage felt it's own.
—So was it darkness in the land, and all
Lay wrapt in lethargy: blind Ignorance wav'd
His leaden sceptre, and with cold, dull touch
Spread wide his clustering mildew. Spring arose
And op'd her flowers in vain; in vain around
Her roses Summer strew'd;—for none were there
To taste their breathing sweet: the purple brow
Of Autumn glow'd; and not a cheerful sound,
And not a merry carol hail'd him in.
Seasons return'd; but not to man return'd
Hope or deliverance; with the herds he held
Sad, painful sojourn, and his lapsed powers
Almost forgot:—so farewell hope! farewell
All noble enterprize! on every gale
The shrieks of anguish came; unceasing howl'd
The fiends of famine, and the dogs of death.

But who is he?—yon Eremite?—that cries
To all the sons of Europe, "Rouse to war?"
Bare is his head, and with unshrinking foot
He mocks the pointed flint; while on his cheek
Glows love of enterprize, and his quick eye
Darts forth unusual fervour. Bolder now
Blows he the blast of terror: at the sound
The Soldan sinks recoiling, and in vain
To Alla weeps. Obedient Europe hears
The call; the fetters from her armed hands
Drop; and in adamant and complete steel
She waves the crimson banner. Thither flock
Myriads of gathering people; for, all lov'd
The pleasing sorcery, and could not choose
But join the throng. Forth from his midnight cave,
Where late the secret work of death he ply'd,
The daring robber creeps; the peasant wields
The scythe, now raging in the ranks of war.
Here croud the knights, their rich retinue led,
Their grooms and coursers; here the baron waves
His gorgeous Oriflamme; kings, prelates, here
Pour to the holy standard: thick they seem'd
As those embodied forces which at Thebes
Or Ilium conquer'd, or those numerous bands
Headed by Charlemagne. Ambition's sons
Came flocking here, and here the scoundrel train
Of Avarice, all their bestial views conceal'd
Under Religion's garb: for, Fancy play'd
In thousand orient hues, and lov'd to build
Her gorgeous imagery, their fond hopes belying
With sweet delusion. Thus, not few entic'd
The mines of gold and jasper, the sweet groves
Of balm and myrrh and nard, where every gale
Drops perfume from it's wings; and not a few

The black-eye'd Maids of Paradise, who wave
Amid the myrtle bowers their raven locks,
And, as they weave the choral dance, instruct
The look to languish, and the breath to sigh.
Now was it busy in the land; now glow'd
The martial phrenzy: (as the ceaseless hum
Of the home-coming bees at even-tide,
When the sun sinks, and from the quiet cot
The light blue smoke ascends:) in every gale
Bray'd the loud clarion, to the noon-day sun
Emblazon'd armour flash'd, the pennons broad
Flutter'd their streaming points, and wav'd traverse
On their high standard glittering: to the Cross
All bow'd in adoration, and all call'd
Upon the living God to lead them on.
—And on they went, panting with eager hope,
Ill-starr'd and ill-conducted, on they went.
Yet were they flush'd with slaughter, yet they were
Laden with booty large of gold and gem
And radiant purple, till they' almost forgot
God's business, and with paramount step and pride
Their haughty rod of desolation shook
On every foe. They went like the tall ship
Of some rich burgher, to the Venetian bound
Beyond the Southern Cape, in proud career
Above the green wave tilting. Yet their pomp,
Their pride, and all their garniture of war,
And gay habiliments, (vain hopes and weak!)
Their coursers champing the rich curb, and swift
Their hawks that mock'd the winds, and dogs that woke
The Echo sleeping on the breast of Morn,
All could not save. Alas! how chang'd, how fallen
From former pomp and pride.—So was that change

In Eden, when his form of cherub grace,
His orient hues, and wings bedropt with gold,
Satan had doff'd, and bade each nobler limb
Shrink in the reptile's form: oh! such a sight
War now appear'd; and as he sail'd aloof,
With talon sheath'd, his long expected feast
The famish'd raven snuff'd. While on they mov'd,
With difficulty and labour, cursing oft
Their journey unfortunate: for, not now
O'er sunny uplands pass'd they, or rich vales,
Or flowery meadows; but the hot, hot sand
Stretch'd like the ocean's line, and not a breeze
Play'd on their throbbing temples, but they drank
The simoom's purple breath, and every plague
Infectious. Shadowing o'er the fainting van
Pale Famine rear'd his hideous form, and howl'd
Unto his brother Thirst, who vampire-like
Sate panting in the rear, with iron gripe
His daily victim seizing, and each fount,
Each chrystal spring, that might have slak'd the lip
Of parched myriads, and the blood-shot eye
Reviv'd, drove deep into their gelid beds.
Oh, it was foul to see them! for, they lay
Lean skeletons along, dug here and there
By the wild vulture, and their bones were strewn
Upon the shore, and whiten'd all the plain.
  Sons of Ambition, how your crest is fallen!
Was this your pomp? was this, that to the sun
The flashing cymbal play'd, the clarion blew
It's clear, full swell, and streaming in the breeze
The crimson banner wav'd? Those mighty shouts,
The preparation, and the pomp of war,
Taunts of the tongue, and menace of the eye,
Was it for this? Alas, I know you not!

Men of the haggard cheek and hollow eye,
How are ye chang'd! for ye have lost your look
Of blood, your hungry cravings after flesh!
—Oh, they are satiate! they have gorg'd their food,
And drank their draught of gore! and now they lie
Upon the cold earth pillow'd, and their feast,
Their glorious feasting ended, and their high
Carousing done, they lay them down to sleep,
Bleach'd by the blast, and rotting in the sun.
  Genius of chivalry! from thee arose
The first faint dawn of freedom: from thy hall,
Thy banner'd hall, and tournaments of yore,
Where gorgeous dames and bearded barons sate,
The loud harp rang, and woke to nobler deeds
The sluggish slumbering soul. Again thou call'dst
On Europe's sons, again they couch'd the lance,
And half the globe from it's foundations loos'd
Seem'd staggering to the other: once again
To the swift keel the Euxine billow flash'd,
And the lithe streamer it's reflected hues
Play'd glittering on the wave: with daring prow
They bore their perilous travel, and Despair
Sate lowering on their brow.—Ye men of blood,
Mark not your paths with slaughter! bid the sword
Not blush with carnage! Mercy cries aloud,
And by the orphan's look, the timorous tear,
That speaks the virgin's sigh, more eloquent
Than words can utter, by the' embosom'd vale,
The shelter'd hamlet, and the fading scene
When breathes the perfum'd eve, she cries aloud,
By all that Pity can bestow on prayer;
" Arrest your sword! men of revenge and war,
" Turn, you and yours! lest now that the great flood
" O'erwhelm you; as of old that impious host,

" When the wide waters stretch'd their terrible jaws
" And clos'd them in: in evil hour they sank
" The renegades from God; fit punishment
" For such apostacy. So perish all,
" Who bid the purple fword of slaughter smoke
" In fellow blood!"—Yet bear they fearless on
Their clamorous course, between despair and hope,
Replete with confidence: the' angel of death
Sweeps o'er the walks of war, his iron mace
Wielding aloft, and on his pale horfe stalks
From band to band. Nor rest they till they view
Upon the flood the Turkish crescent gleam,
And all their flaming banners they unfurl
Before Jerufalem. Oh, shout for them,
For their long work is done! the perilous flood,
The wilderness, that shews it's lean, pale cheek
Kiss'd by the hurricane, and the worrying foe,
Are past; past are the purple blasts of death
That swept the desart, and the pillars of fire
Walk'd innocent. Yet are they not unseen,
Not unobserv'd, for many a far off league,
By them who on the watch towers frequent sat,
And gave the' alarm, their long, inquisitive search
Not intermitting: yet, at last, they come,
And now before that holy city all
Bend the low knee; foldier and prince and slave
Together join, hard plying their strong work,
Their work of faith.—For forty tedious days,
And forty tedious nights, impell'd they on
Against the sons of Alla: 'till aloft
And o'er the captive battlements unfurl'd
The Christian banner stream'd. 'Twas a proud day
For Europe and her sons. Weep, weep aloud
Ye of Damascus! and through all her streets,

Her silent courts, and long-deserted halls,
Let Bagdad mourn!—Aye, now the work is past,
The work of war; and now the spear has rest;
And in the tent it's steely brows relax'd,
Slumbers the idle casque; befit them now
Raiments of other hue; and where the sword
Furrow'd with deep indented scars the hand,
Oh let the palm-branch wave! Suppliant and slow
Ascend they Calvary, that sacred mount
Where bled their Saviour; o'er his long-sought tomb
The warrior bends, and the rough soldier weeps
His tear of joy and sorrow; young and old,
The widow and the orphan, all bend down
In humble adoration. Europe hears
The loud shout;—floats there not a wave, but bears
Good tidings of great joy;—great joy—for war
And towns and battles won: breathes not a gale
But on it's flagging pinions Conquest rides,
And nations bless it as it sails along.
  Now was the time accomplish'd, now was come
Man's freedom: o'er the visual orb appear'd
The golden day, and though by blood 'twas bought,
Yet was the price as nothing,—for the feast
Was noble. Now again erect he walk'd
And hail'd the sun; beneath his foot the rod
Of proud Oppression crumbled; the dank shades
Of Night drew back, and all her hideous shapes
And all her squallid spectres shriek'd away.
  Meanwhile no glimmering light, no doubtful beam
Came hovering over Europe, but a flood
Of golden radiance the scarce-opening eyes
Of mortals dazzled. From ill oft comes good:
From these romantic exploits, that had laid
All Asia waste, and from her turban rent

Her gorgeous crescent, Learning came, and Peace.
On every shore, upon the Caspian wave,
And where the vast Atlantic heaves it's form,
With huge tornados crown'd, and billowy foam,
The sail of Commerce open'd; danc'd the bark
Upon the freighted billow, and oft bore
The fruits of Afric and of farthest Ind
To Arctic climes. Astonish'd Europe saw,
Amid her desart rocks and wilds of snow,
The verdant palm-tree spread, the citron wave
It's silver gems, the perfum'd orange drop
It's golden balls, and every mountain teem
With vegetable life: amaz'd she saw
Another and a sweeter Flora smile;
She saw her with a fairer wreath adorn
Her roseate brow, and in a softer fold
Wave loose her robe of green. The native tore
His clotted fur, and wrapp'd him in the lawn
Of Persia's looms; his sordid cottage heav'd
It's marble dome, it's pillars rear'd aloft,
And glow'd with ornament; the statue breath'd,
And seem'd to live beneath the sculptor's hand.
Hark! on each gale celestial music floats;
And from his iron sleep of ages starts
Young Science, and his new-expanding wings
Plumes all afresh. The busy street close-throng'd
Humm'd with unceasing toil; a grove of masts
Rode on the level bay, and lov'd to stretch
Their oary wings, and give to every clime
Unusual sweets, and pleasure not it's own.
  Oh for the pen of freedom, to pourtray
Oppression's downfall! from the cloud-capt hill,
Where late in dark and dismal pride it frown'd
Upon the vale below, the castle falls

Dismantled; all it's battlements, it's towers,
It's moated bastions, and it's chains of brass
Loud thundering come; the starting dungeon op'd,
And, all it's hideous womb disclosing wide,
Shew'd where his solitary sojourn kept
He, the renounced of the world, or else
Forgotten from his birth. But now the time,
The time of freedom's come, and at the sight
The city rears it's pinnacles and spires,
Bends the long arch, and bids the terrace rise
Magnificent. The' embosom'd village starts,
And musical along the echoing vale
The even-song-bell swells, where late alone
From the high turret it's far pealing sound
The sullen curfew swung. The trailing smoke
Ascends, which when the traveller from the hill
Slow journeying sees, he thinks him of his home,
His pleasant home that he has left behind,
His trees, his tufted orchards, and the gleam
Of sunset slanting on the yellow woods.
(It was a mournful thought, and yet it came
Sweet as the smile of Evening, for it spake
Of peace to those he left.) And now arise
Scenes of domestic comfort, mutual bliss
Without suspicion, friendship, and the ties
Of sweet society.--Is ought so fair
In all the breathing prospects of the morn,
The long-withdrawing vale of azure hue,
The various blossom'd spring, and glittering gems
That stud heaven's canopy; is ought so fair,
Laden with music when the summer-gale
Breathes on the rosy mead, to the glad ear
Of weary pilgrim welcome, (when he turns
His last sad look upon his native plain,

And scenes of childhood dear, each farewell sound,
Once more—and still once more—slow lingering on
Catching, till faint they die ;)—is ought so fair
As sweet society ?—And now had fled
Grim Superstition, all her opiate drugs,
Her idols gorg'd with blood, and rites obscene,
To Thor and fabled Woden, gods abhorr'd,
Borne to her murky cell: the human gore
Then wrung she from her clotted locks, and yell'd
All her accursed song. Oppression dropp'd
His clanking fetters, and the scorpion whip
Crumbled to dust. His poniard stretch'd aloft,
Forth from his den and shaggy solitudes
The Spirit of freedom rose; then bar'd his arm,
And call'd upon the nations, and they heard
The echo of his trump. At that dread sound,
Bursting his sleep, in every breast awoke
The proud Divinity: athwart his brow
Stern Resolution sate; his eagle-wings
He imp'd afresh:—and now erect again
Man stands, his free-born dignity he claims,
His birth-right of equality, the seal
By which he looked superior, and was crown'd
Master and Judge and Lord of all below.

THE FATE OF SWITZERLAND.

BY THE REV. R. MANT, A.M.

FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

— Firm they might have stood,
Yet fell:—remember——

MILTON, PAR. LOST, B. VI.

FLUSH'D with *Hesperia's* golden prey,
When *Gallia* northward bent her way,
Eager to stretch her desolating brand
O'er the rich vales of happy *Switzerland;*
From beneath the piny steep,
Where he lay in slumber deep,
Lull'd by the water's tuneful fall,
And the goatherd's madrigal,
Sudden Helvetia's guardian Genius sprang;
High on * *Adula's* rock he fix'd his stand,
And clash'd his shield, and wav'd his banner'd hand,
And thus his war-song sang.

" Rise, my warriors!—see, advance
" The legions of perfidious *France!*

* Mount St. Gothard.

" Onward she bids the gathering tempest roll,
" Peace on her brow, but rancour in her soul.
" She envies us our upland gales,
" The treasures of our peaceful vales,
" The beechen grove, the sloping hill,
" Fresh with many a vernal rill,
" With many a simple spire and cottage grac'd;
" Fain would she scatter from her venom'd breath
" Over this pleasant land the seeds of death,
" And for our blooming Eden leave a hideous waste.

" And shall she?—no, my warriors, no!
" Though the proud insulting foe
" Full wide her conquering banners have unfurl'd
" O'er half the nations of the prostrate world;—
" Hath she yet storm'd the mountain-rock,
" And stemm'd the mountain-torrent's shock,
" And scal'd the beetling precipice,
" Barrier'd with eternal ice?
" Warriors, hath ſhe yet essay'd
" The fury of the freeman's blade,
" Of souls resolv'd to conquer or to die?—
" Then, *Switzers*, rise! each his stout breast-plate gird,
" And each unsheath his blood-incrusted sword,
" And rear his nervous arm, and strike for liberty."

He spake: obedient to the sound
Helvetia's warriors throng'd around.
Rous'd by the cry of long-forgotten war,
From the swift *Limmat*, and majestic *Ar*,
From where to the morning shine
The torrents of the infant *Rhine*;

And wintry *Rhone's* tumultuous tide
Cleaves the * *Forked-Mountain's* side;
Hasli, from thy lovely dell;
From thy green hills, O *Appenzell;*
From the † forest-crowned mere,
Where the hardy mountaineer
Chaunts the high feats of his compatriot *Tell;*

They hear the spirit-stirring call:
They burn to meet the' invading Gaul:
" Give us the foe!" they shout amain.
" 'Tis well;" the guardian Genius cries again:
" Such the port in days of yore,
" Warriors, your forefathers bore;
" Thus 'gainst many a giant foe,
" They whirl'd the ax, and bent the bow.
" ‡ Then the *bull* and *sable bear*
" Together swept the ranks of war,
" And *Union* led the way to victory:
" This quench'd the fury of the *Austrian* sword,
" This crush'd the might of bold *Burgundia's* Lord,
" This chas'd proud *Gallia's* kings, this made our country free.

" *Switzers*, in virtue as in name,
" Emulate your father's fame;
" Hark to your common country's sacred call,
" And on your common foe with force united fall!

* Mount Furca.

† The lake of the four cantons, or, agreeably to the name in the language of the country, of the four forest towns. *William Tell* was a native of Burglen, a small village not far from Altorf, in the canton of Uri.

‡ The banners of the cantons of *Uri* and *Berne*; meant to denote the union between the small and great cantons.

" So may the songs of future days
" You to your fathers' glory raise!
" Again may conquest crown your ranks
" On rapid * *Birsa's* holy banks,

* The hospital of St. James, near Basle, not far from the confluence of the *Birse* with the Rhine, is celebrated for the stand made by the Swiss in 1444 against the Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XI. *Naefels* and *Morgarten*, respectively in the cantons of Glarus and Schwitz, are no less famous as scenes of the Austrian defeats in 1388 and 1315. At *Granson*, towards the lower extremity of the lake of Neuchâtel, and at *Morat*, on the lake of *Morat*, were fought two battles, which effectually quelled the invasion of Switzerland by *Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy*, in 1476. Near the latter place was erected a chapel, or charnel house, said to contain the bones of the Burgundians who fell in that decisive engagement.

This building contained several inscriptions commemorative of the event which occasioned it's erection. Amongst these was one in German verse by Haller, which probably gave rise to this poem. The sentiments of it are given here with tolerable correctness, though somewhat dilated from the original.

Helvetian, pause, and view this monument!
It speaks the fate of those redoubted troops,
Who on the pride of *Liege* had trod, and shook
The throne of *Gallia's* kings. *Helvetian*, know
Not by their numbers or their well-wrought arms
Our fathers conquer'd. Nature gave them force,
And *Union* made that force invincible.

Helvetians! Brothers! feel your proper strength
And be *united*! As your rocks ye stand
Unmoveable, if but that holy flame,
That warm'd your fathers' bosoms, glow in yours.

It was near this chapel that General d'Erlach, commander of the Swiss troops, was posted in 1798, when the French General Brune sent to summon him to surrender. " My ancestors," he replied, " never surrendered. Could I be base enough to think of it, yonder " monument would recall me to my duty." Brune, on becoming master of the spot, ordered the building to be destroyed, and not one stone of it now stands upon another.

" By *Naefel's* rocks, and green *Morgarten's* plain:
" *Granson* again, and viny *Morat* see
" Their waves, blood-stain'd with Gallic Chivalry,
" And Freedom, still unmov'd, her Alpine throne maintain.

" But if distrust and jealous fear
" Have shed their baneful influence here,
" Hence! bow the standard, quit the marshall'd field,
" And your sweet vales a bloodless conquest yield!
" Lest, when ye sink in short-liv'd fight,
" As sink ye must, to Gallia's might,
" Thus the surrounding nations cry,
' See where the mountain-heroes lie
" An easy prey to the invading foe:—
" Though many a patriot hand the javelin rais'd,
" And many a heart with patriot ardour blaz'd,
" Dissension quench'd the flame, and nerveless fell the blow!'

" Insulting *France* shall join her voice,
" And bid each prostrate clan ' rejoice,'
" And shout, when heaviest weighs her iron hand,
' Hail, seat of Freedom, envied Switzerland!'
" Meanwhile shalt thou, poor country, bleeding lie,
" And though, to break thy slavery,
" Thy chiefs again the war-song rear,
" Again thy warriors grasp the spear;
" Not all thy force united then shall save:—
" In vain shalt thou gnaw thy reluctant chain,
" Thy chieftains call, thy warriors arm in vain;
" Gallia must triumph still, and thou be still a slave!"

WAR SONG.

Written in May, 1803, *on the Publication of the Negociation Papers.*

BY THE REV. R. MANT, A.M.

FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said! ——

" Bow, Britons, bow the haughty head!
" Bend, Britons, bend the stubborn knee!
" Own your ancient virtue fled,
" And know not that ye once were free.
" Think not as your fathers thought;
" Speak no more, as Britons ought;
" Act no more the Britons' part,
" With valiant hand and honest heart;
" What indignation bids you feel,
" Dare not, dare not to reveal;
" Though Justice sharpen, dare not grasp the lance,
" Nor single-handed tempt the might of France!

" Me, *Holland*, *Italy* obey:
" Her breast with many a war-wound gor'd,
" And crush'd beneath my iron sway,
" Me *Helvetia* owns her Lord.
" Boast not then your fleets, that sweep
" The eastern and the western deep!
" Boast not then your sea-wash'd land,
" Rampart-girt by Nature's hand!

" Fleets and billows stay not me ——
" Then bow the head, and bend the knee.
" Britons, no more your rival ranks advance,
" Nor single-handed dare to cope with France!"

Yes! as our Albion's root-bound oak
Stoops to the tempest, we will bow!
Yes! we will bend, as the tall rock
Mocking the wave that chafes below!
Now by the sable Prince imbrued
Once and again in Gallic blood;
By the laurels that intwine,
Harry, thy helm; and *Marlborough*, thine;
By our * Chiefs on *Nilus'* tide,
Him, who triumph'd; him, who died;
By him, whom *Acon*'s turrets raise
To lion-hearted *Richard*'s praise;
Yes! we will still our rival ranks advance,
And single-handed brave the might of France.

Come then, come thou Consul-king!
Launch thy navies, arm thine host,
And beneath night's favouring wing
Thy banners plant on England's coast!
Come! but hope not to return —
Here other thoughts thou soon shalt learn;
Shalt feel that Britons still may claim
The honours of the British name;
Can fearless still maintain their stand
On British, as on Syrian, land;
Still rise superior to the sons of Chance,
Still single-handed crush the pride of France.

* It is hardly requisite to mention, that these four lines allude to Lord Nelson, the late Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and Sir Sidney Smith. The city of Acon, or Acre, was taken in one of the Crusades, from the Saracens, by Richard Cœur de Lion.

Fugitive Poetry.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL *.

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you are not a daughter of æther and light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms,
Who dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms,
That, in short, you're a WOMAN, your lip and your breast
As mortal as ever were tasted or prest!
But I will not believe it—No, Science to you
I have long bid a last, and a careless adieu;
Still flying from Nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight, by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior for mortals below
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
Oh! who, that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask HOW we feel it, or why it is sweet;

* The Invisible Girl was an acoustical Deception, exhibited in Leicester Fields. From a glass globe, suspended in the midst of a room, and having no apparent communication with any thing else, a female conversed with the spectators in four languages, and played upon the Piano Forte: her breath might even be felt. Had the lines here reprinted no external sign by which to discover their author, the internal evidence would justify their being ascribed to the elegant translator of Anacreon. EDITOR.

How rays are confin'd, or how particles fly
Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh—
Is there one who but ONCE would not rather have known it
Than written, with HARVEY, whole volumes upon it?
No, no—but for YOU, my Invisible love,
I will swear you are one of those spirits that rove
By the bank, where at twilight the Poet reclines,
When the Star of the West on his solitude shines,
And the magical fingers of Fancy have hung
Ev'ry breeze with a sigh, ev'ry leaf with a tongue:
Oh! whisper him then, 'tis retirement alone
Can hallow his harp, or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears!
Sweet agent of mystery! how I should love,
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
For ever to have you invisibly nigh,
Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh!
'Mid the crowds of the world, and the murmurs of care,
I could sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
And turn with delight from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses, one whisper from you!
Oh! come, and be near me; for ever be mine;
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As pure as, of old, was imagin'd to dwell,
In the grotto of Numa or Socrates' cell!
And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart is weigh'd down, and the eye-lid is light,
You shall come to my pillow, and tell me of love,
Such as Angel to Angel might whisper above!

Oh spirit!—and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
The voice of THE ONE upon earth, who has twin'd
With her essence for ever my heart and my mind;
Tho' lonely, and far from the light of her smile,
An exile, and weary, and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment her voice on my ear,
I will think at that moment my Cara is near;
That she comes, with consoling enchantment to speak,
And kisses my eye-lid and sighs on my cheek,
And tells me the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope, of our Heaven is nigh!
Sweet spirit! if such be your magical pow'r,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour,
And let Fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, Fancy, and Cara may smile for me still!

T. M.

SONG.

TO ————

In vain to melt that heap of snow,
Which keeps your virgin heart so cold,
Soft Pity caus'd the tear to flow
As my sad hopeless tale I told.

Then cease to pity; for your eye,
Your radiant eye, and breast, appear
More lovely heaving with a sigh,
And brighter glistening through a tear.

LINES *,

FROM THE SPANISH OF BARTHOLEME LEONARDO.

As the deep river swift and silent flows,
Towards the ocean, I am borne adown
The quiet tide of time. Nought now remains
Of the past years; and for the years to come,
Their dark and undiscoverable deeds
Elude the mortal eye. Beholding thus
How daily life wanes on, so may I learn,
Not with an unprovided mind, to meet
That hour, when Death shall gather up the old
And wither'd plant, whose season is gone by.
The spring flowers fade, th' autumnal fruits decay,
And gray old Winter, with his clouds and storms,
Comes on; the leaves, whose calm cool murmuring
Made pleasant music to our green-wood walks,
Now rustle dry beneath our sinking feet.
So all things rise and perish; we the while
Do, with a dull and profitless eye, behold
All this, and think not of our latter end.
My friend! we will not let that soil, which oft
Impregnate with the rains and dews of heaven,
Is barren still and stubborn to the plough,

* They form part of an Epistle written in his latter years.

Emblem our thankless hearts; nor of our God
Forgetful, be as is the worthless vine,
That in due season brings not forth its fruits.
Think'st thou, that God created man alone
To wander o'er the world and ocean waste,
Or for the blasting thunderbolt of war?
Was this his being's end? Oh! how he errs,
Who of his godlike nature and his God
Thus poorly, basely, blasphemously deems!
For higher actions, and for loftier ends,
Our better part, the deathless and divine,
Was formed. The fire that animates my breast
May not be quench'd, and when that breast is cold,
The unextinguishable fire shall burn
With brighter splendor: till that hour arrive,
Obedient to my better part, my friend,
Be it my lot to live, and thro' the world,
Careless of human praise, pass quietly.
The Eastern despot, he whose silver towers
Shot back a rival radiance to the sun,
He was too poor for Sin's extravagance;
But Virtue, like the air and light of Heaven,
To all accessible, at every heart,
Intreats admittance. Wretched fool is he
Who, through the perils of the earth and waves,
Toils on for wealth! A little peaceful home
Bounds all my wants and wishes, add to this
My book and friend, and this is happiness.

T. Y.

A SMILE AND A TEAR.

You own I'm complacent, but tell me I'm cold,
Then must I my youth's early sorrows unfold,
Must waken remembrance to joys that are fled,
Now hope is extinguish'd, and passion is dead.
I have lost in life's morn all that life could endear,
And if I am chearful, I smile through a tear.

My parents, though humble, were happy and good,
We could boast of our honour, if not of our blood:
My lover, ah! how the sad tale shall I tell,
For his country he fought, for his country he fell:
He was brave, he was true, to my soul he was dear,
His fame claims a smile, but it shines through a tear.

In vain would I picture my agoniz'd heart,
My parents' soft soothings no balm could impart:
They sunk o'er the child whom they could not relieve,
And the cold hand of Death left me only to grieve:
Thus fated to suffer, that moment draws near,
When you'll neither distinguish a smile nor a tear.

* *

EPITAPH,

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD KEPPEL.

THOUGH Fortune bends to Life's unvarying doom,
And Nature stops her blessings at the tomb;
Though Wisdom's triumph and the boast of Birth
Must, undistinguish'd, mix with meanest Earth;
The lasting Moral faithful Fame supplies,
And Memory lends the mark that Death denies.
Yet the grav'd Pile in vain shall breathe, the Verse
In vain present to Time the blazon'd hearse,
Where Heaven's invalued bounties we debase,
The last in merit, though the first in place;
But thee, who oft in Virtue's dear defence
Bared thy bold breast, and urged thy manly sense,
Or, when thy country claim'd a soldier's care,
Borne on the wings of Glory to the war,
Or in fair Friendship's pledge, and proud array,
Oppos'd to guilty Faction's secret sway,
While every private wrong too soon forgiven,
Breath'd the meek spirit of forbearing heaven;
Thee—mild yet firm, thee—placable yet brave,
The Muse shall tell, and disappoint the grave,
And History guard thy deeds from envying Age
To moralize at once and grace her page.

ADDRESS TO THE RIVER

IN A RURAL LANDSCAPE.

Beautifully drawn by the Rev. William Bree, of Coles-hill, in Warwickshire, and in the Possession of the Rev. Henry White, Cathedral Close, Lichfield.

BY MISS SEWARD.

After a lonely course through yon deep woods,
And the green quietness of distant vales,
Now, gentle river, to the haunts of men
The rude stone arches stretching o'er thy flood
Note thine approach; and as with silent lapse
Thou stealest under them, the staid old cow
And lumpish horse above, are driven afield
By time-worn herdsman. Then, in swifter course,
Thy lately tranquil streams, jocund, and loud,
Rush down the Wier. Again, soon calm'd, they flow,
And the young day shines on their glassy train.
So dost thou wander by the pleasant base
Of a clean village, climbing up the steep
And shrubby knoll; while bosom'd in thick trees,
The church the hill top crowns. The day is young;
Clos'd yonder cottage door; the din and talk

Of clamorous infants and laborious man
Unheard as yet, tho' from the chimney tops
The grey smoke, rising to the church-yard trees,
Curls its light vapour round their boughs, and gives
Promise of morning's meal. Behold the cart,
That late, well-loaded, on thy pebbled bank
Had creaked and crept, at the yet silent mill
Stopt; those full stores resigning, which shall soon
Employ thy silent waters, and awake
The clattering hubbub of the busy scene.
Adown those rocky stairs, which to thy brink
Lead from the hamlet cots, erewhile shall step,
With cleanly pail light rocking on her head,
The rustic maid, new-risen; for she has seen,
Through lattice curtain'd by the briar rose,
Her cow slow pacing up thy left hand bank,
Intelligent of hour, the burden rich
Duteous to yield; and, yet more welcome, sees,
Not far behind, the youth belov'd, from cops'd
And hay-stack'd tenement down in the vale.
Yes! and thou soon shalt hear the tender vows
Of true love breath'd; and breath'd in sweeter sound
Than song of linnet, or the quiet tune
Of thine own streams when hush'd are all the woods.
Mark that clos'd door, for it shall open soon.
It is the good dame's school, and in shall throng
Like bees in spring time to their dusky hive,
The little troop, and in resembling hum
Mutter the morning task; but when yon tower
Shall tell, far heard, the welcome tale of noon,
Some striding and some tumbling o'er the sill,
The infant tribe releas'd, with prattle loud
Shall totter down, and on thy shelving bank
Shout, laugh, and squabble, strenuous while they hurl

The frequent stone; dividing thy smooth waves.
But, on the morrow, Sabbath bells shall ring,
And 'twixt the matin and the vesper hour,
And at the rosy setting of the sun,
That little lawless multitude, which late,
Noisy and wild, had clamour'd on thy bank,
In Sunday vestments, and with sober gait
Walk by their parents' side; while from each hand,
The varied posy, dappled pinks, and rose,
Woodbine, and fragrant southernwood, and thyme,
Scent the wide air. Leisure and quietness,
Apparel clean, and vacant looks, all speak
The sacred day of rest; and thou shalt bear,
From that wood-mantled tower, the holy chimes,
Silver'd and mellow'd on thy liquid course,
To neighbouring farm, and cot. There we may trust
Right welcome is the sound, more welcome still
The Pastor's voice persuasive, when he speaks
Of hopes eternal. Charitable deeds
Shedding a daily beauty on his life,
That makes his doctrine saintly; while, combin'd,
They form a picture, delicate of trait,
As the soft scene now mirror'd on thy breast;
While the soft scene, and thou its mirror fair,
Are all the sweet creation of *his* hand,
Whose *touch* is *Genius*, and whose *life* is *Love*.

LINES

Inscribed on a Monument, erected to the Memory of Dr. Small, in a sequestered Grove, at Soho, near Birmingham.

BY DR. DARWIN.

Ye gay and young, who thoughtless of your doom,
Shun the disgustful mansions of the dead,
Where Melancholy broods o'er many a tomb,
Mouldering beneath the yew's unwholesome shade:

If chance ye enter these sequester'd groves,
And day's bright sunshine for a while forego,
Oh! leave to Folly's cheek the laugh and loves,
And give one hour to philosophic woe!

Here, while no titled dust, no sainted bone,
No lover weeping over Beauty's bier,
No warrior frowning in historic stone,
Extorts your praises, or requests your tear;

Cold Contemplation leans her aching head,
On human woe her steady eye she turns,
Waves her meek hand, and sighs for Science dead,
For Science, Virtue, and for Small, she mourns.

THE DREAM.

FROM THE LATIN OF J. LEOCH *.

Lov'd of the Muse to Venus dear,
My Drummond! lend thy partial ear;

* *John Leoch*, the correspondent of Drummond the poet, published his *Musæ Priores* at London, in 1620, on his return from his travels. He appears to have been born in Mar, and to have been the son of a clergyman. In one of his eclogues, he complains of having been deprived of part of his patrimony by the Duke of Leven. He studied philosophy at Aberdeen; and, when at Poictiers, applied to civil law. After his return to Britain, he lived in habits of familiarity with all the Scotish wits of the age, as Scot of Scotstarvet, Drummond of Hawthornden, whom he sometimes terms "Spinifer Damon," Alexander, Earl of Stirling; Seton, Earl of Dumfermline; and Hamilton, Earl of Melrose. He dedicates his Love poems to William Earl of Pembroke, nephew of Sir Philip Sidney. His Musæ Priores, the verses of which sometimes possess considerable elegance and fluency of stile, consist of his *Eroticon*, or love verses, written in imitation of the ancient models; his *Idyllia*, and his *Epigrammata*. He defends the freedom of some of his love verses by the old apology of Catullus, that his life was chaste, though his verse was wanton; or, as Goldsmith expresses it, "His conduct still right, and his argument wrong." In the preface to his *Idyllia* he claims some degree of merit for the variety, as well as for the originality of his stile. "Quotus enim quisque est, qui tam varia in hoc genere aggressus? namque, ut Bucolica excipias, in quibus non pauci; quis oro, præter Sanazarium, *Piscatorias* Eclogas; quis præter Hugonem Grotium, *Nauticas* tentavit? et illius, quod dolori maximo esse possit, equid præter unicum *Nauticum* exstat Idyllium? In *Ampelicis*, nullus, quod sciam. Hactenus primus ego illas agressus, nondum tamen ingressus." The *Ampelic* eclogue, or Song of the Vintagers, was probably attempted in imi-

Thou, gifted Bard, canst best explain
The dreams which haunt a poet's brain.
  Ere night's bright wain her course had run,
Venus to me, and Venus' son,
Descending in a radiant car,
Rapt from earth, and bore me far;
Sparrow's billing, twittering clear,
Drew us on our swift career;
The lovely goddess, all the while,
Glow'd with pleasure's wanton smile;
O'er her hover'd all the Graces,
Sighs and Kisses, and Embraces:
Around her son, in vesture bright,
Hopes and Murmurs flutter'd light;
With every form of melting bliss,
That breathes or sucks the humid kiss.
  Swimming on the moon-beams pale,
Soon we reach'd sweet Tempe's vale:
Zephyrs fluttering o'er the strand,
Bade every glowing flower expand:
While the nightingale on high,
Pour'd her liquid melody.
  O'er the level lawn we flew;
The grove's deep shadow round us grew;
Deep within a soft retreat,
Flow'd a spring with murmur sweet.
" Here be all thine offerings done,"—
Softly whisper'd Venus' son:

tation of the Italians. A long poem in this stile was composed by Tansillo, and denominated *Il Vendemiatore.*

On the departure of our author from Paris, in 1620, the following Poetical Address was published, and inscribed to him. " Sylva, Leochæo suo, Sacra, sive Lycidæ Desiderium," a Georg. Camerario, Scoto, *Paris* 1620.

" Here let clouds of incense rise,"—
Venus whisper'd, " to the skies."
From the chariot light I sprung,
Shrill the golden axle rung.
Kneeling by the crystal spring,
Every Naiad's charms I sing;
Echo wafts their praises wide,
But chief the Naiads of the tide.
Goddess of the stream attend!
O'er thy wave I suppliant bend;
Grant thy spring may ever be,
Dear to Venus, and to me.
As I bent the waves to kiss,
Murmurs rise of softer bliss;
For the fountain's liquid face,
I feel the timid nymph's embrace;
Glow and pant my labouring veins,
As her ivory arms she strains;
While the melting kiss she sips,
The soul sits quivering on my lips.
Sudden from our watery bed,
Venus slily smiling fled;
With her sought the shady grove,
The smiling, dimpling God of Love:
Loud through all its dusky bounds,
" Hylas! a second Hylas," sounds;
While the vision fled in air,
And left the Bard to lone despair.
By every smiling God above,
By the maid you dearest love:
Drummond! to all the Muses dear,
Lend, to thy friend, thy partial ear;
Thou gifted Bard, canst best explain,
Each dream that haunts the poet's brain.

D.

RURAL INSCRIPTION.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

O THOU! with soul to Nature dead,
Who lov'st in Folly's court to tread;
To mingle with her worthless train,
The light, the dissolute, the vain;
To hear the darkly-whisper'd tale,
That turns the cheek of Candour pale;
The flimsy talk, the clumsy jest,
By wit or sense alike unblest;
Or join the drunkard's frantic rite,
That shocks the sober ear of Night;
Far hence! nor dare with footsteps rude
Within my sacred bounds intrude!
Retire! nor idly linger here,
Where nought can please thine eye or ear.
In vain, for thee a thousand blooms
Breathe more than Araby's perfumes;
In vain, the wildly warbling throng
Awake of love and peace the song;
In vain, the limpid current flows,
The life-reviving zephyr blows,
The swain his toil with mirth beguiles,
And earth and heaven are drest in smiles!
All, all by thee are coldly past:
Thou hear'st no music in the blast;

Seest nought in all the landscape yields,
The pomp of groves and fertile fields!
Nor even can other's bliss impart
A charm to glad thy callous heart.
Go then, and join the madding croud,
Bless none, think little, and talk loud:
There may'st thou 'reign and revel' * free,
But Peace and Virtue dwell with me!

LINES

FROM THE SPANISH OF BARTOLOME LEONARDO.

FABIUS, to think that God hath in the lines
Of the right hand disclos'd the things to come,
And in the wrinkles of the skin pourtray'd,
As in a map, the way of human life;
This is to follow with the multitude
Error or Ignorance, their common guides;
Yet surely I allow that God has plac'd
Our fate in our own hands, or evil or good,
Even as we make it: tell me, Fabius,
Art not a king thyself? when envying not
The lot of kings, no idle wish disturbs
Thy quiet life; when, a self-govern'd man,
No laws exist to thee; and when no change,
With which the will of Heaven may visit thee,
Can break the even calmness of thy soul."

T. Y.

* 'Reigns here and revels.' MILTON.

ANNA AT THE TOMB OF HENRY.

Sod that wraps my Henry's clay,
O lie lightly on his breast!
And ye winds that bring decay,
Spare the flowers with which 'tis drest.

So that, at the close of eve,
Fairy bands here oft may come,
Come, and their gay circles weave
Round my lover's grassy tomb.

Sportive elves! O here repair!
And I'll join your dance, and crave
Leave to bind your golden hair,
With the pride of Henry's grave.

Who could with my lover vye?
O his eye was brighter far,
Than the Morning's orient eye,
Than the Evening's leading star.

Form'd with manners mild to raise,
In the female breast love's smart,
Form'd to melt it too with ease,
Soon he won my virgin heart.

O! how happy have I been,
In the bosom of this grove,
By the pale moon's silver sheen,
Often wandering with my love!

Now, within the moon-light glade,
Now, even now, he should appear;
For he loves me still, tho' dead,
And when Anna calls will hear.

Wake, altho' thy sleep be sound,
And tho' pleasant be thy dreams,
Wake, and see how far around,
Cynthia's yellow radiance streams!

Wake, and hear the nightingale,
Her soft strains in sorrow steep,
Whilst, in pity to her tale,
Round her bower the night-winds weep.

Does my lover linger still?
Still, when round our walks so fair,
Seraphs smite their lyres, and fill
With soft melody the air;

And the zephyr steals the breath
Of the evening primrose flower,
That bestrews the lover's path,
That begems the lover's bower.

But if, pierc'd by Sorrow's dart,
Thou hast felt thy reason fly,
And in bitterness of heart,
Laid thee down, my love, to die;

Nor has death refus'd to steep,
In the balm of peace thy breast;
O! unbroken be thy sleep,
And soft be thy bed of rest!

Oh! how pleasing is repose
To the heart that ceaseless mourns!
Anna, too, her eyes will close,
For her brain, it burns—it burns!"

Sad she spoke, and sad she prest
His cold turf, by sorrow driven;
The chilling night-dews bath'd her breast,
And the mourner woke in Heaven.

D. C.

BRISTO PORT.

TO A MIRROR.

FROM THE SPANISH OF BOSCAN.

SINCE still my passion-pleading strains
Have fail'd her heart to move,
Show, Mirror! to that lovely maid,
The charms that make me love.

Reflect on her the thrilling beam
Of magic from her eye,
So, like Narcissus, she shall gaze,
And, self-enamour'd, die.

T. Y.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE MESSIAH OF KLOPSTOK.

BY J. M. GOOD, ESQ.

[*The Exordium of the Third Book.*]

" Sey mir gegrüsst! ich sehe dich wieder! die
" du mich gebaherst," &c. &c.

ONCE more I hail thee, once behold thee more,
Earth! soil maternal: thee, whose womb of yore,
Bore me; and soon beneath whose gelid breast
These limbs shall sink in soft and sacred rest.
Yet may I first complete this work begun,
And sing the covenant of the ETERNAL SON!
O, then, these lips his heavenly love that told,
These eyes that oft in streams of rapture roll'd,
Shall close in darkness!—O'er my mouldering clay
A few fond friends their duteous rites shall pay;
And with the palm, the laurel's deathless leaf,
Deck my light turf, and prove their pious grief!—
There shall I sleep—till o'er this mortal dust—
Springs, long announc'd, the morning of the just;
Then, fresh embodied in a purer mould,
Triumphant rise, and brighter scenes behold.

Thou! Muse of Sion! who with potent spell,
Thro' hell hast led me, and return'd from hell,
Still shuddering at the voyage—thou, whose eyes
Oft pierce the thoughts in God himself that rise,
And, thro' the frowns that veil his awful face,
Read the fair lines of love and heavenly grace;
Shine on this soul, that trembles at the sight
Of her own toils, with pure, celestial light!
Raise her low powers, that yet with loftier wing,
The best of men, the SAVIOUR GOD she sing.

* * * * *

Simile.—Satan approaching Judas Iscariot when asleep.

"Also naht sich die pest in mitternächtlicher stunde," &c. &c.

So, towards the wearied city, as it sleeps,
In dead of night the pest malignant creeps.
Death marks the vapour with triumphant wings,
And o'er its walls the floating mischief flings.
Heedless the crowd still slumbers: still the sage
O'er the pale lamp pursues his favourite page;
And converse, still, and themes of import high,
Friendship, the soul, and worlds man yet must try,
Chear'd with the temperate glass that flows between,
Detain the circle o'er th' unbrageous green.
Ah! short-liv'd joys! already with the day,
Spreads the dread reign of death and dire dismay,
Of sighs, and sufferings. Wild, with wringing hands,
The bride, now widowed, o'er the bridegroom stands:
Robb'd of her babes, the childless mothers' moan,
Curses alike their birth-day, and her own:

And the dull sexton, faint, with swimming brain,
Drops down the grave where others should have lain.
High from the storm th' avengeful angel, now,
Descends abrupt with deep revolving brow:
Broad round he looks, and nought, where'er he turns,
But silence, death, and deserts drear discerns;
Pensive he pauses, mid the tombs that rise,
And o'er the wreck, the righteous judgment sighs.

ODE.

The busy scenes of day are now withdrawn,
And evening darkens all the lawn.
Soft thoughts and solemn musings blest
That touch the Muse-enraptur'd bosom best,
When dusky evening spreads
Her mantle o'er the vales and mountains heads,
O! come, ye well repay
The parting of the busy day.
The nightingale that from the sun retires,
Whose song and fancy in its flight
Is marr'd by day's too curious light,
The evening hour admires:
Took with the tuneful mood
Then most with warblings wild she charms the wood.

—— SHAW.

MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

BY MR. R. BLOOMFIELD.

1.

With lovely pearl the western sky
  Is glowing far and wide,
And yon light golden clouds that fly
  So slowly side by side;
The deepening tints, the arch of light,
  E'en I with rapture see;
And sigh, and bless the charming sight
  That lures my love from me.

2.

O hill! that shads't the valley here,
  Thou bear'st on thy green brow,
The only wealth to Mary dear,
  And all she'll ever know.
Full in the crimson light I see,
  Above thy summit rise
My Edward's form; he looks to me
  A statue in the skies.

3.

Descend, my love, the hour is come;
  Why linger on the hill?
The sun hath left my quiet home,
  But thou canst see him still;
Yet, why a lonely wanderer stray?
  Alone the joy pursue?
The glories of the closing day,
  Can charm thy Mary too.

4.

O Edward, when we stroll'd along,
  Beneath the waving corn,
And both confess'd the power of song,
  And bless'd the dewy morn;
To thy fond words my heart replied,
  (My presence then could move)
" How sweet with Mary by my side,
  " To gaze and talk of love."

5.

Thou art not false;—that cannot be!
  Yet I my rivals deem,
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,
  The silence, and the stream.
If these, my love, detain thee now,
  I'll yet forgive thy stay;
But with to-morrow's dawn, come thou—
  We'll brush the dews away.

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

FOUNDED ON A TRUE STORY.

BY W. SPENCER, ESQ.

WHY mourn ye, why strew ye those flow'rets around,
To yon new-sodded grave, as your slow steps advance?
In yon new-sodded grave (ever dear be the ground!)
Lies the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile from France.

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe,
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance!
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall flow
For the stranger ye lov'd, the poor exile of France.

Oh! kind was his nature, tho' bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, tho' broken his heart;
No comfort, no hope, his own heart could elate,
Tho' comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain
Still foremost was he, mirth and pleasure to raise,
And sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain,
When he sung the glad song of more fortunate days!

One pleasure he knew; in his straw-cover'd shed
For the snow-beaten beggar his faggot to trim,
One tear of delight he could drop on the bread
Which he shar'd with the poor, tho' still poorer than him.

And when round his death-bed profusely we cast
Ev'ry gift, ev'ry solace our hamlet could bring,
He blest us with sighs, which we thought were his last;
But he still had a pray'r for his Country and King.

Poor exile, adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep!
From the feast, from the wake, from the village green dance,
How oft shall we wander, by moonlight to weep
O'er the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile of France.

To the church going bride shall thy mem'ry impart
One pang as her eyes on thy cold relics glance,
One flow'r from her garland, one tear from her heart,
Shall drop on the grave of the exile of France.

VERSES SENT TO MISS ——,

WITH THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

Soon the tear shall be dry, soon the flow'r shall be sere,
Which mourners on earth to these ashes have giv'n,
But heav'n from thy lips the sad story will hear,
For music like thine is the language of heav'n.

Oh! then shall this turf bed with flow'rs ever crown'd,
And with tears ever dew'd, time's inclemency brave,
For hands more than mortal shall garden the ground,
And Angels shall weep o'er the Emigrant's Grave!

TO JULIA.

Ah me! with what ardour I lov'd the delusion
Where Fancy mid scenes of futurity rov'd;
And the falter of language and blush of confusion
Betray'd the kind wishes of her whom I lov'd.

At length I possess'd the vain fugitive hour,
So wish'd for to close my pursuit and my care;
Smiles of favour secede to the stern frown of power,
She listen'd, disdain'd, and condemn'd to despair.

Farewell the sweet hope that still whisper'd to-morrow,
To-morrow shall silence those doubtings and fears;
With the winds thou shalt mingle the breath of thy sorrow,
And lose in the stream of oblivion thy tears.

Farewell the sweet interest, enhancing our pleasure,
And softening the cares we are destin'd to know!
Farewell ye gay revels—ah! dear beyond measure,
Though nought ye have left but remembrance and woe!

Unheeded the seasons distribute their power,
A stranger to life I exist but to mourn;
I feel not the biting of Winter's sharp hour,
And vainly the beauties of Nature return!

S.

SONG,

BY GEORGE CANNING, ESQ.

If hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
The sky if no longer dark tempests deform;
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
No—here's to the Pilot that weather'd the storm.

At the footstool of Power let Flattery fawn;
Let Faction her idols extol to the skies;
To Virtue, in humble retirement withdrawn,
Unblam'd may the accents of gratitude rise.

And shall not HIS memory to Britain be dear,
Whose example with envy all nations behold,
A statesman, unbiass'd by interest or fear,
By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold?

Who, when Terror and Doubt through the universe reign'd,
While Rapine and Treason their standards unfurl'd,
The heart and the hopes of his Country maintain'd,
And one kingdom preserv'd midst the wreck of the world.

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,
While the beams of the Sun in full majesty shine:
When he sinks into twilight, with fondness we gaze,
And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So PITT, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
  Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall!
Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore;
  Admir'd in thy zenith, but lov'd in thy fall!

O! take, then—for dangers by wisdom repell'd,
  For evils by courage and constancy brav'd—
O! take, for a Throne by thy counsels upheld,
  The thanks of a people thy firmness has sav'd!

And Oh! if again the rude whirlwind should rise,
  The dawning of Peace should fresh darkness deform,
The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wise,
  Shall turn to the Pilot that weather'd the storm!

LINES,

FROM THE SPANISH OF LUPERCIO.

CONTENT with what I am, the sounding names
Of glory tempt not me; nor is there ought
In glittering grandeur that provokes one wish
Beyond my peaceful state. What tho' I boast
No trapping that the multitude adores
In common with the great; enough for me
That naked, like the mighty of the earth,
I came into the world, and that like them
I must descend into the grave, the house
For all appointed; for the space between,
What more of happiness have I to seek
Than that dear woman's love, whose truth I know,
And whose fond heart is satisfied with me?

T. Y.

ELINOR, THE CONVICT.

BY MR. DIMOND, JUN.

THE anchor weigh'd, the swelling sails were spread,
And England's parting shores fled fast from view,
When Elinor, the Convict, rais'd her head,
And breath'd her soul into a last adieu.

" Ye white cliffs of Albion, that fade on the skies,
How fair do ye seem to the outcast's dim eyes,
The sinful one, banish'd for ever!
The sands too, beneath you, look goldenly bright,
And precious seems each little grain to *her* sight,
Whose steps shall revisit them never!

" Ah! dear native country, though destin'd to part,
Still long your pure scenes of delight in my heart,
Yea! long will poor Elinor cherish;
Your remembrance shall make her day's bondage more light,
In dreams shall restore her to freedom at night,
And only with life itself perish.

" Yes! lov'd land of freedom! the poor toiling slave,
Though sunder'd afar by the measureless wave,
Shall feel with your children connected!
And boast of her birth, as in days of fair fame,
Ere yet, for its sinfulness, Elinor's name
From the lists of the good was rejected.

" The land sinks apace, and the day-light decays,
Ah! how blest will be they, whom yon setting sun's rays
Shall smile on in England to-morrow!
But, alas! for the convict! light will not restore
To her longing eyes her belov'd native shore,
She from fancy *her* England must borrow.

" Now faster and faster the flying coasts fade,
Each instant fresh objects dissolve into shade—
Gaze!—Gaze!—O ye eyes that are banish'd.
The town, with its buildings, the ships in the bay,
The steeple, the light-house,—all, all melt away,—
And now the last headland has vanish'd!

" Strain, strain, balls of sight, your faint faculties strain,
And something of England still strive to retain!
No—tears gush and drown the endeavour!
Nay, throb not so wildly, thou poor, breaking heart—
Home! kindred! and friends! soul and body now part,
Farewell native country for ever!

IDYLLIUM.

THE PRISON.

BY DR. DARWIN.

O, welcome, Debtor! in these walls
Thy cares, and joys, and loves forego!
Approach, a brother Debtor calls,
And join the family of woe!

Did Fortune with her frowning brow
Thy late and early toils withstand?
Or Slander strike the fatal blow,
Or griping Usury's iron hand?

Say, does a wife, to want consign'd,
While weeping babes surround her bed,
Peep through, and see the fetters bind
Those hands, that earn'd their daily bread?

Does she in vain, on knees that bend,
The marble heart of Wealth implore?
Breathless pursue some flying friend,
Or beat in vain the closing door?

Look up, and share our scanty meal;
For us some brighter hours may flow,
Some angel break these bolts of steel,
For HOWARD marks and feels our woe.

A CHARACTER.

HIGH on the throne of monarchy so late
Revers'd, he sits in pomp majestical,
By nature form'd to win his way to greatness.
Prompt to conceive and undertake whate'er
With difficulty and hazard might be atchiev'd
By mortal prowess; in the braying din
Of civil strife, or on th' embattled plain,
Midst charging squadrons and the cannon's roar,
Alike undaunted he—nor for the means
Car'd, so he attain'd the height he soar'd to.
For no soft pang of pity or remorse
E'er touched his rugged bosom; witness thou
Ravag'd Ausonia, and ye fertile plains
Of Egypt, whitening with th' untombed bones
Of those his undistinguishing revenge
Gave to the edge of the sword.—Cloudy his brow,
Haggard his visage, and bespeaks a mind
Where Care and cold Mistrust for ever dwell;
Unsated Pride, and fierce Ambition, still
Hatching pernicious counsels to disturb
The peace of wasted Europe, and provoke
The storms which best uphold his doubtful sway.
Yet he can well dissemble; can disguise
His dangerous intent, confounding still
His haughty projects with the general good.
So reigns he sovran o'er a people long
By madding Faction vex'd, and dire misrule:

So reigns he—rais'd by deeds of high renown
And favouring chance, girt with the pomp of war.
But not unvisited, if Fame say true,
Of fearful thoughts, that hover round his couch,
And mar his midnight slumbers; nor secure
From vengeance ever plotting to destroy
His usurpation, and the just disdain
That loyalty and honour feel to bend
Submissive at the shrine of tyrannous power.
Nor think we that the Gods look reekless on,
While he enjoys the throne of lawful kings,
Who hath so oft blasphem'd them, and bow'd down
To monstrous deities: and a day will come
For retribution, when the hand of Heaven
Shall blast his vaunted fortune, and his sword,
Wherein he trusted, shall avenge the blood
That cries against him, proving to vain man,
That, though successful guilt triumphs awhile,
Eternal Justice will at length assert
Its rights, and pure Religion vindicate
Her holy altars and unspotted name.

A TRAITOR'S EPITAPH.

Be this dark spot for ever to verdure unknown,
For ever by Virtue and Pity untrod;
Unbreath'd be his name, and unhonour'd his stone,
The foe of his Country, his King and his God!

P. L. C.

ODE,

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

SONGSTER sweet, begin the lay,
Ever new, and ever gay;
Bring the joy-inspiring wine,
Ever fresh and ever fine.

With a heart-alluring lass,
Gaily let the moments pass;
Kisses stealing when you may,
Ever fresh and ever gay.

Gentle boy, whose silver feet
Nimbly move to cadence sweet,
Fill us quick the generous wine,
Ever fresh and ever fine.

How enjoy life's tedious hours
Without wine's seducing powers?
These will make them pass away,
Ever fresh and ever gay.

To me the sweet enchanting maid,
Charms devotes that never fade;
Charms t' inspire her poet's song,
Ever fair and ever young.

Zephyrs! while you gently move
By the mansions of my love,
Softly Hafiz' strains repeat,
Ever new and ever sweet.

JUVENIS.

SONG.

To Hope, that brightest star of Love,
I bid a sorrowful farewell,
For here within this silent grove,
As solemn tolls the evening bell,
I'll mourn his loss and sing his knell.

Or on some moss-grown turf repose,
The dewy light of morn to hail,
Where echoes oft repeat my woes,
As sadly sighs the balmy gale,
To hear my lover's funeral knell.

Spirits! if e'er you wander near
My love's unhallow'd grassy bed,
O bear this soul impassion'd tear,
To grace the relics of the dead;
And say that here you saw me dwell,
To weep and sing his funeral knell.

CAMBRIDGE.

HOHENLINDEN.

BY T. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden shew'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death, to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, by thunder riven;
Then flew the steed, to battle driven;
And, rolling like the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd their red artillery.

But redder yet their fires shall glow,
On Linden's heights of crimson'd snow,
And bloodier still the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

The combat deepens! On ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry.

'Tis morn;—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun
Where fiery Frank and furious Hun
Shout in their sulphury canopy.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every sod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

LINES,

FROM THE SPANISH OF LUPERCIO.

Thou art determin'd to be beautiful
Lyris! and, Lyris, either thou art mad,
Or hast no looking-glass; dost thou not know
Thy paint-beplaster'd forehead, broad and bare,
With not a grey lock left, thy mouth so black,
And that invincible breath. We rightly deem
That with a random hand blind Fortune deals
The lots of life, to thee she gave a boon
That crowds so anxiously and vainly wish,
Old age, and left in thee no trace of youth
Save all its folly and its ignorance.

T. Y.

VERSES,

BY DR. GLYNN,

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

TEASE me no more, nor think I care
Tho' monarchs bow at Kitty's shrine,
Or powder'd coxcombs woo the fair,
Since Kitty is no longer mine.

Indifferent 'tis alike to me
If my favorite dove be stole,
Whether its dainty feathers be
Pluck'd by the eagle or the owl.

If not for me its blushing lips
The rose-bud opens, what care I
Who the odorous liquid sips
The king of bees or butterfly?

Like me, the Indians of Peru,
Rich in mines of golden ore,
Dejected see the merchant's crew
Transport it to a foreign shore.

Seeks the slave despoiled to know,
Whether his gold, in shape of lace,
Shine on the coat of birth-day beau,
Or wear the stamp of George's face?

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, WITH A MIRROUR.

* *Attempted in the Stile of the Commencement of the Seventeenth Century.*

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

HOMAGE of a vassal's dutie,
Render'd to commandynge beautie,
Ladie fayre, accept from mee
Tribute to thy sov'rantie!—
Let this little mirroure showe
Rather what I feele than owe;—
Small and simple tho it seeme,
Thou wilt of the offerynge deeme
By it's votarie's humble harte,
Rather than it's owne deserte.
  Hither bende youre radiante eyne,
Rivall'd on this crystalle shrine,
That will shewe twinne-starres as bryghte,
Beamynge with reflected lyghte.
When youre cherub cheeke discloses
Rubied lyllies, pearled roses,

* The Author's Imitation of the ancient Orthography, may, perhaps, be deemed too *Chattertonian*.—He can only say, that his attempt was more directed at the *stile* of the Seventeenth Century, than at its *mode of spelling*. E. L. S.

In this mirroure shall you meete
Flowers as fayre, tho not as sweet.—
  Ladie, blushe not here to shewe
Love's luxuriante orbes of snowe;
Here with fearlesse hande unveile
Charmes that bashfulle maydes conceale;
To this silent frende confide
What, alasse, from mee you hide!—
  Ladie, this is Candoure's booke;
Deigne you on it's leafe to looke,
It will speake in language trewe,
What no flatterynge tongue will doe:
While with sweetelie-wytchynge grace
Dimplynge smiles adorne your face,
Here an image you shall see,
Fayrer than EUPHROSYNE:
But if angry frownes deforme
That smoothe browe with gatherynge storme,
Straighte this uncorrupted mirroure
Plainlie will reflect your erroure.—
  Ladie, feare not here to viewe
Face and minde in coloures trewe;—
Beautie's flower will fade awaye,
Virtue never knowes decaye;
This is but a childe of erthe,
That to angelles owes her birthe:—
  Ladie, guard with ceaselesse care
Virtue's blossome, sweete and rare!—
So, when threescore Summers passe,
Pictured in this faithfulle glasse,
Deck'd with innocence and truthe,
Age shall beare the bloome of youthe.—

MADRIGAL.

ATTEMPTED IN THE SAME MANNER,

BY THE SAME.

1.

'Tis not the diamonde's costlie raye,
Tho' bryghter than the starres above,
Can fixe the eye,
The harte can buy,
That pure affection's tribute paye;
With gratefulle teare,
With sigh sincere,
That bende before thyne altarre, Love!

2.

Stille let Sapphyra's harte be myne,
No other harte I seeke to move;
The tumulte loude
Of Pleasure's crowde
For *her* contented I resygne:
No other mayde
Will I persuade
To bende before thyne altarre, Love!

3.

Calmlie myne howres shall glyde alonge,
Her kyndnesse shall each care remove;
Her smile shall cheere
The tranquille yeare;
Whyle turnynge from the giddie thronge,
Serenelie gaye,
We'll pass each daye,
And bende before thyne altarre, Love!

1802.

SONG.

I saw the Spring her sweets unfold,
With dewy hands she wreath'd the bowers;
She tipp'd the verdant meads with gold,
And spread her sweet ambrosial flowers:
O'er the fair scenes thus early drest,
A mournful glance distress'd I threw;
By sorrow thrill'd, my bounding breast,
Lamented Anna prov'd untrue!

The lark with grateful joy elate,
Aloft would gleam on sunny wing;
And cheerly call his modest mate,
To hail the soft return of spring:
Each flower that put it's blossoms forth,
Begemm'd with soft pellucid dew,
Seem'd but to speak of former mirth;
Ere beauteous Anna prov'd untrue!

R. CARLYLE.

DIRECTIONS FOR A TEA VASE.

BY DR. DARWIN.

FRIEND BOLTON! take these ingots fine,
From rich Potosi's sparkling mine;
With your nice art a Tea Vase mould,
Your art! more valued than the gold!
And where proud Radbourne's turrets rise,
To bright Eliza send the prize.
I'll have no serpents round it kiss
The foaming wave, and seem to hiss;
No Naiads weep, no Sphynxes stare,
No tail-hung Dolphins high in air.
Let wreathes of myrtle round the rim,
And twisting rose-buds form the brim.
Each side let woodbine stalks descend,
And form the handles as they bend;
While at the foot a Cupid stands,
And twines the wreathes with both his hands.
Perch'd on the rising lid above,
Oh! place a love-lorn turtle-dove,
With hanging wing, and ruffled plume,
And gasping beak, and eye of gloom.
Last, lest the swelling vases shine
With siver white, and burnish fine;
Bright as the font whose banks beside
Narcissus gaz'd, and lov'd, and died.

Vase! when Eliza deigns to pour
With snow-white hand thy boiling shower,
And sweetly talks, and smiles, and sips
Thy fragrant stream with ruby lips;
More charms thy polish'd front shall shew,
Than ever Titian's pencil drew;
More than his chisel soft unfurl'd,
Whose Heaven-wrought statue charms the world.

SONG.

Fie, Damon, fie! no more pursue me,
But, if you *love*, avow your flame;
For, if you love, you'll ne'er undo me,
Nor trifle with my heart and fame.

In vain, fond youth, you thus implore me;
I see through your delusive feint,
That, while you swear how you adore me,
You'd make a sinner of a saint!

You, in soft strains and fond addresses,
Of me a deity have made;
And yet, with impious bold caresses,
Your goddess you would fain degrade.

But, till you bring a priest to bind me,
I, goddess-like, will bear the sway;
In hymen's bands you'll woman find me,
Then, Love and Damon I'll obey.

RUNIC ODE.

THE HAUNTING OF HAVARDUR.

BY C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

Son of Angrym, warrior bold,
Stay thy travel o'er the wold;
Stop, Havardur, stop thy steed;
Thy death, thy bloody death's decreed.
She, Coronzon's lovely maid,
Whom thy wizzard wiles betray'd;
Glides along the darken'd coast,
A frantic, pale, unshrouded ghost.
Where the fisher dries his net,
Rebelling waves her body beat;
Seduc'd by thee, she toss'd her form
To the wild fury of the storm.
Know, thou feeble child of dust,
Odin's brave, and Odin's just;
From the Golden Hall I come
To pronounce thy fatal doom;
Never shalt thou pass the scull
Of rich metheglin deep and full:
Late I left the giant throng,
Yelling loud thy funeral song;
Imprecating deep and dread,
Curses on thy guilty head.
Soon, with Lok, thy tortur'd soul,
Must in boiling billows roll;

Till the God's eternal light,
Bursts athwart thy gloom of night;
Till Surtur gallops from afar,
To burn this breathing world of war.
  Bold to brave the spear of death,
Heroes hurry o'er the heath:
Hasten to the smoking feast—
Welcome every helmet guest,
Listen hymns of sweet renown,
Battles by thy fathers won;
Frame thy face in wreathed smiles,
Mirth the moodiest mind beguiles.—
Yet I hover always nigh,
Bid thee think,—and bid thee sigh;
Yet I goad thy rankled breast;—
Never, never, shalt thou rest.
  What avails thy bossy shield?
What the guard thy gauntlets yield?
What the morion on thy brow?
Or the hauberk's rings below?
If to live in aguish fear,
Danger always threatening near:
Lift on high thy biting mace,
See him glaring in thy face;
Turn—yet meet him, madd'ning, fly,
Curse thy coward soul, and die.
  Not upon the field of fight,
Hela seals thy lips in night;
A brother of infernal brood,
Bathes him in thy heart's hot blood;
Twice two hundred vassals bend,
Hail him as their guardian friend;
Mock thee, writhing with the wound,
Bid thee bite the dusty ground;

Leave thee suffering, scorn'd, alone,
To die unpitied and unknown.
  Be thy naked carcase strew'd,
To give the famish'd eagles food;
Sea-mews screaming on the shore,
Dip their beaks, and drink thy gore.
Be thy fiend-fir'd spirit borne,
Where the slaves of sorrow mourn;
Wreck'd upon the fiery tide,
An age of agony abide.
  But soft, the morning-bell beats one,
The glow-worm fades; and, see, the sun
Flashes his torch behind yon hill.
At night, when wearied nature's still,
And horror stalks along the plain,
Remember—we must meet again.

INSCRIPTION FOR A BOWER.

Thou, whom the sacred love of sweet repose,
  From the vexatious cares of busy life
Hath won, with confidence approach this Bower!
Abstracted from the follies, guilt, and woes,
  That haunt too oft the crouded scene of strife,
Here may'st thou pass the calm, the blameless hour,
  While dripping rocks their limpid stores distil;
And with a gentle, soul-composing sound,
  Into the vale descends the murmuring rill;
And birds their blended song pour thro' the shades
    around.

HAFIZ.

LINES

ON VISITING THE TOMB OF DERMODY,

IN LEWISHAM CHURCH-YARD.

STILL, Red Breast*, o'er the tuneful dead,
That sweetly-soothing dirge prolong;
For his, who owns this earthy bed,
His was as sad, as sweet a song!

Unhappy Bard! the scene is past;
At length, thy mortal struggle's o'er;
But, oh! with that untimely blast,
Thy raptur'd strains are heard no more.

Beside the turf that wraps thy clay,
Shall kindred memory fondly wake,
And, spite of all thy foes can say,
Shall love thee for the Muse's sake.

O! take from one, who knows to scan
The ardent soul, the dark career;
Who feels for erring, wretched man,
O! take this tributary tear.

* These lines were composed, at the tomb of the poet, on the 8th of September, 1802. The apostrophe to the robin is not a fiction, "conjured up to serve occasion of poetic pomp;" that sweet bird, "most musical, most melancholy," was indeed warbling in a tree near the grave of poor DERMODY! Whether by accident or design I know not; but never were the remains of a bard deposited in a spot more calculated to inspire a contemplative mind with congenial and interesting feelings.

Here, where no more rude cares molest,
  But earth's sad sufferer's calmly sleep;
Here, where the "weary are at rest,"
  Shall Genius oft her vigils keep.

And Pity, with a beaming eye,—
  —Forgot the faults that laid thee low—
O'er thy cold grave shall deeply sigh,
  And mourn thy pilgrimage of woe.

Still, Red Breast, o'er the tuneful dead,
  That sweetly-soothing dirge prolong;
For his, who owns this earthy bed,
  His was as sad, as sweet a song.

P. L. COURTIER.

A REFLECTION

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET DERMODY.

Is it for this the Muse her gifts bestows?
Is it for this the fire of Genius glows?—
O! who the brilliant stores of *mind* would boast,
Purchas'd, alas! at Peace and Comfort's cost?
To live the dupe of Hope, the drudge of Care—
Wild Passion's slave—the victim of Despair;
Then, whelm'd in woes frail nature fears to brave,
To sink, dejected, to a timeless grave?
Bend, letter'd Pride, o'er DERMODY's sad urn—
Die! *Envy* die! eternal *Pity* mourn!

W. HOLLOWAY.

STANZAS *.

AWAKE, my Harp, some joyful measure!
No longer breathe a pensive strain;
Be, like my soul, attun'd to pleasure,
And never mourn again.

Awake, my Harp, some joyful measure!
'Twas LOVE that taught thy strings to move;
And LOVE now fills my soul with pleasure—
Then hymn the charms of Love!

O LOVE! some call thy musings folly,
Some call thee cruel, base, and blind;
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,
Exalted, rais'd, refin'd.

And some there are who can dissemble
The raptures of thy ardent flame;
And some poor maidens start and tremble,
If they but hear thy name.

Ah! tho' thy charms were all illusion,
Such dear deceits I still would seek!
Thy mantling blush, thy soft confusion,
Thy looks that more than speak.

* This, and the rest of the poems which the Editor has distinguished by the signature N. S. S. L. were originally published in a Novel little known, entitled the "Short Story," written by a Lady.

Thou know'st, O LOVE! how I have blest thee,
How oft for thee my heart hath beat;
How oft in sorrow I've carest thee,
And thought thy sorrow sweet.

O LOVE! some call thy musings folly;
Some call thee cruel, base, and blind;
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,
Exalted, rais'd, refin'd!

EPIGRAMS.

How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds, like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that, which he merits,
Or any merits that, which he obtains.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain!
What would'st thou have, a good great man obtain?
Place? titles? salary? a gilded chain?
Or throne of corses, which his sword had slain?
Greatness and goodness are not *means*, but *ends!*
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? *three* treasures, LOVE, and LIGHT,
And CALM THOUGHTS, regular as infant's breath:
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
HIMSELF, his MAKER, and the ANGEL DEATH!

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

THE MONODY OF TOGRAI.

FROM THE ARABIC.

When all the splendid pomp of pride declines,
In native lustre virtue brighter shines
My rising sun, meridian beams have crown'd,
And equal glory gilds its western bound;
For still, unconscious of ignoble stains,
High beats the purple tide through Hassan's veins;
Tho' far I fly from Zaura's fair domain,
Nor mine the camels on her sandy plain.
As, when corroding damps and dews impair
The sabre's temper'd edge, exposed and bare,
So now deserted by my friends, I stray
Thro' burning wastes of sand, and desarts grey;
No kind companion left to soothe my woe,
Or share my joy with sympathetic glow.
In the hot gale my quivering lances sigh,
My moaning camels piteously reply;
Harassed, fatigued, they sink with wasting pain,
While frail attendants querulous complain.
Bred in the desart sands, an Arab bold,
I keenly sallied forth in quest of gold;
And thought, when gold should all my dangers crown,
From generous deeds to claim a just renown:
For riches bid the generous mind expand,
And copious bounty ope the liberal hand:

But Time has now reversed these visions gay,
Content with safety, I forego the prey *,
Far other thoughts inspired my ardent breast,
When last I journey'd o'er this sultry waste;
Pleased, by my side, I saw my friend advance,
Of stature lofty as his tapering lance;
In mirth jocose, in counsel grave, severe
In temper'd softness, unalloy'd by fear:—
While Night emits dull Slumber's drowsy hive,
Far from his eyes their humming flight I drive;
While on their camel-sedans, all incline,
Giddy with Sleep's inebriating wine.
" Did I not call thee to a hard emprize,
" And wilt thou shrink when dangers round us rise?
" Dost sleep, while wakes yon star's refulgent eye,
" Ere yet the ambient hue of darkness fly?
" The camels urge; our journey's end draws near;
" And bold adventure still disperses fear.
" Be ours, thro' Thoal's archer-bands to gain
" The sprightly troops that camp on Edom's plain.
" Sweet maids! how graceful curl your locks of jet,
" While rubies sparkle thro' their waving net!
" The gales that round your perfum'd temples play,
" Will, by their fragrant breath, direct our way,
" Where, timorous as the fawn, you hide your fears
" Amid the thick encircling grove of spears.
" We seek the lovely maids of yonder vale,
" But lions guard where love would fain assail;

* The sentiments of the Arab, in this passage resemble those expressed by Albert, Marquis of Malespina, a famous Troubadour, at the close of the 12th century, when accused of highway robbery; " If I devoted myself to robbery, it was not from the desire of amassing riches, but for the pleasure of spending them magnificently."
Histoire des Troubadours.

" Their dauntless spearmen every fear defy,
" Warmed by the beams of each black rolling eye.
" While generous deeds their liberal minds inflame,
" Frugal and modest, blooms each beauteous dame;
" The flames these warriors on the mountains raise
" Invite the traveller by their welcome blaze;
" While Love's soft flames, which these dear maids inspire,
" Glow, in his breast, with unextinguished fire.
" Slain by these heroes in their tented halls,
" To grace the feast, the steed, the camel falls;
" Beneath the glance of each soft female eye,
" Devoid of life, their charm-struck lovers lie;
" 'Tis here, the anguish of the warrior's wound,
" In cups of honied wine, is quickly drown'd,
" And sure, if here I longer should remain,
" Some balmy breeze would mitigate my pain;
" Nor wounds, nor arrows shall my bosom rue,
" From quiver'd eyes of ample rolling blue;
" Nor shall my heart the glittering sabres dread,
" From curtain'd veils, where Thoal's maids are hid,
" Nor yet from gazels gay, that I adore,
" Shall I retreat, tho' lions round me roar."

While o'er these sands our fearless course we held,
Such glowing words my ventrous band impell'd.
Now danger drives me far from pomp and power,
To spend in drowsy sloth each lingering hour.
In drowsy sloth! but let me first prepare
To scale the regions of the desart air;
Or cavern'd deep from mortal view, to dwell
Within the centre of the earth's vast shell;
Content to leave the heights of power sublime
For those that dare the steeps of glory climb.
Content degrades the peasant's abject race,
But Fame attends the camel's hastening pace.

Then rouze my camels, let us forward haste,
And fearless plunge amid Arabia's waste;
While, as we lightly trace each sandy plain
Your curbs shall reach the swiftest courser's rein.
'Tis fame commands my wandering steps to range,
And says, that glory only waits on change,
For, would the Sun, if Glory dwelt on high,
Desert his mansion of meridian sky?
But while my steps to dangers new I bend,
Will Fortune's fickle smiles my course attend;
I call'd her once, but she disdain'd to hear,
Tho' fools alone had caught her listening ear;
Yet could intrinsic worth have gained relief,
False Fortune had not to my call been deaf.
But Hope smiles radiant o'er each future plan,
Hope, that illumes the narrow sphere of man.—
Weak Hope! wilt thou, when waning years decay,
Transcend the bliss of life's advancing day?
Ah no! when Life and Fortune's smiles were new,
Their pleasures ne'er my fixed affections drew;
My spirit, conscious of its worth innate,
Still spurn'd the base, and brav'd the frowns of Fate,
Which oft condemns in indolence to pine,
The powers, in Glory's path, that brightest shine;
As the keen sabre gleams in empty show,
Till warrior-arms impress the fateful blow.
Ne'er did I think that doom'd by Fate's decree,
These eyes the empire of the vile should see.
Now foremost creep the base in Glory's race,
Whose speed once equall'd not my slowest pace.
Such is the meed of him whose tardy age
Sees every friend desert this earthly stage;
Thus flag the brave, in Glory's fair career;
Thus rolls the Sun, beneath cold Saturn's sphere.

Then rouse, my soul, in Fate's resistless day,
Repel impatient Grief's usurping sway;
Roll'd in thyself, all aid of mortals spurn,
Nor trust a treacherous friend, his guile to mourn.
Lives there a man, the phœnix of his race,
'Tis he that spurns each feigning friend's embrace.
Truth fades, while wide the thorn of falsehood grows,
And men's false deeds their flattering words oppose;
Nor one to keep his plighted faith prepares,
Till o'er his head the burnish'd sabre glares.
Then weak the mind, unmov'd by such disgrace,
To view, with due contempt, the miscreant race;
For hosts of lies against the truth combine,
As bending curves distort the equal line.
And thou, that after youth unvext with pain,
The muddy dregs of turbid life wouldst drain;
If one poor cup thy parching thirst could slake,
Say, wouldst thou plunge in Ocean's boundless lake?
He reigns, alone, the sovereign of his soul,
Whom neither fears nor foreign cares controul;
Who hopes not, fondly, in his tented dome,
Unaltered still, to find a lasting home;
For who hath heard, or who shall ever hear
Of domes unaltered, in this changeful sphere.
Sages, who musing deep the course explore
Of things that are, and things that are no more,
Hide, in your breasts, the strange mysterious plan,
Since silence best becomes the lot of man.
Not mortal might can stay the ceaseless course
Of Fate, that rules us with resistless force.
Even you may wander from your homes exil'd,
With wayward camels, through the sandy wild.

J. L.

EDINBURGH.

ELEGY.

THE setting sun still lingers in the mead,
And gilds the landscape with his parting beam;
Yon lowing heifers 'ruminating' feed,
And gentle breezes curl the winding stream,

Along whose banks, with lingering steps, I love
To wander, musing, at the close of day.
And now perchance my Edward here may rove,
To snare, with wily skill, the finny prey.

In fancy I behold him pensive bend,
Beside the river where tall woods are seen,
And o'er the glassy surface wide extend
Their soft reflected tints of early green.

The treacherous angle quivers in his hand,
But little does the wonted sport delight;
And oft 'he gazes vacant' on the land,
And oft the starting tear bedims his sight.

Ah! at this moment does he think on me?
Does he in silent solitude deplore
That unrelenting, that severe decree,
Which harshly told us we should meet no more?

Yes! Fancy brings his image to my view,
As when indignant Fortune bade us part:
Still paints him virtuous, noble, tender, true,
Just as he look'd when first he won my heart.

Alas! to think how very short a space
Divides us now!—we both perhaps may stray
Along this river,—and I now may trace
His wandering footsteps on the chalky way.

Mournful I gaze upon the rippling tide,
And lost in anguish'd thought, I senseless cry,
'I envy thee, O stream! for thou wilt glide,
'And meet the glances of my Edward's eye.

'Should he upon thy mossy bank recline,
'Sweet winding river! murmur in his ear
'These vows sincere, these tender sighs of mine,
'And tell him thou art fraught with many a tear;

'Tell him, that though we must for ever part,
'Through time and space his image will endure;
'And still be cherish'd at my faithful heart;
'For, like thy stream, my love is deep and pure.'

N. S. S. L.

WHAT IS AN EPIGRAM?

WHAT is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

BALLAD.

Oh tarry, gentle traveller;
Oh tarry now at setting day;
Nor haste to leave this lowly vale,
For lofty mountains far away.

Oh tell me what has tempted thee
Thro' woods and dreary wilds to roam;
O tell me what has tempted thee
To quit thy lot and peaceful home.

Say, hast thou not a partner dear,
That's constant to thy love, and kind?
And wilt thou leave her faithful side,
Nor cast one sorrowing look behind?

Yon sun that gilds the village spire,
And gayly flings his parting ray,
Say, smiles he not as sweetly o'er
Thy native village far away?

Does mad ambition lure thy steps
To wander in the paths of strife?
Ah think how swift thy minutes fly!
Ah, think how short thy span of life!

For life is like yon crimson beam
  That trembles in the western skies;
Full soon, alas! its glories cease;
  It sparkles—glimmers—fades—and dies.

O waste not then thy fleeting hours
  In foreign climes and paths unknown;
Return thee to the happy plains
  That bounteous nature made thy own.

For me, nor gold, nor princely power,
  Nor purple vest, nor stately dome,
Nor all that trophied grandeur boasts
  Shall lure me from my tranquil home.

This rustic cot and silent shade
  Shall evermore my dwelling be;
E'en when my destined days are spent
  I'll rest beneath yon aged tree.

Beside the brook, a simple stone
  Shall serve to guard my cold remains,
And tell the pilgrims, as they pass,
  I died amidst my native plains.

Return then, gentle traveller,
  Return thee with the morning ray;
Nor leave again thy lowly vale,
  For distant mountains far away.

WAR HYMN

OF THE SOLDIERS OF MAHOMET.

"I see, I see a black-eyed girl of Paradise, with a green handkerchief in her hand; she points to me, and says, "Come hither quickly, come kiss me, for I love thee."

GIBBON'S ROM. HIST.

ON the verge of war we stand,
Pouring forth our fervent prayer;
Pois'd each banner, brac'd each hand,
Death or conquest all our care.
Conscious of superior might,
Panting, glowing for the fight.

In the cause of heaven we war;
Heaven beholds with favouring eye;
Dangers, carnage, death we dare;
Lift the Koran to the sky!
That shall lead to just acclaim!
That the rallying post of fame!

Power above! one gracious nod
To our fervent prayers bestow!
God of armies, thundering God!
Thou shalt lead us to the foe!
Plaudits to thy name we give,
May thy name for ever live!

Glowing with celestial ire,
Rush we furious to the field;
Thousands from our wrath retire,
Thousands bleed, and thousands yield:
We all human force defy,
We the favourites of the sky.

Shall the brave of toils complain,
Toils the radiant powers accord?
Sweet are dangers, sweet is pain,
Suffer'd for our heart's reward:
Bashful maids our suit approve,
Heightening all the zest of love.

Should some deadly wound be given,
Fall we; but again to rise!
Mounting as a spear to Heaven,
Holy warriors claim the skies:
Every bliss awaits us there,
Seas of pleasure drown our care!

Blooming, black-eyed, smiling graces
All their blissful charms bestow;
Each her amorous lord embraces,
Swooning on her breast of snow:
Rapture every sense engages,
Rapture of a thousand ages!

Power above! one gracious nod
To our fervent prayers bestow!
God of armies, thundering God!
Lead us, lead us to the foe:
Plaudits to thy name we give,
May thy name for ever live!

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

AHI 'CHE LE VILLE &c.

Ah me! vile Interest every bosom stains,
From mighty Monarchs down to simple Swains;
No more alas! to palaces confin'd,
But reigns unbounded in the Peasant's mind;
Be then this age pronounc'd the age of gold,
Since even Happiness for pelf is sold:
But thou, ignoble wretch, who first essay'd
To charm by sordid arts the venal maid;
Taught the young breast on hopes of gain to rove,
(Fair Faith neglected, and unspotted Love)
Eternal curses blast thy hated name,
Thou bane of life, of human kind the shame;
For thee no friend a monument shall rear;
For thee, ne'er heave the sigh, ne'er drop the tear;
To soothe thy ghost, ne'er shall the lyre be strung;
Ne'er shall thy name disgrace the Poet's song:
When to the turf where thy pale reliques lye,
Some neighbouring swain shall guide the wand'ring eye,
Inform the traveller what vile remains,
What hated dust, th' unhallow'd spot contains;
No honours to thy memory shall he pay,
No peaceful requiem for the manes say.
Nipt by the blasts of pestilential air,
Ne'er shall the rural verdure flourish there,

But horrid winter stretch it's dread domain,
And storms eternal desolate the plain.
'Twas Avarice first inverted Nature's plan,
And chang'd the happiness design'd for man,
Meanly corrupted Love's sublimer fires,
And sully'd all the joys of soft desires:
But mankind still with horror shall behold
The maid who prostitutes her heart for gold.

SONG *.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
Varies with the veering wind;
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale and satire witty,
Sprightly glee and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs and roundelay,
Welcome all, but do not stay;
For what have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

* Sung in the comedy of Fashionable Friends.

LAURA PENITENT.

AGAIN the sun-shine gilds my day,
Again my path is strew'd with flowers;
Bright Hope for me points out the way,
And Joy prepares his roseate bowers.

What tho' no parents my cold urn
With tears of pity shall bedew,
Since holy hands my bones shall burn,
And on my grave fresh flow'rets strew!

What though no marble shall relate
The griefs that brought me to the tomb;
For me shall guardian angels wait,
And Paradise itself shall bloom!

How vain the joys which mortals prize,
No sooner known than past away!
Like colour'd clouds which paint the skies,
And glow awhile with transient day!

Titles and honours once were mine,
And blooming health and youthful grace:
Now on my cheek the roses pine,
Now grief has blanch'd my faded face.

Once did I shine among the great,
And once was number'd with the gay;
Now grandeur leaves me to my fate,
Nor knows, nor pities, my decay.

No anxious eye on mine attends
Each rising wish to watch with care;
And whither now are fled those friends,
Who sought me young, who lov'd me fair!

Thus blooms the lily priz'd by all,
While summer suns as yet prevail;
And there neglected does it fall
Before the rude and chilling gale.

No more it claims the virgin's care,
No more her fond protection proves,
No more the shepherd may compare,
This fallen flow'r with her he loves.

Then ruthless on its faded form,
The rains descend, the tempests blow:
None seek to save it from the storm;
None ask, what laid this flow'ret low?

That I so flourish'd, and so fell,
These tears, these sighs, these lines attest;
Thus much may pale repentance tell—
Hide, blushing virtue, hide the rest.

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

FROM THE HEBREW OF MOSES.

In high Jehovah's praise, my strain
  Of triumph shall the Chorus lead,
Who plung'd beneath the rolling main,
  The horseman with his vaunted steed.
  Dread breaker of our servile chains!
  By whom our arm in strength remains,
The scented algum forms thy car:
  Our father's God, thy name we raise
  Beyond the bounds of mortal praise,
The chieftain and the Lord of war.

Far, in the caverns of the deep,
  Their chariots sunk to rise no more,
And Pharaoh's mighty warriors sleep,
  Where the Red-sea's huge monsters roar.
  Plung'd like a rock amid the wave,
  Around their heads the billows lave,
Down—down the yawning gulph they go:
  Dash'd by the high expanded hand
  To pieces, on the pointed sand,
That lines the shelving rocks below.

What lambent lightenings round thee gleam,
  Thy foes in blackening heaps to strew!
As o'er wide fields of stubble, stream
  The flames, in undulations blue:

And lo the waters of the deep
Swell in one enormous heap,
Collected at thy nostrils breath:
The bosom of the abyss reveal'd,
Wall'd with huge chrystal waves, congeal'd,
Yawns hideous as the gate of death.

" Swift steeds of Egypt, speed your course,
" And swift, ye scythed chariots, roll;
" Not Ocean's bed impedes our force,
" Red vengeance soon shall glut our soul;
" Soon shall the sabre sharp embrue
" Its glimmering edge in gory dew."—
Impatient cried the exulting foe;
When, ponderous as a mass of lead,
They sink, and sudden o'er their head
The bursting waves impetuous flow.

But THOU, in whose sublime abode
Resistless might and mercy dwell,
Our voices, high o'er every God,
To thee, the lofty lay shall swell.
Outstretch'd, we saw thy red right-hand,
The earth her solid jaws expand;
Down, down the gulph, alive, they sink,
While we, within the incumbent main,
Beheld the tumbling floods, in vain
Storm on our narrow pathway's brink.

But far as Fame's shrill notes resound,
With dire dismay the nations hear;
Old Edom's sons, in war renown'd,
And Moab's warriors melt with fear;

The petrifying tale disarms
The might of Canaan's countless swarms;
Appalled their heroes sink supine;
No mailed bands with thrilling cry
The bannered Hebrew host defy,
That moves to conquer Palestine.

Nor burning sands our course invade,
Where Nature's glowing embers lie;
But led by THEE, we safely tread
Beneath the furnace of the sky.
To fields where fertile olives twine
Their branches with the clustering vine,
Soon shalt THOU Jacob's armies bring,
To plant them, by thy mighty hand,
Where the proud towers of Salem stand;
While JAO reigns their warrior king.

Low in the deep's unfathomed caves,
The warrior's rest, of Mazur's land,
Save when the surge that idly raves,
Heaves their cold corses on the sand.
With courage unappalled, in vain
They rush'd within the channel'd main;
Their heads the billows folded o'er;
While THOU thy chosen host hast led,
Through the green Ocean's coral bed,
To ancient Edom's palmy shore. H.

The memory of the wonderful event, which this Hebrew Ode commemorates, according to Diodorus, was long preserved by tradition among the natives of the African shore of the Red Sea. The ancient Hebrew, or rather Arabic names, of different mountains or passes on the African and Arabian shores of that sea, are still retained with little variation.

"THE JOY OF GRIEF." OSSIAN.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh,
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye!

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble thro' your troubled breaſt,
Soft as Evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend, a brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms, before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes, that closed on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliss?
Did you not, with fervor frantic,
Kiss the lips, that felt no kiss?

Yes!—but when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconciled;
Anna left,—she left behind her,
One,—one dear,—one only child!

But before the green moss peeping,
His poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave the infant sleeping,
On the mother's lap was laid!

Horror then, your heart congealing,
Chill'd you with intense despair;
Can you recollect the feeling?
No,—there was no feeling there!

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on you alone!

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No,—the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of sadness,
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness,
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And when Night's prophetic slumbers
  Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
  Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother;
  Heard a dear dead father speak;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
  Felt her tears upon your cheek!

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
  You have clasp'd a consort's charms;
And received your infant smiling,
  From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
  When you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning star arising,
  Open'd heaven from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending
  Rose in ecstacy sublime;
Thither all your hopes ascending
  Triumph'd over death and time!

——Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
  Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend!—and by this token,
  You have felt "the JOY of GRIEF."

ALCÆUS.

SHEFFIELD, 1802.

STANZAS.

In dreams by night, in dreams by day,
  Methinks I see thee still before me!
Methinks I hear the faltering voice
  That whisper'd 'Laura I adore thee!'

Alas! the rapid, conscious blush
  Too soon proclaim'd what then befel me!
My downcast looks, my trembling frame,
  Told much, much more than words could tell thee.

And art thou lost? for ever lost?—
  Ah! how I wept when it was told me
That I must hear thy voice no more!
  That I must never more behold thee!—

These fruitless tears will ever fall!
  Even Hope refuses to deceive me.—
But the blank sadness that I feel,
  I will not paint—for it would grieve thee.

Yet faithful memory oft shall bring
  Thy tender words and looks to cheer me:
Still on her treasur'd hoards I'll live,
  And my fond soul shall hover near thee!

N. S. S. L.

AN EPISTLE

From Sir Charles Hanbury Williams to Mr. Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, written in the year 1745.

RARE, and more rare, my verses still appear,
I scarce produce a poem in a year;
Yet blame not, Fox, or hear me ere you blame;
My genius droops, my spirit's not the same,
My verse comes harder, and the little fire
I once possess'd, I daily feel expire.
Not as when, urg'd by your desire, I strung
My willing lyre, and bolder numbers sung;
Daring the patriot's treachery to rehearse,
'Till statesmen trembled at the impending verse.
To speak and charm in public, friend, is thine;
The silent arts of poetry are mine:
And when some striking thought affects my mind,
I rest not till to paper 'tis consign'd;
There, with a parent's fondness, I behold
My child, escap'd from Memory's treach'rous hold;
And smooth'd in verse, and harmoniz'd in rhyme,
I dream 'tis plac'd beyond the reach of time:
The torrent bears, my genius points the way;
I feel the impulse, and with joy obey.
Yet vanity did ne'er allure to fame;
I had no fondness for an author's name:

My works, like bastards, dropp'd about the town;
No author claim'd, no bookseller would own.
Ambition had no beauty in my eyes,
Verses like mine would hardly make me rise;
For every statesman hates poetic blows,
Tho' heavy on the shoulders of their foes;
And doubtful where the satire may point next,
They laugh, they fear, like, hate, are pleas'd, and vex'd.
'Twas your desire (perhaps your flattery too);
My verse, my fame (if any) springs from you:
And here I pay my tribute where 'tis due.
Your smiles were all my vanity requir'd,
Your nod was all the fame that I desir'd;
All my ambition was to gain your praise,
And all my pleasure you alone to please.
Yet Prudence will be whispering in my ear;—
A croaking voice that I detest to hear;
Whom anxious Thought preceding still we find,
And Plenty with her niggard horn behind;—
'Why would you write (she says)? forsake the Muse;
Despise her gifts, her influence refuse;
To me in all thy life for once attend,
Prudence to parts would prove an useful friend:
I know your wants, and offer you my aid,
Which still you shun, contemptuous and afraid.
Pleas'd with the praise some partial few may give,
The hate and envy of the rest you live;
Write rashly on, regardless whom you hit,
And yield to satire, when impell'd by wit.'
'Cease, goddess, cease (I cry), I'll hear no more,
I've ever been a rebel to thy power;
Your caution's right, your arguments are true,
Th' advice is good, but 'tis unpleasant too:

Vain are your toils, and fruitless is your aid,
Whene'er you strive to change what Nature made.
Turn to your altars, on your votaries shine:
See Pelham, ever kneeling at thy shrine;
Thro' you at first by slow degrees he rose,
To you the zenith of his power he owes.
You taught him in your middle way to steer,
Impartial, candid, moderate, to appear;
Fearful of enmity, to friendship cold,
Cautiously frank, and timorously bold:
And so observant, never to offend
A foe, he quite forgets to fix a friend.
Long vers'd in politics, but poor in parts,
The courtier's tricks, but not the statesman's arts;
His smile obedient to his purpose still,
Some dirty compromise his utmost skill;
In vain his own penurious soil he till'd,
In vain he glean'd from Walpole's plenteous field,
In vain th' exchequer robes around him flow,
The mantle does not make the prophet now.
' Behind him close behold Newcastle's grace,
Haste in his step, and absence in his face,
Who daily suppliant to thy temple goes,
And courts thee, goddess, as he courts his foes;
Yet, spite of all thy influence, all thy care,
His prudence always deviates into fear.
His natural gifts so low, he strives in vain
To claim a height that dulness can attain;
Which Rushout reach'd with long opposing tired,
On which thy favourite Wilmington expired;
Where pliant Dorset sits, and long has sate,
Secure from changes, and the storms of state.
' But arbitrary Fortune (who derides
Whate'er Experience frames, or Wisdom guides;

Without whose smiles, all Honour, Virtue, Worth,
Still plead in vain) presided at his birth.
Newcastle then (and yet a child,) she blest,
And rapt'rous these prophetic truths exprest:
" Tho' void of honesty, of sense, or art,
" A foolish head, and a perfidious heart,
" Yet riches, honours, power, he shall enjoy,
" Parties shall follow, monarchs shall employ:
" Great Britain's seal be to his hand consign'd,
" The ducal coronet his temples bind:
" He shall betray and lie, but all in vain,
" Spite of himself his posts he shall maintain:
" No changes shall involve my favourite's fall;
" He'll join the current, and be all to all.
" Let him but keep his outside show of power,
" He'll act with Orford, Granville, Bath, or Gower."
' Prudence, howe'er you smile, howe'er are kind,
Thy vot'ries ne'er are leaders of mankind:
Unfit to govern England's restive realm,
She asks a genius to conduct her helm,
That dares forsake thy paths, offend thy law,
Unaw'd by all the phantoms that you draw.
' Thy favourites should to Switzerland repair,
And gently rule some peaceful canton there;
Or in the neutral Adriatic state
With her inactive senators debate.
Think how thy Pelham would in Lucca shine!
And Sandys be in Marino styl'd divine!
There let them shine; but Britain's reins demand
An Orford's, or at least a Granville's, hand.
' Hence, goddess, to such supplicants repair,
Who make thy narrow rules their only care,
Whose utmost aim is barely to do well,
Taught by thy precepts never to excell:

Here I renounce thee—fly thy outstretch'd arms,
And own the Muse's more prevailing charms.
And why not own them? can't her power remove
The curse of poverty, the pangs of love,
Blunt pain's keen edge, unload the weight of care,
Hush loud distress, and mitigate despair?
Have not her smiles, when sunk in private grief,
Tun'd my disordered mind and brought relief;
Bid agonizing thought at distance wait,
Nor dare approach the Muse's sacred seat?
'Nor can she only give affliction ease;
Pleasure is hers, and hers the power to please:
She can amuse a friend's unbended hour,
And every fair one owns the Muse's power.
Have not my lays made Ilchester attend,
Berkeley approve, and Harrington commend?
Has not my verse o'er Celia's frown prevail'd?
The poet triumph'd where the poet fail'd.
'But further still her wide command is shewn,
Immortal fame attends on her alone.
In vain, without her cares, without her smiles,
The hero conquers, and the statesman toils;
Their names would soon in dark oblivion lie,
But that the Muse forbids the good to die:
She bids them live, and, from the silent tomb,
Draws forth examples for the time to come.
'Tis by her influence too, her sons survive,
And more than share the vast renown they give;
Still round the goddess different laurels grow,
To crown the hero and the poet too:
And while posterity with rapture reads
Æneas' labours, and Achilles' deeds;
Beyond all piety, all feats of arms,
'Tis Virgil pleases, and 'tis Homer charms.

Tho' more inclin'd to give desert its praise,
Yet keenest satire waits upon her lays.
Virtue and vice are both within her view;
She can reward; but she can punish too:
And from her just revenge and slighted power,
No abject state can hide, no height secure.
She from the kennel rakes up Chartre's shame,
She plucks down Bath's exalted dirty name;
Her arrows fly thro' every rank of men:—
Pelham, read this, and dread the lifted pen.
The chosen few, whose praise I strive to gain,
Still urge my song, and still approve my strain;
I dread their censure, but th' applause they give
I feel; for they can judge, but not deceive.
' Has my young Walpole, blest with truest taste,
Adorn'd with learning, with politeness grac'd,
When I repeated, thought the moments long,
Friend to the poet, partial to his song?
When Winnington, fatigued with public cares,
With me the social hours of friendship shares,
He too awakes the Muse, and bids me write,
Points out the quarry, and directs my flight.
But while I mention him, all flattery hence:—
'Twould wrong our friendship, and 'twould wrong his sense.
In him we find unite what rarely meet,
Parts join'd to application, sense with wit;
A piercing eye, a countenance erect,
Quick to invent, judicious to correct;
Warm to attack, but warmer to defend,
The fairest foe, and the sincerest friend:
Above the intrigues and windings of a court,
Acknowledged merit is his one support.

His converse, new and just delight affords,
Rich in the brightest thoughts and aptest words;
Whene'er he speaks, his audience still is charm'd,
Taught by his sense, and by his spirit warm'd.
[* ' But Orford's self I've seen whilst I have read,
Laugh the heart's laugh, and nod the approving head.
Pardon, great shade, if duteous on thy hearse
I hang my grateful tributary verse;
If I, who follow'd thro' thy various day,
Thy glorious zenith and thy bright decay,
Now strew thy tomb with flowers, and o'er thy urn
With England, Liberty, and Envy, mourn.
His soul was great, and dar'd not but do well,
His noble pride still urg'd him to excel:
Above the thirst of gold, if in his heart
Ambition govern'd, Av'rice had no part.
A genius to explore untrodden ways,
Where Prudence sees no track, nor ever strays,
Which books and schools in vain attempt to teach,
And which laborious Art can never reach;
Falsehood and flattery, and the tricks of court,
He left to statesmen of a meaner sort;
Their cloaks and smiles were offer'd him in vain,
His acts were justice, which he dar'd maintain,
His words were truth, that held them in disdain.
Open to friends, but e'en to foes sincere,
Alike remote from jealousy and fear:
Tho' Envy's howl, tho' Faction's hiss he heard;
Tho' senates frown'd, tho' death itself appear'd;

* These lines, the only part of the poem ever published, are quoted by the Rev. Mr. Coxe, in his Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole.

Calmly he view'd them, conscious that his ends
Were right, and truth and innocence his friends.
Thus was he form'd to govern and to please:
Familiar greatness, dignity with ease,
Compos'd his frame: admir'd in every state;
In private amiable, in public great;
Gentle in power, but daring in disgrace,
His love was liberty, his wish was peace.
Such was the man that smil'd upon my lays:
And what can heighten thought or genius raise,
Like praise from him, whom all mankind must praise?
Whose knowledge, courage, temper, all surprised;
Whom many lov'd, few hated, none despised.]
Here then I rest: and since it is decreed
The pleasing paths of poetry to tread,
Hear me, O Muse; receive one poet more,
Consenting bend, and pour down all thy store;
No longer constant round Parnassus rove,
But change the scene and smile on Coldbrook's grove.
Here too are limpid streams, here oaks their shade
O'er mossy turf more soft than slumbers spread.
Expression, thought, and numbers, bring along;
But, above all, let Truth attend my song.
So shall my verse still please the man I love,
Make Winnington commend, and my own Fox approve.'

THE

WANDERING SAVOYARD'S SONG.

BY MR. DIMOND, JUN.

WITHIN a silent, shelter'd spot,
Is rear'd my lov'd paternal cot:
Behind, the Alps their shadows throw,
Here crown'd with pine, and there with snow:
In front, delightful vineyards blush,
With thymy dales (where browse the flock)
Just bounded by some granite rock,
Whence water-falls in murmurs gush.
Ah! how I sorrow'd when farewell
I bade unto my *native dell!*

The wild-bee there gallanting roves,
And sucks the sweet-lipp'd flower he loves;
The pigeon weaves her downy nest,
And murmurs o'er her young at rest;
While little birds of blythest lay,
With shining wings and trilling airs,
O'ersweep the woods in love-link'd pairs,
And warble all the live-long day.
Ah faint of phrase is tongue to tell
The pleasures of my *native dell!*

And there, when moon-beams frost the green,
With mountain-pipe and mandolin,
The youths and maids on light feet hie,
To hold their rustic revelry:
And as the cates and cup pass round,
With mazy dance and merry song
They charm the early night along,
And waken all the sweets of sound.
Ah! how with joy my heart would swell,
Could I regain my *native dell!*

TRANSLATIONS OF AN EPITAPH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. SELIS.

HERE lies a man who never married,
He to the world, alas! was known
By folly and by vice alone.
Ah! on the tomb to which his Sire was carried,
Well had it been could all have read
This short memorial of the dead,
Here lies a man who never married!

WITHIN this grave a Batchelor lies,
By follies and by vices only known!
Ah! when in death his Father clos'd his eyes,
Why could there not be written on *his* stone,
Within this grave a Batchelor lies!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

TRANSLATION

FROM THE 13th BOOK OF THE GERUSALEMME LIBERATA OF TASSO.

Enchantment of the Forest, by Ismeno, the Magician.

NIGH where the Christian camp the hills inclose,
'Mid lonely vales a lofty forest rose;
Trees, old and horrid, thick beset the ground,
And shed a deep, portentous shade around.
Here, when the sun shoots down his brightest beams,
A mournful, faint, discoloured twilight gleams;
Such the dim aspect of the cloudy sky,
When day and night at morn, or evening, vie.
But when the sun is sunk, with darkness dread,
Night, clouds and mists the vast extent o'erspread;
Infernal seem the shades—they smite, all drear,
The eye with blindness, and the heart with fear.
Here never shepherd guides his flock to feed;
Nor herdsmen here their hungry oxen lead;
No pilgrim enters—but with awe-struck eye,
And pointing finger, wheels and passes by.
——Here WITCHES meet—on sailing clouds convey'd;
Each with her lover nightly seeks the shade;
Like a fierce dragon this terrific steers,
And that, in shape, an uncouth goat appears;

Assembly dire!—which baleful joys procure,
And while fallacious forms of bliss allure,
With pomp unclean and filthy rites ordain
Their impious nuptials and their feasts profane.
Thus all believe—what Syrian hand shall dare,
From the dread wood, one fatal branch to tear?
The Franks alone the dark recesses sought,
And hence the timber for their engines brought.
Here now th' ENCHANTER came—that hour he chose,
Meet for the deed!—of midnight's deep repose.
He girds his robe, and in the magic line
His circle forms, and prints each mystic sign;
One foot unshod, within th' enchanted round
He stands and mutters words of potent sound.
Thrice, with his visage turn'd the East he greets,
Thrice the far regions, where the sun retreats;
Thrice shakes the wand, which from the marble's side,
Drags forth the buried corse, and bids it glide.
Thrice with his naked foot he strikes the ground,
And thus in hideous yell his words resound.
" HEAR!—HEAR!—O YE! whom from the starry world
" The vengeful lightning of the Thunderer hurl'd!
" And YE!—wild wanderers, spirits of the air!
" Who rouse the whirlwinds, and the storms prepare:
" And YE, who torture guilty souls below,
" Fell ministers of everlasting woe!
" Ye CITIZENS of HELL! your aid I claim,
" And thine great Sovereign of the realms of flame!
" Take charge of this vast forest—instant seize,
" And guard with potent charm the number'd trees—
" As lurks the soul within the body's cell,
" In each broad trunk let separate spirits dwell;

" That the scar'd Franks may dread the wondrous
spell;
" Stay their rash strokes, nor try one plant to fell."
——Then sounds he adds, for incantation meet,
Sounds, which no human tongue may dare repeat.
Astonish'd at the voice, each lamp of night
(Dread pow'r of magic!) gleam'd with pallid light:
The moon, disturb'd, her shining horns withdrew,
And, veil'd in clouds, no more appear'd in view.
He now repeats the call, with tone severe,
" SPIRITS INVOK'D! nor do ye yet appear?
" Perchance ye wait, and thus forego th' alarm,
" For words more potent, or more secret charm;
" Tho' long disus'd, full well I know t' impart,
" Each powerful order of the magic art.
" My tongue, defil'd with blood, that NAME can
sound,
" The great, the dreaded NAME, whose note profound,
" Each trembling fiend with awful reverence fears,
" And Pluto's self is summon'd, when he hears.
" —Why dare ye thus delay?—Obey with speed—"
More had he spoke, but found the spell succeed.
Unnumber'd spirits to the wood repair;
Here speed the light-wing'd tribes that dwell in air;
And those who deep in Earth's dark womb abide,
In realms of mist and darkness doom'd to hide:
Lingering they come, for still in mind they bore,
How Michael bade them join in fight no more.
But each, so work'd the charm, his charge receives,
Dwells in the trunks, or lurks within the leaves.

MISS S. WATTS.

SONNET.

ON THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE,

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FILICAJA.

As some fond mother views her infant race,
With tender love o'erflowing while she sees;
She kisses one, one clasps in her embrace,
Her feet supporting one, and one her knees;
Then, as the winning gesture, speaking face,
Or plaintive cry explain their different pleas,
A look, a word she deals with various grace,
And smiles, or frowns, as Love alone decrees.
O'er man, frail kind, so Providence Divine
Still watches; hears, sustains, and succours all,
With equal eye beholding each that lives.
If Heaven denies, oh! let not man repine!
Heaven but denies to quicken duty's call,
Or feigning to deny, more largely gives!

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MOZARELLO.

Ye gales that gently fan the smiling sky,
And stealing from the flowers their fragrant dews,
With wiles of wanton blandishment, diffuse
The gather'd shower of odours as ye fly!
Ye verdant vales and streams that murmur by;
Fit haunts, which amorous sorrow well might chuse;
Who bad your conscious echoes to my Muse,
Each whisper'd hope, each flatter'd fear reply!
Those conscious echoes I no more to tales
Of woe shall wake; since o'er my manlier mind
Firm Reason holds again her calm controul:
Yet though no more, to lonely grief resign'd,
I wander here to weep, not less my soul
This cool, this murmur loves, these verdant vales!

††

SONNET.

After the Manner of the old English Poets.

BY MISS SEWARD.

Pass o'er it, ye, who hate in modern lays
The quaint *hyperbole* of ancient praise.

GAY trips my nymph along the green retreat,
With frolic, airy steps; and where they go
Fresh florets rise, in twice their wonted glow.
Yellower the sun-beams o'er the meadows fleet,
Or fancies fond possess me. Her light feet,
Glancing along, no other traces show.
They bend not the young grass, that springs to meet
The falling arch of evening's showery bow,
Nor bruise the emmet on her busy way;
And if the downy blow-ball * flies its stalk,
So would it fly beneath the gentlest play
Of Western winds, when, throng in tuneful talk,
Amid new leaves, each songster of the grove
Cheers, on her mossy nest his listening love.

* Ben Jonson's name for the seed vessel of the Dandelion.

SONNET *.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF THE ABBATE MONTI.

A HOLY zeal the lovely soul o'erpowers,
And bids Licoris to the cloister fly;
Forth from her eyes serene a lustre showers,
Soft as descends the paradisial sky.
LOVE vanquish'd, piqued, in idle ambush lours,
Stamping his broken arrows angrily;
On the shorn hair, discrown'd of bridal flowers,
Weeping lies scorn'd and trampled LIBERTY.
Blithe PLEASURE, too, his spangled garment shook,
Offering the spicy cup, the fragrant wreath,
And beckoning to the silky-curtain'd nook.
With bitter smile the damsel meets his look,
Closes the holy gates, and proudly saith,
" The keys in keeping I consign to DEATH."

* On a young Lady's taking the veil.

SONNET.

AH why should I at gloomy fate repine,
Though robb'd of all that health or fortune gave?
A mind sublim'd with Science still is mine,
To stem the torrent and the storm to brave.
Tho' beauty's soften'd glance, or tender smile,
Should never light my face with rapture's glow;
Fancy and Genius aid my arduous toil,
And give me pleasures worldlings never know.
O'er all the realms of Science and of Art
My fancy rambles, and my pencil glides,
And while the soft enchantment binds my heart,
Each wayward wish for trifling joys subsides.
Religion, feeling, sentiment, appear,
To heal the pang and dry the starting tear!

R. CARLYLE.

SONNET.

TO TWILIGHT.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

Meek matron, Twilight! at thy silent hour,
When slow, as loth to part, in western skies
The last fine streak of glowing crimson dies,
And Vesper hastes to lead his starry power;
When the bright dew-drop on each closing flower
Trembles, as soft the lulling zephyr sighs,
And the dull bat on uncouth pinions flies
In frequent circles round his lonely tower:
Ah, then, full dearly do I love to stray
Far from the giddy rout of Comus jolly;
With folded arms alone to bend my way,
Free from the hated din of empty Folly,
Through some faint-rustling grove, or cloister grey,
Lost in the musings sweet of sainted Melancholy.

1797.

SONNET.

How sweet the slumber of yon peasant boy,
Who on the shady bank at peace reclines,
To rest a moment from his rude employ,
While the meridian Sun thus fiercely shines!
Softly his wearied spirit he resigns
To balmy sleep, that no harsh cares destroy;
His life is toilsome, but he never pines
For better fortune, or tumultuous joy:
Thrice happy! when the maiden he loves best
At eve will listen to his tender sighs;
Thrice happy! when her image is impress'd
On the light dream that floats before his eyes.
Ah! peasant boy, I envy thee such rest
As from my troubled heart for ever flies!

N. S. S. L.

SONNET.

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

RETURNING FROM DROMORE.

LET Irish minstrels hail the Muses friend,
And mitred Percy ope his classic store,
To charm his welcome guest with ancient lore;
Whilst Taste and courteous Elegance attend,
And cloudless skies their cheerful influence lend,
Let Celtic harps convoy thee to the shore,
Hymning sad strains when thou art seen no more.
Yet speedily thy footsteps hither bend;
Come, where thy heart benign hath long been dear,
Come, from the mourner's eye the tears to wipe,
For now the red-breast with his wintry pipe,
Foretells the bitter season draweth near;
Britain no longer can her friend resign,
When rich and poor shall need benevolence like thine.

G. H. D.

EDINBURGH, OCT. 16, 1802.

SONNET.

WHILE Echo murmurs in her sea-caves dim,
Hark, the pure spirit of the vernal breeze
Pours the soft music of his vesper hymn,
Wild warbling minstrel of the moon-light seas,
Where Contemplation kneels, a vestal pale,
At Evening's altar bright in lunar beams,
These notes Eolian mingling with the gale,
Wrap the tranced soul in warm seraphic dreams.
Ah! while they swell in Summer's balmy wind,
They seem the accents of the blessed dead,
Floating in air to soothe some kindred mind,
Pining in Sorrow's dark oblivious shade,
Who loves at eve to haunt the echoing cave,
When heavenly sounds steal o'er the dashing wave.

ADELINE.

EDINBURGH.

SONNET.

TO THE MEMORY OF W. COWPER, ESQ.

By hands unseen, to shield his earthy bed,
(Where weeping Virtues o'er his cold turf bend,
And mourn the early doom of their lov'd friend)
Shall sweetest flowers of earliest bloom be spread:
Here shall the village maids and youths repair;
Here shall the kindred soul that loves to grieve,
Still linger o'er his sylvan grave at eve,
And mourn his fate: The red-breast here shall bear
The hoary moss and flowers to deck the clay,
That shields from mouldering dews the poet's breast;
While, pensive wandering through the grass-grown way,
At eve, the kindred Muse, in sable drest,
Breathes her sad dirges o'er his lifeless clay,
And hymns with sainted voice his soul to rest.

O.

SONNET.

TO THE HARP OF MARGARETTA.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

O HARP! when late thy mistress o'er thee bending
Swept thy wild strings with all a Minstrel's fire,
Tranc'd by the potent sounds, I saw the choir
Of white-rob'd Bards from Snowdon's height descending:
Graceful their port, as in the days of yore;
Mild were their eyes with rays immortal beaming;
Snowy their locks, loose to the breezes streaming;
And bright the wreaths that on their brows they wore:
And "O," they said, their voices all uniting,
"Who strikes the chords with such a master hand?
Sure 'tis some spirit of our tuneful band,
That breathes his influence o'er that form delighting:
For not in trophied halls, at festal tide,
Were heard more noble strains in Cambria's hour of pride!"

SONNET.

THE OCTOBER EVE.

What soothing pleasure does my soul receive,
When brown October tinges every tree;
I love to mark the floating mists of eve,
The mellow landscape then has charms for me.
The mists that veil the hills in tender hue,
The trees with dropping foliage brown and sere;
The distance hid in mild etherial blue,
Where streaks of tender yellow light appear.
While broken clouds skirt the bright western sky,
Besprent with gold and purpling into shade;
These beauties charm the fond enthusiast's eye,
Even till the latest streaks of day-light fade.
Visions of Fancy will the Poet weave,
While sauntering in the mild *October Eve.*

R. CARLYLE.

SONNET.

TO DEATH.

AVAUNT! grim spectre of terrific mien!
Nor touch with icy wand, nor dim *his* eyes
Who here on the sad couch of sickness lies!
Ah! cease to hover o'er this tranquil scene;
With all thy doubts, and fears, and agonies!
Go! where to smooth thy path Despair hath been;
Where thou art oft invok'd with tears and sighs;
Or pious age may greet with smile serene!
Go! to the darksome cell where maniacs rave;
To the low cradle where pale infants weep!
They have no joys to rescue from the grave,
They cannot dread thy long mysterious sleep:
But spare the pulse of life! in pity save,
While Youth and Hope enlivening measure keep.

N. S. S. L.

SONNET.

TO THE SEA BIRD.

When the rude tempest bursts the midnight sky,
And o'er a trembling world impetuous raves,
On the wild wind thou wak'st thy wailing cry,
Undaunted rider of the shelving waves!
From some lone isle, stern Desolation's throne,
Far o'er the deep thou lov'st thy flight to urge,
And while the spirits of the water moan,
Thy light form revels on the roaring surge.
And when the crashing bark the billow scales,
Hanging tremendous in the darken'd air,
When the last effort of the pilot fails,
And all is horror, wildness and despair;
Thou mark'st the wreck sink in the whelming waves,
That roll their proud heads o'er the cavern'd graves.

ADELINE.

SONNET.

AN IMITATION.

WHY thus obtrusive check my transport? Why
Stop the quick ardour of my glowing soul?
Oh! I am buoyant borne with Pleasure's bowl,
And, cloath'd in purple, laughing Revelry
Waits on me: Mirth, with all her jocund train,
That erst lay dormant, as the opening morn
First gleams, now dazzles. The dread hour forlorn
Of melancholy hence! O! join the strain,
And fill the joyous choir, let sweetest notes
Of love inspiring song soar to the skies.
Brisk Gaiety the haunts of Horror flies,
And ever on the wings of Fancy floats.
Begone, dull soul, pale Misery's bitters quaff,
Plunge deep in sorrow—*but leave me to laugh.*

LICHFIELD.

SONNET.

TO A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BOY.

O! BEAUTEOUS infant! in whose cherub face
The sweetest looks, and softest smiles appear;
In whose lov'd countenance, I think I trace
The embryo bloom, of many a future year:
Those vivid eyes that sparkle bright and blue,
The dawn of young intelligence denote;
And that sweet smile, and cheeks of rosy hue,
The bosom free from all corrosive thought.
The breast, that beats with pure affection warm,
Surveys the ills that croud our little stage;
The wild ambition of Life's morning storm,
And the keen pang that waits remotest age.
But still for thee shall Life display a charm,
Her *flowers* for youth and *honours* for the sage.

R. CARLYLE.

SONNET.

Along the pebbly shore I love to stray,
And pore upon the waves with stedfast eye;
Or watch the varying tints of parting day,
That shine reflected from the western sky:
And then the distant landscape I descry,
And white sails glittering in the dazzling ray;
Till flitting shadows veil the scenery,
Till all the fair perspective fades away:
Then long I linger on some rocky seat,
To listen to the surges as they roll
In murmuring undulations at my feet;
And oft I sigh for him who won my soul,
And shed the tear to musing fancy sweet:
A sigh—a tear—I wish not to controul.

N. S. S. L.

SONNET.

TO WINTER.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

Let happy mortals love the gaudy blooms
That deck the bosom of the laughing Spring,
And, fann'd by her warm breath, profusely fling
To the young gale their delicate perfumes;—
Stern, rugged Winter, thy congenial glooms
A mournful pleasure to that bosom bring,
Where pale Despondence spreads her lurid wing,
Which Fate severe to ceaseless sorrow dooms.
It loves, than all the vernal pride far more,
Thy storms wild-howling through the forest bare;
Thy driving snows the plains that mantle o'er;
Thy chilling mists, that dim the burden'd air:
Then Nature seems *her* sorrows to deplore,
And sympathetic feel the soul's despair.

1797.

SONNET.

Often I climb, with weary steps and slow,
  Yon rugged steep; and then I bend my way
Along the heath, while all the vale below
  Beams with the lustre of meridian day:
  Woods, rivers, lawns, and distant hills look gay,
Around my feet the purple heath-flowers grow,
  The sky-lark carols forth a cheering lay,
And on my cheek the balmy zephyrs blow:
Ah! then awhile my heart forgets to sigh
  O'er "sober certainty" and blank despair!
Hope, for a moment, animates my eye;
  And in the distant scene, with anxious care,
I trace a fane that glitters in the sky—
  Then cry with secret rapture, "*He* is there!"

N. S. S. L.

SONNET *.

Ye lovely blossoms of the opening Spring!
That paint the fruit-trees with your blushing hues,
Fann'd by the genial south wind's humid wing,
And foster'd by the evening's grateful dews,
Each morning sun your vernal health renews,
Each morning sun perceives my health decline;
Your's 'tis to bloom, and round you joy diffuse,
To droop, to wither, and to die is mine.
For Spring, nor genial sun, nor freshning gale,
With youthful strength can sickly age recruit,
And death shall o'er this tottering frame prevail,
Ere Autumn shall mature your embryo fruit.
And when I us'd to view my orchard's pride,
Ah! then its fallen lord a grassy turf shall hide.

W. G.

BANKS OF THE KEN, MARCH 20, 1802.

* Written immediately after reading Professor Stewart's account of Dr. Robertson's daily visits, during his last illness at Grange House, to the fruit trees then in blossom; and of his contrasting their progress with the event which was to happen to himself before their maturity.

SONNET.

TO HOPE.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

As the poor Sailor, wreck'd on some lone strand,
Worn out with gazing on the shoreless deep,
Sinks for awhile into the arms of Sleep,
When Fancy wafts him to his native land:—
He clasps his long-lost love with fond delight,
Hears his glad infants lisp his name once more;
He wakes—alone the Ocean meets his sight,
Nor hears he aught, save the rude billow's roar.
Thou flatterer, Hope! thus, cheated by thy wiles,
In sweet delusion have I slumber'd long,
Lull'd by the musick of thy syren song,
The powerful magic of thy winning smiles:
But now, thy transient visions lost in air,
I wake to the drear night of comfortless Despair.

1796.

SONNET.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

To go, and yet to linger on the way;
To linger, and look back, and yet to go;
To hear a syren's pleasant voice, and know
The winds of Fortune waft you far away;
To build gay fabrics in the baseless air;
Like Lucifer, to fall precipitate
From Heaven's high bliss, even to a demon's state;
To sink despairing; nor regret despair;
From Friendship's voice affectionate to fly;
Wildly to rove, and talk in solitude;
To think each passing hour eternity;
All ill expecting, nor to hope for good;
And all the hell of jealousy to prove,
Is to be absent from the maid we love.

T. Y.

SONNET.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

As when the mother, weak in tenderness,
Hears her sick child with prayers and tears implore
Some seeming good, that makes his pain the less,
Yet, with short ease! the future evil more;
Even as her fondness yields to his vain will
She hastes to gratify her sickly son—
Anticipating then the coming ill,
Sadly she sits, and weeps what she has done.
Thus have I pamper'd my distemper'd mind;
And yielded thus to Fancy's wayward mood.
Poor dupe of Fancy! self-condemn'd to find
The future anguish in the present good.—
Thus do I waste a wretched life away,
And nightly weep the errors of the day.

T. Y.

SONNET.

FAREWELL TO THE COUNTRY.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

O YE sweet haunts of Peace and Solitude!
Most loth am I to bid you now farewell,
Again to mingle with the wily brood
That mid the din of busy city dwell:
I would there were for me some quiet cell,
Where I might far from Folly's train abide;
Where never Vice might spread her magic spell,
But still Love, Friendship, and the Muse reside.
Dear, wish'd delights! were you but mine, vain Pride
Might view with scorn my cottage simply drest,
While I would pray that good might him betide,
And thank kind Heaven for an unruffled breast.
But 'twill not be—I must my lot endure,
And Patience soothe the ill she cannot cure.

AUGUST 22, 1797.

SONNET.

'THAT it should come to this!'—that I so gay
Ere Love beguiled me, now should sit and weep,
As though my heart would break; and hate the day,
And wish for night, that I awhile might steep
My aching senses in the balm of sleep:
Yet when the darkness shrouds me, oft I say,
'How long these mournful vigils must I keep?
Why lingers thus the sun's revolving ray?'
Or if I chance to close my tear-swoln eyes,
And dream of peace and happiness again;
Or should a visionary form arise,
Source of my fleeting bliss and endless pain;
Ah! when I wake, how bitter are my sighs!
What maddening fancies dart across my brain!

N. S. S. L.

SONNET.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LUPERCIO.

THE sun has chas'd away the early shower,
And now upon the mountain's clearer height,
Pours o'er the clouds, aslant, his glowing light.
The husbandman, lothing the idle hour,
Starts from his rest, and to his daily toil,
Light-hearted man, goes forth; and patient now
As the slow ox drags on the heavy plough,
With the young harvest fills the reeking soil.
Domestic love his due return awaits,
With the clean board bespread with country cates;
And clustering round his knee his children press;
His days are pleasant, and his nights secure.
Oh, cities! haunts of power and wretchedness,
Who would your busy vanities endure?

T. Y.

CHAMOUNY *.

THE HOUR BEFORE SUN-RISE.

A HYMN.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course—so long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O Chamouny!
The Arvè and Arveiron at thy base

* Chamouny is one of the highest mountain valleys of the Barony of Faucigny in the Savoy Alps; and exhibits a kind of fairy world, in which the wildest appearances (I had almost said, horrors) of nature alternate with the softest, and most beautiful. The chain of Mont Blanc is its boundary; and, besides the Arvè, it is filled with sounds from the Arveiron, which rushes from the melted glaciers, like a giant, mad with joy, from a dungeon, and forms other torrents of snow-water, having their rise in the glaciers, which slope down into the valley. The beautiful gentiana major, or greater gentian, with blossoms of the brightest blue, grows in large companies, a few steps from the never-melted ice of the glaciers. I thought it an affecting emblem of the boldness of human hope, venturing near, and, as it were, leaning over the brink of the grave. Indeed, the whole vale, its every light, its every sound, must needs impress every mind, not utterly callous, with the thought—Who *would* be, who *could* be, an Atheist, in this valley of wonders! Those who have visited this vale in their journeys among the Alps, I am confident will not find the sentiments and feelings expressed, or attempted to be expressed, in the following poem, extravagant.

Rave ceaselessly; but thou, dread mountain form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the sky, and black: transpicuous, deep,
An ebon mass! Methinks, thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It seems thy own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent form! I gaz'd upon thee,
Till thou, still present to my bodily eye,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranc'd in pray'r,
I worshipp'd the INVISIBLE alone.
Yet thou, meantime, wast working on my soul,
E'en like some deep enchanting melody,
So sweet, we know not, we are list'ning to it.
But I awake, and with a busier mind,
And active will self-conscious, offer now
Not, as before, involuntary pray'r
And passive adoration!—
Hand and voice,
Awake, awake! and thou, my heart, awake!
Awake, ye rocks! Ye forest pines, awake!
Green fields, and icy cliffs! All join my hymn!
And thou, O silent mountain, sole and bare,
O blacker, than the darkness, all the night,
And visited, all night, by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink—
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! Wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee father of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad,

Who call'd you forth from Night and utter Death?
From darkness let you loose, and icy dens,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks
For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever!
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam!
And who commanded, and the silence came—
"Here shall the billows stiffen, and have rest?"
Ye ice-falls! ye that from yon dizzy heights
Adown enormous ravines steeply slope,
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious, as the gates of Heav'n,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with lovely flow'rs
Of living blue spread garlands at your feet?
GOD! GOD! The torrents, like a shout of nations,
Utter! The ice-plain bursts, and answers GOD!
GOD, sing the meadow-streams with gladsome voice,
And pine groves with their soft, and soul-like sound,
The silent snow-mass, loos'ning, thunders GOD!
Ye dreadless flow'rs! that fringe th' eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, bounding by the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain blast!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element,
Utter forth, GOD! and fill the hills with praise!
And thou, O silent Form, alone and bare,
Whom, as I lift again my head bow'd low
In adoration, I again behold,
And to thy summit upward from thy base
Sweep slowly with dim eyes suffus'd by tears,

Awake, thou mountain form! rise, like a cloud!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit thron'd among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heav'n—
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell the rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices calls on GOD!

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

HOPE.

FROM METASTASIO.

WITH languid heats while nature burns,
Full in the sun the peasant turns
The parch'd, unyielding soil;
Nor feels the fierce, oppressive ray,
Nor heeds the long, laborious day,
So HOPE befriend his toil.—

The prisoner in his dark, damp cell,
So smiling HOPE there deign to dwell,
Forgets impending pain;
And every grief that stung his mind,
And every fear to *her* resign'd,
Sings to his sounding chain.

ELEGY.

Alas! my friend, how vainly dost thou tell me,
That Reason may tranquillity restore,
And with her soft persuasive voice impel me
To check my sorrows and to sigh no more.

Ah! rather I would ask that lenient power,
Oblivious Time, some solace to impart,
Did I not feel that each revolving hour
Binds him more firmly to my aching heart:

Or I would court the silken smiles of Pleasure,
Athwart my path a cheering beam to throw;
But no! her once lov'd sounds, in sprightly measure,
Seem all discordant to the ear of Woe.

Nor mirth, nor distant space, nor change of season,
My bosom's secret anguish can remove;
All, all are vain,—but chief thy boasted Reason,
For it was she, alas! that bade me love.

His virtues, graces, genius she repeated,
And much I gloried in the heart I won;
Nor did I blush, though easily intreated,
I scarce had seen him ere I lost my own.

For to my soul she brought the sweet conviction,
That he was noble, generous, and refin'd:
Such as bright Fancy oft pourtrays in fiction,
With every charm to fascinate the mind.

Then Reason whisper'd he could ne'er deceive me,
Or with feign'd vows of tenderness beguile;
And little reck'd I that it e'er would grieve me,
To catch his looks of love, his heavenly smile.

Even now, when adverse fortune bids us sever,
Amid my sighs and tears she brings relief:
She tells me that his heart is mine for ever,
And that his virtues sanctify my grief.

Thus the heart-rending pangs of secret sadness,
Reason has nurtur'd, but can ne'er remove:
No! she must die with grief, or rave in madness,
Ere for a moment I can cease to love!

N. S. S. L.

FROM THE ABBATE BUONDELMONTE.

UNDER Friendship's fair disguise,
Love, in smiling frolic, lies;
Or, affecting anger, now,
Furls like Scorn its wrinkled brow;
Nay, with Hatred's sullen mien,
Crafty Love is frequent seen;
Pity's face too oft it wears,
Bath'd in subtle, well-feign'd tears;
But beware Love's wanton wiles,
O! beware his tears, and smiles;
Love in every form, believe,
Still is Love, and will deceive.

ODE TO AMICUS.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

FRIEND of my heart! you ask in vain,
I cannot from my much lov'd lyre
Call forth the rapid, glowing strain;
Chill'd is the Muse's genial fire:
Sunk in profound repose she lies,
Lethean slumbers seal her eyes.

For see, no fair scene smiles around,
No warm sun bids the buds unclose;
No wild flowers sweet bedeck the ground,
No stream in tuneful murmurs flows;
No birds gay carol in the trees,
Nor sighs the foliage to the breeze:

But all is cheerless, bleak, and bare,
Save where just peeps the snow-drop's bell;
Chill fogs hang heavy on the air;
The blast raves loudly through the dell;
And wet, and numb'd, the toiling swain
Unwilling treads the miry plain.

Ask you, how I contrive to spend
  The long-protracted gloomy hours,
Since now, no more the Muse, my friend,
  Exerts her care-dispelling powers?
List: I will tell you how I strive
Far from my breast dark thoughts to drive:

If not too sternly frowns the day;
  From social breakfast, when I rise,
I to the busy city stray,
  And ask some politician wise—
What army's beat, what state must fall
Before the hateful anarch, Gaul?

But, much more do I love to meet
  The tender friends my heart holds dear:
Delighted, to their converse sweet
  I listen with attentive ear;
Till pining Sorrow sleeps awhile,
And Pleasure wakes again a smile.

There, as I gaze on Stella's eyes,
  Though mute, that eloquently speak;
Hear Laura's voice like Zephyr's sighs,
  And mark the bloom on Mira's cheek;
I think on her, the maid divine,
In whom these varied beauties join!

Should winds and clouds the day deform,
  I bid the cheering fire blaze bright,
And, shutting out the driving storm,
  From morning dawn till dusky night
I sit, like some sage wight profound,
With countless volumes scatter'd round.

Intent with curious eye, I pore
O'er many a philosophic scroll;
Search History's exhaustless store,
The deeds of elder time unroll;
See serried legions crowd the field,
And free-born states to tyrants yield.

I turn the Chian-minstrel's page,
There, brutal Diomed appears;
There stern Pelides' quenchless rage,
There sad Andromache in tears:
I sigh o'er godlike Hector's fate,
And lofty Ilion's sinking state.

Oft, rapt by Ariosto's verse,
Or his who sang on Mulla's shore,
I combat firm, with monsters fierce,
Rush to where swells the battle's roar;
Or wondering stray through fairy bowers,
Through trophied halls, and moss-clad towers.

Lo, Shakespeare waves his potent wand:
On wings of wind light spirits ride,
Embodied, at his high command,
Sons of past years before me glide:
Aw'd by the wild and solemn tones,
My soul his mighty magic owns.

With tender Petrarch, sad, I weep;
The realms of woe with Dante dare:
On venturous wing, with Milton sweep
Heaven's arch, and breathe inspiring air;
Or, hurried to the Boreal clime,
I trace the mystic Runic-rhyme.

Thus charm'd, unmark'd each moment steals,
Till roused by midnight-bell unblest,
I seek my bed;—where soft Sleep seals
My weary eyes in balmy rest;
And, glowing with each favourite theme,
I of Love, Hope, and Sorrow dream.

Inglorious now, on silent wings,
Thus moves day after day along;
But soon my lov'd lyre's slumbering strings
Will I awake; soon shall the song
Sacred to Glory's awful charms,
In rapid numbers call to arms!

1797.

EPIGRAMS.

CHARLES, grave or merry, at no lie would stick,
And taught at length his mem'ry the same trick.
Believing thus, what he so oft repeats,
He's brought the thing to such a pass, poor youth!
That now himself, and no one else, he cheats,
Save when unluckily he tells the truth.

AN evil spirit's on thee, friend! of late—
Ev'n from the hour thou cam'st to thy estate.
Thy mirth all gone, thy kindness, thy discretion,
Th' estate has prov'd to thee a most complete *possession*.
Shame, shame, old friend! would'st thou be truly blest,
Be thy wealth's lord, not slave! *possessor*, not *possess'd*.

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

THE GREEN VEIL.

SENT TO A LADY WITH HAMMOND'S POEMS.

If I, fair Maid, in plaintive strain,
Confess no anxious lover's pain;
Nor bid my sighing numbers flow,
In languid notes of mimic woe:
Think not mine eyes to beauty blind,
My heart unfeeling, or unkind,
Unfit for Love's sensations keen;
But thank your cloudy veil so green.

If, while the veil conceals your cheek,
I start not from your glance oblique;
Nor tingling through my glowing veins,
The crimson tint my face distains:
Nor yet unconscious near your side,
With motion scarce perceiv'd I glide,
To talk by fits, and pause between;
Then thank your cloudy veil so green.

If sighs of fondness half repress'd,
In secret breathe not from my breast;
Nor round my heart the languors wreath,
Which oft forbid the sigh to breathe,

Nor o'er my brow, of pallid hue,
Emerge the cold and shining dew;
Blame not, fair Maid, your faultless mien,
But thank your cloudy veil so green.

And now, when unconcern'd and gay,
I pour the jocund sportive lay,
And bid my careless heart defy
The glance of that love-kindling eye,
Still as I muse on Hammond's pain,
Who felt the woes that others feign,
Like Hammond's fate mine might have been
I think, and bless your veil so green.

L.

SONG.

FROM METASTASIO.

Believe me, dear girl, when I swear,
Though a stranger you're yet to Love's pain,
There is something too soft in your air,
Too gentle for scorn and disdain:

Though the torments of Love you mayn't know,
Yet cruel you never can prove;
For Pity, though colder than snow,
Is still the forerunner of Love.

WINTER DEFEATED.

IMITATED FROM BURGER.

SEE, where stern WINTER's icy hand
Disrobes the poplar tree:—
The fields, their May-clothes lost, all naked stand;
Their hues of red, white, blue, no more I see;
Buried in snows they sleep—and live no more to me!

Yet, flow'rets sweet, shall I for you
The sorrowing strain indite,
When I my lovely, loving charmer view
In more than all your vernal beauties bright,
With forehead white, red lip, and eyes of azure light?

Ye blackbirds whistling thro' the vale,
Ye nightingales that charm the grove,
In vain your melting notes my ear assail!
For silver-voic'd is she—the girl I love,
And sweet her breath as gales o'er hyacinth-beds that rove!

When of her lips I taste the bliss,
Full happiness I seem to meet:
More rich to me the honey-breathing kiss
Than mulberry fragrant, or than cherry sweet:
What more, then, can I wish?—In her fair spring I greet.

EVENING.

AN ODE.

HAIL, solemn visionary hour!
Thy silent, dim return I greet;
No gleam to gild yon mouldering tower,
No sound for echo to repeat.

Sweet sprite of eve! that lov'st to glide
In silence mid the twilight sky,
Whose form can only be descried
By musing Fancy's favour'd eye!

Sweet sprite! by whose aerial power
Are Fancy's finest visions wrought,
That hoverest at this fairy hour,
To prompt the soft, the pensive thought!

Sweet sprite! with whom my youth hath shed,
Full oft the tender pleasing tear,
Whose form has thrill'd my breast with dread,
What strain may please thine hallow'd ear!

With thee the raptur'd bard resorts,
To thee resigns his soul sublime,
To range mid terror's awful courts!
To glance beyond the bounds of time!

Thy milder influence too, hath taught
His soul in melting strains to grieve,
Strains that, with softest sadness fraught,
Shall gentle bosoms deeply heave.

Oh! may to *me* thine aspect wear
The sweet, the inexpressive grace
Of her my breast still holds so dear,
Of her whom Fancy loves to trace.

And when I rove the heath along,
Or mid some dark dell lingering stray,
To meditate my simple song,
Oh thou! inspire the rustic lay!

And if the mellow moon-light fall
On haunted grove, or vale remote,
O then thy fairy minstrels call
To swell the fine voluptuous note.

And when, beneath those willows' boughs,
On yon old mossy bridge I lean,
To watch the lone stream as it flows,
Restore some pleasing long lost scene.

And when, in solemn tones, the wind
Sweeps through yon abbey's crannied cells,
With dread accordance may my mind
Swell, as the deepening music swells.

But, if the dark clouds, tempest-blown,
Roll in their dreadful depth of shade,
If Night, with terrors round him thrown,
Thy calm, thy soothing reign invade,

The threatening scene I then will leave,
And to my low-rooft cot retire,
There sing thy praise, sweet sprite of Eve!
If thou my listening soul inspire.

T.

Q. C. C.

VERSES,

TO A YOUNG LADY, AT THE DOOR OF HER CARRIAGE IN HYDE PARK.

WILT thou, wilt thou really fly
From vanity and folly,
And quit their pomp without a sigh,
My own dear Dolly?

And wilt thou, wilt thou then forsake
What all the world's admiring,
Old men their last lov'd object make,
And young grow old acquiring?

From out this gaudy harness'd coach
Wilt thou step gently down?
To meet thy lover's meek approach,
Break thro' the gazing town?

And to the silent valley move
With me and Melancholy;
There live and die in lonely love,
My own dear Dolly?

GEO. SKENE.

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO THE RUINS OF DUNDRENNAN ABBEY IN GALLOWAY.

PROUD Monastery of ancient time!
That strik'st the soul with awe profound,
Whose ruin'd battlements, sublime,
Are with thick mantling ivy crown'd;
Scarce dares the rook to gaze around,
From the dread summit of thy walls,
While tumbling fragments oft resound,
Far thro' thy long arch'd echoing halls;
Where the winds howling, wild and rude,
Appal the timid heart of pensive Solitude.

Ye shrines to Superstition rear'd!
Where, in the times of gothic night,
The holy brotherhood, rever'd,
Led thro' these aisles the taper'd rite,
And now, oft in the wan moon-light,
The ghosts of full arm'd knights are seen,
Who for the cross awoke the fight,
Far on the plains of Palestine.
Now 'neath the fractur'd vault their ashes rest,
Where the long whisp'ring grass waves o'er the warrior's breast.

Alike dread ruin lords it wide,
O'er the gay seat, or humbler bower,
Destroys the temple's sacred pride,
And heaps in dust the cloud-topt tow'r.
Here, where oft in the midnight hour,
Devotion struck her silver lyre,
And praising hosts were heard to pour
Such strains as wake the soul on fire.
Now, o'er the sod that hides the slumb'ring saint,
The grey owl to the moon still breathes her hated plaint.

Yes! where the altar stood rever'd,
The lowing herd unconscious strays,
And oft the goat, with snowy beard,
Looks o'er the window's fractur'd base.
And where, oft to Jehovah's praise,
Peal'd the loud organ, long and deep,
Now on his pipe the shepherd plays,
Or on some tomb-stone falls asleep;
Nor dreams of death, tho' stretch'd o'er his cold bed,
Nor dreads the tottering walls impending o'er his head.

Halls! that to Scotia's injur'd queen,
The last sweet night of freedom gave,
Ere had she cross'd yon billows green,
That Cumbria's distant mountains lave.
Sad hour! that bade her tempt the wave,
And bore her from her natal lands,
To find no peace but in that grave
Dug by her murderer's bloody hands.
Oh! had thy walls, O shrine, her flight withheld,
Whose matchless woes alone her matchless charms excell'd!

Ye battlements! that look to heav'n,
That in your wrecks your grandeur show,
In vain six hundred years have striven,
To lay in dust that grandeur low:
And yet, full many an age must flow,
Ere shall these long arch'd vistas fall,
Tho' where chiefs sat, now thistles grow,
And nettles hide the sculptur'd wall;
And holy men have led the sacred mass,
Where the rank hemlock waves, o'er the thick-tufted grass.

Be mine, when evening's lively hues
Paint thy long aisles with glowing red,
Dundrennan! thro' thy courts to muse,
Where sleep the long forgotten dead.
Since were thy deep foundations laid
By Gallovidian Fergus' hands *,
Have twice twelve powerful monarchs sway'd
The sceptre o'er these smiling lands;
Yet thou must sink at last, destroy'd by years,
And the plow tear the soil which thy proud structures bears.

W. G.

BANKS OF THE KEN.

* The Abbey of Dundrennan, in the stewarty of Galloway, was founded by Fergus the first Lord of Galloway, who flourished in the end of the reign of Malcolm Kenmore, and lived till near the end of Malcolm IV. who died in the year 1165. Fergus founded the monastery of Dundrennan in 1142. Some chiefs are entombed in this antient structure, who fought under the banners of the cross in Palestine, during some of the crusades. It was here also that Queen Mary slept the night before she set sail for Mary-port, in Cumberland, after the unfortunate battle of Langside. This abbey is one of the most picturesque and venerable ruins in the south of Scotland.

THE THUNDER STORM.

O FOR Evening's brownest shade!
  Where the breezes play by stealth
In the forest-cinctured glade,
  Round the hermitage of Health;
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the sick and sultry plains,
  Thro' the dim delirious air,
Agonizing Silence reigns,
And the wanness of Despair:
Nature faints with fervent heat,
—Ah! her pulse hath ceased to beat!

Now in deep and dreadful gloom,
  Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black, as if the day of doom
  Hung o'er Nature's shrinking head:
Lo! the lightning breaks from high,
—God is coming!—God is nigh!

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
  As the mighty thunder rolls?
Nature, startled Nature reels,
  From the centre to the poles;
Tremble!—Ocean, Earth and Sky!
Tremble!—God is passing by!

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding place;
Should He, from his ark of storms,
Rend the veil, and shew his face,
At the judgment of his eye,
All the Universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
Hail and rain tempestuous fall;
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
Desolation threatens all;
Struggling nature gasps for breath,
In the agony of death.

God of vengeance! from above,
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember Thou art Love!
Spare!—O spare a guilty world!
Stay thy flaming wrath awhile,
—See thy bow of promise smile!

Welcome, in the eastern cloud,
Messenger of mercy still!
Now, ye winds proclaim aloud,
"Peace on earth, to man good-will!"
Nature, God's repenting child,
See thy Parent reconciled!

Hark! the nightingale, afar,
Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening star
In the rosy-tinted west;
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens paradise on high!

Cool and tranquil is the night,
  Nature's sore afflictions cease,
For the storm, that spent it's might,
  Was a covenant of peace:
Vengeance drops her harmless rod;
—Mercy is the POWER OF GOD!

ALCÆUS.

A WISH.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

THROUGH groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
  Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths, the nameless rill,
  With liquid murmurs, steals along:

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
  And lingering winds its native plain,
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
  And mingles with the boundless main.

O! let my years thus devious glide,
  Through silent scenes obscurely calm;
Nor Wealth nor Strife pollute the tide,
  Nor Honour's sanguinary palm.

When Labour tires, and Pleasure palls,
  Still let the stream untroubled lie:
As down the steep of age it falls,
  And mingle with eternity.

ADDRESS

To the Subscribers and Friends to the Literary Fund, at their Anniversary Dinner, April 1, 1802.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

In hardy Chivalry's advent'rous days,
At solemn feasts the Minstrel waked his lays:
Each trophy'd hall with tuneful echoes rung,
While godlike Chiefs and godlike deeds he sung;
Sung those famed fields where patriot Valour bled,
Where the Cross triumphed, and the Crescent fled;
Where Europe's sons, in Freedom's generous pride,
With dauntless breasts repell'd Invasion's tide.
Rapt with the strain, each Knight in Fancy's eye
Again beheld the hostile banners fly;
Again in thought, he grasp'd bright Valour's meed,
Resolved to vanquish, or resign'd to bleed.
Less proud our boast—though still Britannia's name,
Fill the wide-echoing trump of martial Fame,
Though late her gen'rous warriors, calmly brave,
Alike have triumph'd on the land and wave,
Yet oft at social boards, where Temperance reigns,
Far gentler powers attune her festive strains:
There Bounty sits enthroned; while Mirth, enshrined
With Virtue's self, conspires to bless mankind.
Then, if in nobler verse those Bards sublime,
Who told the warlike feats of elder time,

Thrill'd ev'ry heart by Fancy's rapt'rous dream;
More pure our object, more benign our theme.
Remote from factious strife, or blood-stain'd arms,
To paint meek Charity's unfading charms,
Bid gentle Sympathy direct her eyes
To those drear haunts where sorrowing Genius lies,
And kindred warmth in ev'ry breast infuse,
Those ends inspire, exalt, the humblest Muse:
A Muse, who, far from vain Ambition's claim,
Reluctant treads the dangerous paths of Fame;
Yet, call'd to Learning's aid, in Bounty's cause,
Still courts, her only meed, the HEART's applause.
Fir'd at this glorious prospect's bright display,
The glad return of this auspicious day,
She lifts her voice—and lo, with heavenly smile,
Appear the genuine VIRTUES of our Isle!
Bright HONOUR first; whose generous love of fame,
Prefers to life itself a spotless name;
Ingenuous CONFIDENCE, to Worth allied;
Who, if she errs, still errs on Candour's side;
Plain bold SINCERITY, who, firm as true,
Prompts the free thought, and bares the heart to view:
But chief that gracious heav'n-directed Pow'r,
Thy refuge, Grief, in dread Misfortune's hour.
BENEVOLENCE, whose blessings unconfin'd,
Fill the wide earth—embrace all human kind.
She first inspir'd, she saw with fond delight,
This Band in Taste and Learning's aid unite,
Smil'd on their hopes, and call'd, to bless their cause,
The GUARDIAN ANGEL of Britannia's laws;
That Spirit, who, with firm undaunted zeal,
Fills ev'ry heart that seeks the public weal;
That Power shall view, with kind complacent eyes,
Redeem'd from Want, neglected Genius rise;

Shall hail its friends, shall vindicate their claim
To stedfast * LOYALTY, to honest Fame;
Who Faction's arts disdain—her sway disown,
But guard a just, paternal, BRUNSWICK's throne!

ADDRESS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

BY SAMUEL BIRCH, ESQ.

BY Nature taught, Society began
To link in mutual compact man to man.
In earliest time the festive board was throng'd,
It sweeten'd toil, and many a joy prolong'd;
The rude repast, with fruit and herbage crown'd,
Simplicity prepar'd on sylvan ground,
When Science dawn'd, and Harmony conspir'd,
To wake the passions as the Bard was fir'd;
The Minstrel's ballad, and the choral glee,
The pointed jest—the ready repartee,
Increas'd the banquet's fascinating pow'r,
And with new graces charm'd the social hour.
But Reason felt such pleasures soon would cloy;
The heart was not partaker of the joy:
And still the restless monitor complain'd,
The illusion vanish'd, when the cup was drain'd.
At length a Stranger-Nymph in secret came,
Divinely bright—BENEVOLENCE her name;

* This alludes to some imputations which had been thrown on the principles of a book, respecting the Literary Fund, published by a Committee of the Society, by order of the Society at large, and under their general sanction.

Mirth stood aloof, abash'd, but not dismay'd,
To gaze with wonder at the immortal Maid.
Her charge was with melodious meekness given,
Her eye, all radiance, beam'd the smile of Heaven.
" Henceforth," she said, " your Patroness and Guide,
" I o'er your pleasures will unseen preside;
" No more to self-love be your joys confin'd,
" Your future luxury shall bless mankind;
" By me inspir'd, the gen'rous grape shall know
" A magic power untasted yet below."
One heav'nly tear she dropp'd within the bowl,
And new sensations sprung from soul to soul.
The blushing beverage own'd the gift divine,
A ruby now, it sparkles in the wine.
The unperishable gem still gives a zest,
Warms while it chears, exalts, yet melts the breast.
I see, I see the rapture it imparts,
I read her triumph o'er your yielding hearts;
The genial Spring's fair promise I survey,
The graceful emblem of an April day:
Whose sun, while showers distil, serenely cheers;
So Pity's eye is loveliest through her tears.
And oh! if ever Worth absorb'd in woe
Could claim that warmth, or cause that tear to flow;
'Tis when the cultur'd genius barbs the dart,
A brilliant fancy—with a broken heart.
On Want's pale cheek, when Merit's bloom refin'd,
Betrays the fatal hectic of the mind.
Whate'er or good or happiness we call,
The power of intellect supplies it all.
Whether we contemplate a nation's weal,
The bliss of others or our own we feel:
To Science all we owe—her sacred store
Makes others wealthy, though herself be poor.

Who first contriv'd the bold expanding sail,
To shift and baffle the capricious gale;
Now, like some timid nymph in maiden pride,
Conceal her charms, and coyly seem to glide;
Now in full beauty, and voluptuous ease,
Swell her white bosom to the kinder breeze?
Who gave the mariner the law to keep
His faithful reckoning on the stormy deep?
Along the pathless wave his course to trace,
Uncheck'd by darkness—uncontroul'd by space?
Not he, for whom the bark returning pours
O'erflowing treasures on fair Britain's shores.
We blush to find, perhaps, that he recedes,
Obscure, forgotten, in an hermit's weeds:
For modest Science oft is doom'd to crave,
Unpity'd by the very pomp she gave.
Tho' humbly born, how many souls are found,
Whose active genius springs o'er every bound!
And is it sin fair Learning's heights to climb!
Yet Truth must own that 'tis a sin sublime—
And he who starves—compensates for the crime!
When, by the magic of the Historian's pen,
Ages long past act o'er their scenes again;
Alternate passions kindling as they tell
What empires flourish'd, and what kingdoms fell:
How Power has dignified a villain's crimes,
How Virtue triumph'd in the worst of times:
Where Rule despis'd, led on from bad to worse,
And headstrong Freedom prov'd a People's curse.—
When the rapt Bard, sublime on Fancy's wing,
To loftiest numbers strikes the sounding string;
Takes the soul captive, as he soars along,
With splendid force and majesty of song——

Or the wan Muse, in willow garland bound,
Pours the soft anguish of some tender wound;
Makes the grove vocal with his fond despair,
Clings to his wrongs, yet loves the perjur'd fair.
Such blameless strains, to Youth and Virtue dear,
Refine the sigh, and consecrate the tear:
Sighs—that no loose unworthy passions know,
Tears—that from rectitude alone can flow.
Or when Devotion labours to reclaim
Misguided Nature from the paths of shame;
Fearless to chide: yet faithful to impart,
Immortal comfort to the sinking heart.——
When these, or such as these, transport the mind,
Illume, instruct, ameliorate mankind;
Who can deny, though little he may spare,
That these are objects worthy of his care?
And oh! by every moment, when you prov'd
The best society in Books you lov'd:
When Wit's effulgence, or when Learning's toil,
Has sooth'd one care—rais'd one approving smile;
By the soul's rapture, when your earlier days
Bedew'd with sympathy the Poet's bays:
By the corrective force of Satire's line,
The Sage's moral, and by Truth divine,
By all that strengthen'd Reason, Vice repell'd,
By ev'ry hope confirm'd, or passion quell'd:
By the bless'd shades of those neglected men,
Who sunk the famish'd Martyrs of the Pen:
Whose daily toils not daily bread could give,
Whose fame alone could by their writings live;
And, by that future hour's sublime reward,
Which all shall know, who others woes have shar'd:
Compleat the charge committed to your trust,
And be to Genius and to Learning just!

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO MASSINGER'S DUKE OF MILAN,

AS REPRESENTED AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.

BY THE LATE T. DERMODY.

WITH thunders arm'd, while o'er the trembling tide,
Awful, Britannia's wooden bulwarks ride;
While from our snowy coast, of front sublime,
The naval genius braves each ambient clime,
Bares to the rushing blast his giant breast,
And shakes the feathery foam that forms his crest;
Say, shall the banish'd Muse, with pensive grace,
Presume, once more, to shew her charming face?
Shall Fancy scatter from her hov'ring car
Fresh roses on the bleeding brow of war,
Proud, in the land of heroes, to display
The splendid honours of her earlier day,
With equal vigor, uniformly bright,
When her bards triumph'd as her chiefs could fight?
Enough of recent valour has been shewn
To prove that courage calls this isle its own:
Old NILE, affrighted at our dauntless force,
Has shrunk, recoiling to his fabled source;
ACRE's tall turrets trembled in amaze,
And either Indies testify our praise.

But ill, indeed, of later days accord
The lyre's faint numbers with the conqu'ring sword;
And as the talents of the age decay,
The soldier's laurel scorns the poet's lay.
To-night, in all the pomp of years array'd,
We raise great MASSINGER's immortal shade;
Thro' each strong scene his ardent soul pursue,
And bid his manly genius breathe anew.
Next to the wond'rous bard, whose daring hands
Unlock'd each heart, his genuine merit stands;
Admir'd by your forefathers' partial eyes,
To SHAKSPEARE's self alone he yields the prize.
Bold was his fancy, regular his rage,
Nor oft did ribaldry pollute his page:—
The scholar's skill, the poet's warmth combin'd,
Adorn'd the workings of his polish'd mind;
And MILAN's DUKE, that wooes your candid sight,
Best proves, of yore, how Englishmen could write.
Oh! for a while discard the vulgar joys
Of empty pageant, and unmeaning noise;
Let folly rant, soft opera sigh in vain:
Let sense resume her long-neglected reign:
Be to your own illustrious nation just,
And shield the wreath that crowns the learned bust.
Weak tho' my zeal may be, to lend his line
Expression chaste, or energy divine;
Ill as my pow'rs, by no fine frenzy wrought,
May body forth the beauties of his thought,
Be all my faults (the humble boon I claim)
Lost in the dazzling lustre of his name;
Kindly the honey'd dews of favour shed,
And spare the living for the mighty dead.

INSCRIPTION

ON A JUTTING STONE OVER A SPRING.

THIS sycamore, oft musical with bees,
(Such tents the Patriarchs lov'd) O long unharm'd
May all its darksome boughs o'ercanopy
The small round bason, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! still may this spring
Quietly, as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold water for the traveller
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its noiseless dance,
That at the bottom, like a fairy's page,
As merry, and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount!
Here coolness dwell, and twilight. Here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far, and find no second tree.
Here, stranger, drink! Here rest! And, if thy heart
Be innocent, here too may'st thou renew
Thy spirits, listening to these gentle sounds,
The passing gale, or ever-murmuring bees.

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

THE POOR VILLAGE MAID.

BY WILLIAM CASE, JUN.

In yon neat, lattic'd cot, from whose chimney ascending
The smoke to the west points a column of shade,
Where the jasmine and woodbine their tendrils are blending,
Dwelt Mary the orphan, a poor Village Maid.

Enshrin'd in her bosom sat innocence dawning,
Whilst the soft cherub Beauty, each feature adorning,
Bade the sweet glow of health, like the first blush of morning,
Yet heighten the charms of the poor Village Maid.

She was Grief's early victim—for Edward, her lover
(Why, visions of bliss! why so soon did ye fade?)
By a parent's harsh mandate was now a sad rover
On the salt waves afar from his poor Village Maid.

Her bosom alas! now seem'd bursting with sorrow,
Tho' Fancy from Hope oft a solace would borrow,
And timidly glance on the far-distant morrow,
That might haply bring peace to the poor Village Maid.

Ah! long was the time the fair mourner was striving
To hide what her feelings too sadly betray'd,
When tidings most dread, on a sudden arriving,
Now frenzied the brain of the poor Village Maid:

That a band of fierce negroes, the thickets wide-scouring,
Had sprung on the crew, with their number o'er-powering,
And murdering her Edward, then piece-meal devouring,
Thus blasted the hopes of the poor Village Maid.

Oft she gaz'd, as entranc'd, on the clouds that roll'd over
Th' horizon, when now day's last glories decay'd,
For there would she picture the ghost of her lover,
Invoking with smiles his poor dear Village Maid.

When at midnight the clock at the Abbey was sounding,
She would play with the ivy, its dark walls surrounding,
Then list to the echo, so dreary, resounding
The hollow-toned steps of the poor Village Maid.

If an owl cross'd her path, or an insect loud-humming,
Strangely mocking the sound, her abrupt pace she stay'd,
She would say 'twas the voice of her Edward now coming,
Again to see Mary, the poor Village Maid.

Whilst frequent she wander'd, unmeaningly singing,
Or the crowfoot, late cull'd, from her breast rudely flinging,
E'en the scarce-lisping babe, to its mother's arms clinging,
Shrunk with fear from craz'd Mary, the poor Village Maid.

With a wild fit of laughter the sense of woe scoffing,
Ah many a day to the sea-beach she stray'd,
And fancied each ship, in the dim, distant offing,
Brought the youth so belov'd by the poor Village Maid.

One morn as she sate weaving garlands of willow,
And resting her arm on yon cliff, her hard pillow,
Ah! prone to her feet rush'd an high-curling billow,
And bore to her grave the poor craz'd Village Maid!

SERENADE.

If lock'd in soft and sweet repose
(The balm which Heaven assigns to woe,)
Thy soul ideal pleasure knows,
And gentle passions calmly glow,
Still, still entranc'd in slumber lie,
Till morn invades the eastern sky.

But if contending passions tear
That bosom form'd for love alone;
If haggard Grief, and wild Despair,
Torment thee with fictitious moan;
O quit the scene of misery,
And wake, dear maid, to love and me.

J. E. HARWOOD.

ODE.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

BY J. M. GOOD, ESQ.

I HAVE felt the sweet tortures of love,
Yet ask me not these to declare;
Now the poison of absence I prove,
Yet ask me not this to declare.

I have ransack'd the world through each part,
And at length have selected my fair;
From each bosom she steals every heart,
But her name—ask me not to declare.

Her light footsteps, wherever she go,
With her ringlets perfuming the air,
From my eyes tears of joy overflow;—
'Tis a joy—ask me not to declare.

No later than yesterday night,
From her mouth, with which none can compare,
I heard words of transcendant delight—
Yet those words—ask me not to declare.

But why bite those lips? Why with hint
My fidelity question, unfair?
Yes—her red ruby lips did I print,
But her name—will I never declare.

Maid beloved! without thee, while alone
In this cot doom'd existence to bear,
Thro' each moment of absence I moan
With a grief—ask me not to declare.

Thus at length behold Hafiz, whose song
Has so frequently flow'd void of care,
Whirl'd by Love's tender passion along
With a force—ask me not to declare.

SONG

FROM MOLIERE.

Sing then, sweet birds! the woods among;
Sing, warblers sing, nor cease your song!
But with the harmonious sound,
Awake alternate in these shades
Each echo, while the distant glades
The thrilling notes rebound:
Yet, did you feel like me the pangs of love,
No more your dulcet song would fill the vocal grove.

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

AN ODE.

BY DR. DARWIN.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

DULL Atheist! could a giddy dance
Of atoms lawless hurl'd,
Construct so wonderful, so wise,
So harmoniz'd a world?

Why do not Arabes driving sands,
The sport of every storm,
Fair freighted fleets, the child of chance,
Or gorgeous temples form?

Presumptuous wretch! thyself survey,
That lesser fabrick scan;
Tell me from whence th' immortal dust,
The god, the reptile man?

Where wast thou, when this populous earth,
From chaos burst its way,
When stars exulting sung the morn,
And hail'd the new-born day?

What, when the embryo speck of life,
The miniature of man,
Nurs'd in the womb, its slender form
To stretch and swell began?

Say, didst thou warp the fibre woof?
Or mould the sentient brain?
Thy fingers stretch the living nerve?
Or fill the purple vein?

Didst thou then bid the bounding heart
Its endless toil begin?
Or clothe in flesh the hardening bone,
Or weave the silken skin?

Who bids the babe to catch the breeze,
Expand its panting breast;
And with impatient hands untaught,
The milky rill arrest?

Or who with unextinguish'd love
The mother's bosom warms,
Along the rugged paths of life
To bear it in her arms?

A God! a God! the wide earth shouts,
A God! the heavens reply;
He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky.

Let us make man!—With beauty clad,
And health in every vein;
And reason thron'd upon his brow,
Stepp'd forth majestic man.

Around he turns his wond'ring eyes,
All Nature's works surveys;
Admires the earth! the skies! himself!
And tries his tongue in praise.

Ye hills and vales! ye meads and woods,
Bright sun, and glittering stars!
Fair creatures, tell me if you can,
From whence, and what I am * ?

What parent power, all great and good,
Do these around me own;
Tell me, Creation, tell me how
T' adore the vast Unknown!

INSCRIPTION ON A HERMITAGE,

In the Centre of a Copse, intersected by irregular Walks, at Micclesfield Green, Herts, the Residence of Lord Edward Bentinck.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CALVARY.

HERE sleep, Ambition! be this cell thy tomb;—
Vanish, and give the calmer passions room.
Avaunt, vain world! this solitary grove
Nor fears thy malice, nor invites thy love.
And, though like thine its dark and winding maze
'Tangles our path, and for a while betrays,
Let patience guide, and, one ſhort trial past,
Content ſhall greet us in this spot at last.

* According to the MS. copy.

SPEDLIN CASTLE*.

A BALLAD.

HEARD ye the shriek from yonder hill?
Heard ye the hollow roar?
Ah! never shall that shriek be still,
Within the † Massy Moor.

Sir Porteous was a daring knight;
Jardine a baron bold;
Sir Porteous became his thrall in fight,
And was flung in prison-hold.

His ransom in gold was sent by sea,
And the day approached fast,
Which should set our knight at liberty—
But that day it prov'd his last.

* "One of the most noted apparitions is supposed to haunt SPEDLIN'S castle, near Lochmaben, the ancient baronial residence of the JARDINES of Applegirth. It is said, that in exercise of his territorial jurisdiction, one of the ancient lairds had imprisoned, in the Massy More, or dungeon of the castle, a person named Porteous. Being called suddenly to Edinburgh, the laird discovered, as he entered the west port, that he had brought along with him the key of the dungeon. Struck with the utmost horror, he sent back his servant to relieve the prisoner, but it was too late. The wretched being was found lying upon the steps, descending from the door of the vault, starved to death. In the agonies of hunger he had gnawed the flesh from one of his arms. That his spectre should haunt the castle, was a natural consequence of such a tragedy."
Minstrelsy, S. B. Vol. I. p. 79.

† The dungeon of the castle.

The knight awoke; the timely cock
Told how the morning wore;
No baron turn'd the massy lock,
Which secur'd his prison-door.

He listen'd till the waning light
Scarce shew'd the dungeon wall;
He listen'd through an age of night—
No foot was heard to fall.

Unworthy chief, Sir Porteous cried,
Are these thy fierce alarms?
And are the brave by hunger tried,
Whom thou hast prov'd in arms?

Or has some dire mischance assail'd
The knight who holds me here?
'Tis so—he would not else have fail'd
To bring my prison-cheer.

Loudly he call'd—the warder ran
Lamenting to the door;
" Alas! alas! thou wretched man,
" Thou art dead in Massy-Moor.

" Sir Jardine to the south is gone,
" He thinks no whit of thee;
" Nor recks, alas! that he alone
" Still kept thy prison key.

" And here be thy brothers come over the sea,
" With jewels and gold in store;
" How fondly they trusted to ransom thee!
" But they never shall see thee more."

He said—'Twas all the knight could hear;
He sank upon the ground;
His eye, unmoisten'd by a tear,
Glar'd sightlessly around.

His arms are fallen upon his knees,
His head upon his breast;
His sense benumbing horrors freeze
To slumber—not to rest

As when, to tend her only child,
Some mother, scarce awake,
Turns to the babe with action mild,
But sees a deadly snake;

So started Jardine, when the key
Appear'd below his cloak;
Upon his horse again sprang he,
And not a word he spoke.

And he has gallop'd night and day
As Pity were his steed,
Till he has measur'd back his way;—
The knight was past that need.

From the dark dungeon he is borne,
His mouth is stain'd with blood;
And from his arms the flesh is torn—
An ineffectual food.

Since when, each night, on yonder hill,
Resounds that hollow roar;
And never shall those shrieks be still,
Within the Massy-Moor.

J. BOADEN.

HYMN *.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

In Sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
At once I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

New born—I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to *be;*
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my gracious God, to thee.

O, guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

A *deeper shade* will soon impend,
A *deeper sleep* my eyes oppress;
Yet still thy strength shall me defend,
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

That *deeper shade* shall fade away,
That *deeper sleep* shall leave my eyes;
Thy *light* shall give eternal day!
Thy *love* the rapture of the skies!

* Composed about a month before his death, and dictated to Mrs. H— before he rose in the morning.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY,

Who died February 14, 1774.

WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY, 1794.

Belov'd Eliza! in the peaceful grave,
Where, undisturb'd, thy beauteous reliques rest,
Thy faithful lover's deep regret receive,
The sad o'erflowings of his aching breast,
That still, with fondest love and grief opprest,
Unceasing thinks on thee.

Fir'd with the love of thee in earliest youth,
While the high pulse of life with vigour beat,
He still preserves, with undiminish'd truth,
A heart which, stranger to the world's deceit,
With purest passion's unabated heat,
Unceasing thinks on thee.

Snatch'd, in thy opening bloom, from life, from love,
Ere yet thy bosom knew life's anxious care;
With charms that even the coldest heart might move—
Charms!—that surpass'd the fairest of the fair—
Thy lover, left a prey to deep despair,
Unceasing thinks on thee.

Though twice ten suns their annual course have run,
Since thou to happier realms hast wing'd thy flight;
Clos'd thy career, in virtue's path begun,
And chang'd this nether world for realms of light;
Yet still my soul, amidst this vale of night,
Unceasing thinks on thee.

How oft, as musing on thy moss-grown grave,
Does busy thought, with sad remembrance, trace
The time, the place, the happy chance, that gave
First to my view the beauties of thy face;
Whilst, with regret, which time can ne'er efface,
I ceaseless think on thee.

Oh! might my verse, in tuneful numbers, flow
Free as my tears, unbounded too as they,
To sing thy praises; and my poignant woe,
In mournful cadence, still should pour the lay
From the warm heart, that to its latest day,
Shall ceaseless think on thee.

Long have I hop'd and wish'd the happy hour
That shall from life and anguish set me free;
From bitter sorrows, and misfortune's power;
In blissful shades thy angel-form to see,
And free from sad regrets and misery,
For ever dwell with thee.

GAZUL.

CATULLUS. ODE XXIX.

SWEETEST isle, of lake or main,
Sirmio, with what joy again
I revisit thy dear shore;
All my wandering labours o'er.
Scarce my senses I believe,
When they tell me, nor deceive,
That not through Asia's fields I roam,
But safely view my native home.
O what more blissful, than to find
Repose from care, and ease of mind—
With foreign toil long wearied grown,—
On that dear spot, on which alone,
Our hearts are fix'd; and pleasures past
Revive, and fill our bliss at last;
That genial spot, that sacred ground,
Where youth its earliest habits found?
How sweet, within my native shed,
To press the dear deserted bed!
Such joy as this, by pain procur'd,
Repays the labours I've endur'd.
Delightful Sirmio, hail! rejoice
To hear thy master's well-known voice;
Hail his late, but glad return:
And ye, hard by, who pour your urn,
Ye waters of the Larian lake,
In your old neighbour's joy partake:
And all ye sports that home attend,
Exult, and laugh, to meet your friend.

THE PICTURE;

OR, THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

A POEM.

THROUGH weeds and thorns, and matted underwood,
I force my way; now climb, and now descend
O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with blind foot
Crushing the purple whorts *; while oft unseen,
Hurrying along the drifted forest leaves,
The scar'd snake rustles. Onward still I toil,
I know not, ask not whither. A new joy
Lovely as light, sudden as summer gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
Beckons me on, or follows from behind,
Playmate or guide. The master-passion quell'd,
I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark
The fir-trees, and th' unfrequent slender oak
Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake
Soar up, and form a melancholy vault
High o'er me, murm'ring like a distant sea.
No myrtle-walks are here! These are no groves
For Love to dwell in; the low stumps would gore

* *Vaccinium Myrtillus*, known by the different names of Whorts, Whortle-berries, Bil-berries; and, in the North of England, Blea-berries, and Bloom-berries.

His dainty feet; the briar and the thorn
Make his plumes haggard; till, like wounded bird,
Easily caught, the dusky Dryades,
With prickles sharper than his darts, would mock
His little Godship, making him per force
Creep thro' a thorn bush on yon hedgehog's back.
This is my hour of triumph! I can now
With my own fancies play the merry fool,
And laugh away worse folly, being free.
Here will I seat myself beside this old,
Hollow, and weedy oak, which ivy-twine
Clothes, as with net-work: here will couch my limbs
Close by this river, in this silent shade,
As safe and sacred from the step of man
As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,
And list'ning only to the pebbly stream
That murmurs with a dead, yet bell-like, sound
Tinkling, or bees, that in the neighb'ring trunk,
Make honey-hoards. This breeze, that visits me,
Was never Love's accomplice, never rais'd
The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,
And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek;
Ne'er play'd the wanton—never half-disclos'd
The maiden's snowy bosom, scatt'ring thence
Eye-poisons for some love-distemper'd youth,
Who ne'er, henceforth, may see an aspen-grove
Shiver in sun-shine, but his feeble heart
Shall flow away, like a dissolving thing.
Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast,
Who swells his little breast, so full of song,
Singing above me on the mountain ash.
And thou too, desart stream! no pool of thine,
Tho' clear as lake in latest summer eve,

Did e'er reflect the stately virgin's robe,
The face, the form divine, her downcast look
Contemplative, her cheek upon her palm
Supported; the white arm and elbow rest
On the bare branch of half uprooted tree,
That leans towards its mirror! He, meanwhile,
Who from her count'nance turn'd, or look'd by stealth,
(For Fear is true-love's cruel nurse) he now,
With stedfast gaze and unoffending eye,
Worships the wat'ry idol, dreaming hopes
Delicious to the soul, but fleeting, vain,
Ev'n as that phantom-world, on which he gaz'd!
She, sportive tyrant! with her left hand plucks
The heads of tall flow'rs, that behind her grow,
Lychnis, and willow-herb, and fox-glove bells;
And suddenly, as one that toys with time,
Scatters them on the pool! Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes—
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo, he stays,
And soon the fragments dim, of lovely forms,
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror; and behold
Each wild flow'r on the marge inverted there,
And there the half-uprooted tree—but where,
O where the virgin's snowy arm, that lean'd
On its bare branch? He turns, and she is gone!
Homeward she steals thro' many a woodland maze
Which he shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth,
Go, day by day, and waste thy manly prime
In mad love-gazing on the vacant brook,

Till sickly thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou
Behold'st her shadow still abiding there,
The Naiad of the Mirror!
Not to thee,
O wild and desart stream! belongs this tale.
Gloomy and dark art thou—the crowded firs
Tow'r from thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,
Making thee doleful as a cavern well!
Save when the shy king's-fishers build their nest
On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream!
This be my chosen haunt—emancipate
From Passion's dreams, a freeman, and alone,
I rise and trace its devious course. O lead,
Lead me to deeper shades, to lonelier glooms.
Lo! stealing thro' the canopy of firs,
How fair the sun-shine spots that mossy rock,
Isle of the river, whose disparted waters
Dart off asunder with an angry sound,
How soon to re-unite! They meet, they join
In deep embrace, and open to the sun
Lie calm and smooth. Such the delicious hour
Of deep enjoyment, foll'wing love's brief quarrels!
And hark, the noise of a near water-fall.
I come out into light—I find myself
Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
Of forest trees, the lady of the woods)
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
That overbrows the cataract. How bursts
The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills
Fold in behind each other, and so make
A circular vale, and land-lock'd, as might seem,
With brook and bridge, and grey stone cottages,
Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. Beneath my feet
The whortle-berries are bedew'd with spray,

Dash'd upwards by the furious water-fall.
How solemnly the pendent ivy mass
Swings in its winnow! All the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage chimneys ting'd with light,
Rises in columns: from this house alone
Close by the water-fall, the column slants
And feels its ceaseless breeze.—But what is *this*?
That cottage, with its slanting chimney smoke.
And close beside its porch a sleeping child,
His dear head pillow'd on a sleeping dog,
One arm between its fore legs, and the hand
Holds loosely its small handful of wild flow'rs,
Unfilleted, and of unequal lengths—
A curious picture, with a master's haste,
Sketch'd on a strip of pinky-silver skin,
Peel'd from the birchen bark!—Divinest maid—
Yon bark her canvass, and these purple berries
Her pencil!—See—the juice is scarcely dried
On the fine skin! She has been newly here,
And lo! yon patch of heath has been her couch—
The pressure still remains! O blessed couch,
For this may'st thou flow'r early, and the sun
Slanting, at eve rest bright, and linger long
Upon thy purple bells! O Isabel,
Daughter of Genius, stateliest of our maids,
More beautiful than whom Alcæus woo'd,
The Lesbian woman of immortal song,
O child of Genius, stately, beautiful,
And full of love to all, save only one,
And not ungentle ev'n to me!—My heart,
Why beats it thus? Thro' yonder coppice wood
Needs must the path-way turn, that leads away
On to her father's house. She is alone!
The night draws on—such ways are hard to hit—

And fit it is, I should restore this sketch,
Dropp'd unawares, no doubt—Why should I yearn
To keep the relique? 'Twill but idly feed
The passion, that consumes me. Let me haste!
This picture in my hand, which she has left,
She cannot blame me, that I follow'd her,
And I may be her guide the long wood through!

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

CHANSON BACCHIQUE.

Boy, who the rosy stream dost pass,
Fill up for me the largest glass,
The largest glass and oldest wine—
The laws of drinking give as mine.
Still must my ever-thirsty lip
From large and flowing bumpers sip:
Ye limpid streams, where'er ye flow,
Far hence to water-drinkers go;
Go to the dull and the sedate,
And fly the God whose bowers ye hate.

LINES

Placed on a venerable Oak at Rudhall.*

Ye Britons, venerate this tree,
The guardian of our liberty
Through many a distant age.
Beneath its shade the Druid rose,
And wak'd the British youth from woes
To true heroic rage.

Forth from their woods they rush'd like flame;
What time Rome's hostile legions came,
They met them at the waves;—
And who shall call the conflict vain?
They perish'd on their native plain,
Nor liv'd a race of slaves.

And still this tree, to Britons dear,
Protects our rights from year to year;
Hence are our terrors hurl'd.
Ye Britons, venerate the Oak;
Nelson from this in thunder spoke,
And shook th' astonish'd world.

While this shall flourish in the glade,
What foe shall dare our rights invade?
O lovely tree! increase:
Still spread thy bending branches far,
Protect us from the woes of war,
And shelter us in peace.

* On occasion of the visit of Lord Nelson to that place.

THE SLAVE.

Ye wild winds of Heaven how dreadful you rave,
As o'er the huge billows you sweep,
While thunder stalks forth from his echoing cave,
And lightnings illumine the deep.

The mariner starts at the heart-rending sound,
As the tempest howls loud through the sky,
While the broad-blazing welkin spreads horror around,
He breathes his despair in a sigh!

Alas! to his bosom is nature still dear?
For man does his heart dare to feel?
Can the rapture of friendship, the bliss of a tear,
To his soul with strong energy steal?

Yes! the heart-thrilling hopes of a far distant wife,
His offspring in childhood's soft bloom,
Makes the sailor still value the treasure of life,
And affrighted recoil from the tomb!

But welcome ye storms to the fetter-bound slave,
Ye thunderbolts burst on his head;
Oppression ne'er frowns on the realms of the grave,
Nor Cruelty tramples the dead!

Ye band of oppressors, yon vast mountain wave,
Now towering aloft to the sky,
Is big with destruction, no efforts can save,
Ye fiends how I smile when you die!

Dear shades of my parents I hasten to you,
Now rob'd in the glories of Heaven;
But know, to this breast, e'er I murmur'd adieu,
Revenge and dread triumph were given!

J. W.

GLASGOW.

EPIGRAMS.

OLD HARPY jeers at castles in the air,
And thanks his stars, whenever EDMUND speaks,
That such a dupe, as that, is not his heir—
But know, old HARPY! that these fancy freaks,
Tho' vain and light, as floating gossamer,
Always amuse, and sometimes mend the heart:
A young man's idlest hopes are still his pleasures,
And fetch a higher price in Wisdom's mart
Than all the unenjoying Miser's treasures.

HERE lies the Devil—ask no other name.
Well—but you mean Lord——? Hush! we mean the same.

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTÆUS.

MUTE are my chords when beauty claims the song,
Or kingly grace, or limbs of giant mould;
No grace of mine extols the honey'd tongue,
The racer's swiftness, or the gleam of gold.

My theme's the youth who views with steady eyes
The bloodiest carnage, and the grin of death;
Mid thickest battle claims the victor's prize,
And man to man disputes the laurel wreath.

Blest by his country's praise, his parent's smile,
He views the waste of life, nor feels appal,
Firm at the post, and foremost in the file,
With dauntless breast he sees his comrade fall.

With sinewy arm he stems the wave of war,
O'er adverse hosts he scatters wild dismay;
Reckless of life he guides his griding car,
Where danger frowns, amid the bloody fray.

And falls the youth?—he falls, his country's joy,—
His father's pride,—who tells each honest wound,
Points to the fissur'd buckler of his boy,
And smiles in tears, while all his praise resound.

His childrens' children, bending o'er his tomb,
Shall date their glories from his honour'd name;
Thus, wrapt in earth, he scapes the vulgar doom,
And lives for ever in the rolls of fame.

P. F.

EPITAPH,

In Chiswick Church, on a Youth of Fifteen.

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

If in the morn of life each winning grace,
The converse sweet, the mind-illumin'd face,
The lively wit that charm'd with early art,
And mild affections streaming from the heart;
If these, lov'd youth, could check the hand of Fate,
Thy matchless worth had claim'd a longer date.
But thou art blest, while here we heave the sigh;
Thy death is virtue wafted to the sky.
Yet still thy image fond affection keeps,
The sire remembers, and the mother weeps;
Still the friend grieves, who saw thy vernal bloom,
And here, sad task! inscribes it on thy tomb.

CANZONET.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

O BEST belov'd! could I but gain
The one dear boon that I implore;
I'd cease of Fortune to complain,
Nor would I ask kind Heaven for more.

I wish not realms my sway to own,
To bend and tremble at my frown;
For Care, too oft, lurks near the throne,
And lines with thorns the dazzling crown.

Let Empire break Ambition's rest;
Be far its troublous pomp from me;
I should, dear maid, be truly blest,
Were mine a tranquil cot and thee.

No splendid robes, no gems of pride,
No boundless wealth can I impart:
These toys to me has Fate denied;
But I can give a faithful heart.

Sweet maid! indeed, I would not grieve
Though I the live-long day should toil,
Might I at setting sun, receive
From thee, one tender, cheering smile.

And canst thou bid me then despair?
Ah no! to winds I fear consign:
If love and truth be worth thy care,
I sure shall one day call thee mine!

1798.

FROM THE CHINESE.

See where yon crag's imperious height
The sunny highland crowns,
And, hideous as the brow of night,
Above the torrent frowns.

So scowls the chief whose will is law,
Regardless of our state;
While millions gaze with painful awe,
With fear allied to hate.

Gay child of Spring, the garden's queen,
Yon peach-tree charms the roving sight;
Its fragrant leaves, how richly green!
Its blossoms, how divinely bright!

So softly smiles the blooming bride,
By Love and conscious Virtue led
O'er her new mansion to preside,
And placid joys around her spread.

'EPILOGUE

TO THE VOICE OF NATURE.

WRITTEN BY MR. COLMAN.

To strike the mind the Scenic Muse essays,
And levels her attacks a thousand ways,—
Suspence, surprise, sad dirges, thrilling airs,
Diction that glitters, Pageantry that glares;—
These are the Muse's feather'd shafts she flings,
To tickle judgment with the arrow's wings;
But when the Voice of Nature prompts her art,
She points the barb, and penetrates the heart.
These truths, from heavenly nature, Shakspeare knew;
She spoke, he echoed; she design'd, he drew!
Born in *her* school, bright Genius, from the bowers
Of Fancy, wreath'd his cradle round with flowers:
Now, Nature's pupil, fled by Nature's doom,
Leaves taste to scatter laurel on his tomb.
Since, then, our Drama's sun can cheer us yet,
With beams of glory from his golden set,
May not a lowly bard still catch a ray,
To light his feeble steps through Nature's way?

May not a lowly bard adopt a tale,
With truth and feeling fraught, tho' genius fail,
And make the Voice of Nature still prevail?
Where, where is nature with more force exprest,
Than in the fond babe-plunder'd mother's breast?
Where is a breast more dead to nature prov'd
Than his who sees that mother's pangs unmov'd!
That cause assails the human heart by storm,
Which pleads the ties of all in human form:
The grief-wrung female for her infant wild,
Harrows each parent, and affects each child;
Beneath your roofs her pictured anguish glides,
And brings the interest to your own fire-sides.
Britons!—to whom (though adamant in arms)
Domestic duties yield peculiar charms;—
Who, were those duties with less ardour known,
Might learn a sweet example from the Throne.—
Give your applause, to-night!—at least, be mild!
A Play, remember, is a Poet's Child.

EPIGRAM.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

BY DR. DARWIN.

WINE, women, warmth, against our lives combine;
But what is life without warmth, women, wine?

TO HIM WHO SAYS HE LOVES.

You tell me that you truly love;
Ah! know you well what love does mean?
Does neither whim nor fancy move
The rapture of your transient dream?

Tell me, when absent, do you think
O'er every look, o'er every sigh?
Do you in melancholy sink,
And doubt, and fear, you know not why?

Do you, when near her, die to say,
How much you love, yet cannot tell?
Does a look melt your soul away,
A touch, your nerves with transport swell?

Could you for her, fame, wealth despise?
In poverty and toil feel blest,
Drink sweet delusion from her eyes,
Or smile at ruin on her breast?

The charms of every other fair,
With coldness, could you learn to view?
Fondly unchang'd to her repair,
With transports ever young and new?

And tell me, at her loss or hate,
  Would death your only refuge prove?
Ah! if in aught you hesitate,
  Coward! you dare not say you love.

ROSA.

ODE TO MUSIC.

BY DR. WARTON.

QUEEN of every moving measure!
Sweetest source of purest pleasure!
Music! why thy powers employ
Only for the sons of Joy?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
Bid be still the throbbing hearts
Of those whom Death or Absence parts;
And with some softly-whispered air
Smooth the brow of dumb Despair.

ODE*.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

YES, I have said that on thy cheek
The rose and lilly sweetly blended;
Have thought whene'er I heard thee speak,
Thy voice the lute's soft tones transcended;
Have felt the magic from thy bright eyes glancing,
And gaz'd enamour'd on thy form entrancing.

Yes, I must own, from thee away,
I never aught of pleasure tasted,
But many a weary, lingering day,
In sighs, and gloomy sadness wasted;
Thy every grace in memory retaining,
For thee alone, each rival fair disdaining.

* There is such a resemblance between the thoughts in this Ode, and some of those in Metastasio's beautiful Canzonet *La Liberta*, that to prevent any imputation upon him, the Author thinks it necessary solemnly to declare, that at the time it was written, he had neither seen nor heard Metastasio's Canzonet, nor even any translation of it. The first knowledge he had of its existence, was from a literary friend, who on reading this Ode, remarked the similarity of thought in the two poems. Two persons with the same feelings, will frequently express themselves in nearly the same manner. Had the Author imitated another writer, he would have thought it a duty to acknowledge, without reserve, his obligations.

But now! no more on thee I rave,
  Peace, health, and friendship's joys neglected:
Those days are past; no more thy slave,
  I rove impassion'd or dejected:
    I see thee now, nor feel my heart high-beating,
    Nor think the hours with envious speed are fleeting.

Yet still I think that thou art fair,
  As first when love my breast invaded;
For neither sickness, pain, nor care,
  Thy beauty's peerless bloom hath faded:
    Still in each tone, each look, each smile excelling,
    A thousand nameless witcheries are dwelling.

Why then is fond affection flown?
  And dost thou ask why thou art slighted!
Lady, not form or bloom alone,
  Or tender voice, my soul delighted:
    Thy mind as matchless as thy charms believing,
    Well did I love—O, why wert thou deceiving!

1797.

EPIGRAM,

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

You hesitate if you shall take a wife:
Do as your father did—live single all your life.

THE ABORIGINAL BRITONS*.

BY THE REV. GEORGE RICHARDS, A.M.

FELLOW OF QRIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

SUBJECT.

On the State of the Aboriginal Britons previous to the Refinements introduced by the Romans.

THE ARGUMENT.

Address to the first Navigators of the South-Seas—Wild state of the country—contrasted with Italy as improved by culture—Aboriginal Britons considered as individuals—the Man—the Woman—Considered as to their national character—Their domestic state—promiscuous concubinage—ignorance of other countries—description of a day in time of peace, including the most striking circumstances of their domestic œconomy—Their wars—fondness for war—internal dissentions and their consequences—manner of fighting—behaviour after a defeat—treatment of captives after a victory—Religion—the objects, which give rise to natural religion—Druid Grove—Magic rites, and human sacrifices—Bards—Doctrines—Transmigration and immortality of the soul and its effects—Characteristics of Liberty in the savage state of this island—its extinction in the early stages of our Monarchy—its revival and influence in the present civilized state of manners, as producing public security, giving rise to public works, and calling forth the powers of the mind.

YE sons of Albion, who with venturous sails
In unknown oceans caught Antarctic gales;
Dar'd with bold prow the boisterous main explore,
Where never keel had plow'd the wave before;

* First published in the year 1791.

Saw stars unnam'd illumine other skies,
Which ne'er had shone on European eyes;
View'd on the coast the wondering Savage stand,
Uncouth, and fresh from his Creator's hand;
While woods and tangling brakes, where wild he ran,
Bore a rough semblance of primeval man—
A form like this, illustrious souls, of yore
Your own Britannia's sea-girt island wore:
Ere Danish lances blush'd with Ælla's blood;
Or blue-ey'd Saxons sail'd on Medway's flood;
Or Dover's towering cliff from high descried
Cæsar's bold barks, which stemm'd a deep untried.
Through fleecy clouds the balmy spring-tide smil'd;
But all it's sweets were wasted on a wild:
In vain mild Autumn shone with mellowing gleam;
No bending fruitage blush'd beneath its beam.
Rudely o'erspread with shadowy forests lay
Wide trackless wastes, that never saw the day:
Rich fruitful plains, now waving deep with corn,
Frown'd rough and shaggy with the tangled thorn:
Through joyless heaths, and valleys dark with woods,
Majestic rivers roll'd their useless floods:
Full oft the hunter check'd his ardent chace,
Dreading the latent bog and green morass:
While, like a blasting mildew, wide were spread
Blue thickening mists in stagnant marshes bred.
O'er scenes thus wild adventurous Cæsar stray'd,
And joyless view'd the conquests he had made;
And bless'd Italia's happier plains and skies,
Through purest air where yellow olives rise;
From elm to elm where stretching tendrils twine,
Bending with clusters of the purple vine:
While, spread o'er sunny hill and verdant wood,
Stray the white flocks, which drink Clitumnus' flood.

Rude as the wilds around his sylvan home
In savage grandeur see the Briton roam.
Bare were his limbs, and strung with toil and cold,
By untam'd nature cast in giant-mould.
O'er his broad brawny ſhoulders loosely flung
Shaggy and long his yellow ringlets hung.
His waist an iron-belted falchion bore,
Massy, and purpled deep with human gore:
His scarr'd and rudely-painted limbs around
Fantastic horror-striking figures frown'd,
Which, monster-like, ev'n to the confines ran
Of nature's work, and left him hardly man.
His knitted brows and rolling eyes impart
A direful image of his ruthless heart;
Where war and human blood-shed brooding lie,
Like thunders lowering in a gloomy sky.
But you, illustrious Fair Ones*, wont to brave
Helvellin's storms, and sport in Darwent's wave,
To your high worth submiss the savage stood,
As Gambia's lions reverence princely blood.
He made no rubied lip nor sparkling eye
The shrine and god of his idolatry;
But, proudly bending to a just controul,
Bow'd in obeisance to the female soul;
And deem'd, some effluence of the Omniscient mind
In woman's beauteous image lay enshrin'd;
With inspiration on her bosom hung,
And flow'd in heavenly wisdom from her tongue.

* Inesse enim sanctum quid et providum fœminis putant. Tac. de moribus Germ. Απαντες γαρ της δεισιδαιμονιας αρχηγους οιονται τας γυναικας. Strabo, l. 7.—What is said of the ancient German women is applied by Mr. Mason, and our early historians, to our countrywomen of earlier ages. The important offices, which they filled in the Government, so unusual in the Savage State, fully justify this application.

Fam'd among warrior-chiefs the crown she wore;
At Freedom's call the gory falchion bore;
Rul'd the triumphant car; and rank'd in fame
Bonduca's with Caractacus's name.
No tender virgin heard the impassion'd youth
Breathe his warm vows, and swear eternal truth:
No sire, encircled by a blooming race,
View'd his own features in his infant's face:
The savage knew not wedlock's chaster rite *;
The torch of Hymen pour'd a common light;
As passion fir'd, the lawless pair were bless'd;
And babes unfather'd hung upon the breast.
Such was the race, who drank the light of day,
When lost in western waves Britannia lay.
Content they wander'd o'er their heaths and moors,
Nor thought, that ocean roll'd round other shores.
Viewing the fires, that blaz'd around their skies,
Mid the wide world of waters set and rise,
They vainly deem'd, the twinkling orbs of light
For them alone illum'd the vault of night;
For them alone the golden lamp of day
Held its bright progress through the heav'n's high way.
When the chill breeze of morning overhead
Wav'd the dark boughs, that roof'd his sylvan bed,
Up the light Briton sprung—to chace the deer
Through Humber's vales, or heathy Cheviot drear.
Languid at noon his fainting limbs he cast
On the warm bank, and sought his coarse repast.
With acorns, shaken from the neighbouring oak,
Or sapless bark †, that from the trunk he broke,

* Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes.
Si qui sunt ex his nati, eorum *habentur* liberi, a quibus primum virgines quæque ductæ sunt. Cæsar de bello Gallico.

† Dio Nicæus says, that the Britons in the woods would live upon roots or bark of trees.

His meal he made; and in the cavern'd dell
Drank the hoarse wave, that down the rough rocks fell.
At eve retracing slow his morning road,
With wearied feet he gain'd his wild abode.
No city rose with spires and turrets crown'd;
No iron war from rocky ramparts frown'd:
But plain and simple, in the shadowy wood,
The shapeless rude-constructed hamlets stood:
O'er the deep trench an earthy mound arose,
To guard the sylvan town from beasts and foes.
The crackling fire, beneath the hawthorn shade,
With chearful blaze illum'd the darksome glade.
Oftimes beneath the sheltering oak was spread
With leaves and spoils of beasts the rustic bed:
In open sky he rests his head, and sees
The stars, that twinkle through the waving trees.
On his bare breast the chilling dews descend;
His yellow locks the midnight tempests rend;
Around—the empty wolf in hunger prowls,
And shakes the lonely forest with his howls:
Yet health and toil weigh down the sense, and steep
His wearied aching limbs in balmy sleep;
Till the pale twilight opes the glimmering glades,
And slowly gains upon the mid-wood shades.
  But ah! unwelcome rose the peaceful morn
On Albion's sons, for war and glory born.
  Lo! how Britannia's woods and hills resound
With martial yells, and blaze with arms around!
War is their sport: at day-spring forth they go
With spear and shield, and find or make a foe:
Join the wild fight; and with the setting sun
Bear home their plunder, and the war is done.
Twixt bordering tribes eternal discords reign'd;
Not foreign foes these native feuds restrain'd:

Else nurs'd in arms, and prodigal of breath,
And, reft of freedom, nobly wooing death,
Had Albion's warlike states united pour'd
The god-like vengeance of the patriot sword;
Julius had steer'd * with daring helm in vain
To isles embosom'd in the Atlantic main;
Nor Rome's imperial eagle, borne on high,
Had spread her pinions in our Northern sky.
Furious, as mountain beasts, the tribes engage,
With yells, and clanging arms †, and frantic rage.
Rapid the Briton hurls the bolts of war,
Mounted, like Fate, upon his scythed car!
Resistless scours the plain, and bursts the files,
As mad Tornadoes sweep the Indian isles;
The scythes and hooks with mangled limbs hung round,
Yet quick, and writhing ghastly with the wound:
Adown the madding wheels in torrents pour
The empurpled smoaking streams of human gore:
While high in air the sighs and shrieks and groans
Ascend, one direful peal of mortal moans.
Pale, panic-struck, and fix'd as in a trance,
The Romans stood, and drop'd the useless lance:
And fear'd, their venturous banners were unfurl'd
Beyond the confines of the mortal world;
And more than men, horrific in their might,
Dar'd them from Albion's cliffs to fatal fight.
Thus fought Britannia's sons:—but when o'erthrown,
More keen and fierce the flame of freedom shone.
Ye woods, whose cold and lengthen'd tracts of shade
Rose on the day, when sun and stars were made;

* Vide Tacitus.

† Their arms are a shield and short spear, in the lower end whereof is a piece of brass, like an apple, that by shaking it they may terrify the enemy.—Camden's Britannia, taken from Dio Nicæus, out of Xiphilin's Epitome.

Waves of Lodore, that from the mountain's brow
Tumble your flood, and shake the vale below;
Majestic Skiddaw, round whose trackless steep
Mid the bright sun-shine darksome tempests sweep;
To you the patriot fled: his native land
He spurn'd, when proffer'd by a conqueror's hand:
In you to roam at large: to lay his head
On the bleak rock, unclad, unhous'd, unfed:
Hid in the aguish fen * whole day to rest,
The numbing waters gather'd round his breast:
To see Despondence cloud each rising morn,
And dark Despair hang o'er the years unborn:
Yet here, ev'n here, he greatly dar'd to lie,
And drain the luscious dregs of liberty;
Outcast of nature, fainting, wasted, wan,
To breathe an air his own, and live a Man.
But when with conquest crown'd †, he taught his foes,
What free-born man on free-born man bestows,
He, in the pride and insolence of war,
Ne'er bound the indignant captive to his car;
Nor with ignoble toils or servile chains
Debas'd the blood, that swells the hero's veins;
Nor meanly barter'd for unworthy gold
The soul, that animates the human mould:
But reverenc'd kindred valour, though o'erthrown;
Disdain'd to hear a warrior meanly moan;
Gave him to die; and by the generous blow
Restor'd that freedom he had loft below.

* Many ancient writers assert, that the Britons in their retreat would hide themselves in the bogs up to their chins in water.—Dio Nicæus, &c. &c.

† For the train of thought through this paragraph, the author is indebted to a speech of Caractacus in Mr. Mason's Tragedy.

For simple nature taught his soul to rise
To nobler powers, and realms beyond the skies.
Though to his view the Almighty Voice had ne'er
Stay'd the proud sun amid his bright career;
Pour'd from the flinty rock the crystal stream;
Or shed on sightless eyes the gladsome beam;
Bad the deep waters of the main divide,
And ope an highway through the pathless tide;
Or stiffen'd corses, cold and pale in death,
Blush with new life, and heave again with breath!
Yet gazing round him he beheld the God
Hold in all Nature's works his dread abode:
He saw him beaming in the silver moon,
Effulgent burning in the blaze of noon,
On the dark bosom of the storm reclin'd,
Speaking in thunder, riding on the wind,
And, 'mid the earthquake's awful riot hurl'd,
Shaking the deep foundations of the world.
Hence Superstition sprung in elder time,
Wild as the soil, and gloomy as the clime.
Midst rocks and wastes the Grove tremendous rose:
O'er the rude altars hung in dread repose
A twilight pale; like the dim sickly noon,
When the mid-sun retires behind the moon.
From sounding caverns rush'd the darksome flood;
Each antique trunk was stain'd with human blood.
'Twas sung *, that birds in terror fled the shade;
That lightnings harmless round the branches play'd;
And, in the hour of fate, the Central Oak
Shook with the spirit of the god, and spoke.
The Roman check'd awhile his conquering band,
And dropt the imperial Eagle from his hand;

* Vide Lucan's Description of a Druid's Grove. B. 3.

And seem'd, while shuddering borne through Mona's wood,
To tread the confines of the Stygian flood.
What direful rites these gloomy haunts disgrace,
Bane of the mind, and shame of man's high race!
'Twas deem'd, the circles of the waving wand,
The mystic figures, and the muttering band,
Held o'er all Nature's works as powerful sway,
As the great Lord and Maker of the day.
Rocks, by infernal spells and magic prayer,
Shook from their base, and trembled high in air.
The blasted stars their fading light withdrew;
The labouring moon shed down a baleful dew;
Spirits of hell aerial dances led;
And rifted graves gave up the pale cold dead.
Imperial Man, creation's Lord and Pride,
To crown the sacrificial horrors, died:
That Hesus, direly pleas'd, in joyous mood,
Might flesh their swords, and glut their scythes with blood;
And Taranis, amidst his tempests, smile,
And roll innocuous thunders o'er their isle.
By rites thus dread the Druid Priests impress'd
A sacred horror on the savage breast.
Hail heav'n-born Seers, whose magic fingers strung
The Cambrian lyre; who Locrine's triumphs sung
To the dark haunts of Snowdon's icy caves,
Plinlimmon's cliffs, and Deva's haunted waves;
Or where, as Vaga roll'd her winding flood,
High on the grey rocks wav'd the hanging wood.
Ye, wandering frequent by romantic streams,
With harps *, that glitter'd to the moon's pale beams,

* For the image in this line the author is indebted to Mr. Mason's Caractacus.

Sooth'd by your midnight hymns the warrior's ghost,
Whose cold bones whiten'd Arvon's dreary coast.
Ye sung the courses of the wandering moon;
The sun-beam darken'd in the blaze of noon;
The stars unerring in their glittering spheres;
The sure procession of the circling years;
And the dread Powers, that rule the world on high,
And hold celestial synods in the sky.
When hostile nations met with barbarous clang,
And the wild heath with yelling squadrons rang;
When beams of light from serried lances stream'd;
And vivid flashes o'er the high heavens gleam'd:
Fir'd by your magic songs, the Briton pour'd
A tenfold fury; dar'd the uplifted sword;
Envy'd the shades of chiefs in battle slain;
And burn'd to join them on the etherial plain.
For warrior souls, ye sung, would deathless bloom,
When the cold limbs lay mouldering in the tomb:
From the pale stiffning corses wing their flight,
And rise in kindred mould to life and light;
Again in arms fill the dire yell of war;
Again to havoc drive the scythed car,
Till earth and air and seas should sink in flame,
The fiery deluge melting Nature's frame:
When, amidst blazing orbs, the warrior-soul,
Borne through the milky way and starry pole,
Would painless tenant through eternal years
Mansions of purest bliss in brighter spheres:
In martial sports engage its kindred shades,
Tame the wild steeds, and brandish gleaming blades:
Or on the clouds reclin'd, with breast on fire,
List the heroic strains of Cadwall's lyre;
In Mador's verse renew its mortal toils;
And shine through Hoel's songs in hostile spoils.

In Albion's ancient days, midst northern snows,
Hardy and bold, immortal FREEDOM rose.
She roam'd the sounding margin of the deep,
Conway's wild bank, and Cader's craggy steep:
A bloody wolf-skin o'er her back was spread;
An axe she bore; and wild weeds * grac'd her head.
On Snowdon's cliffs reclin'd she watch'd on high
The tempest-driven clouds, that cross'd the sky;
Or caught with listening ear the sounding gale,
When the dread war-song shook the distant dale.
At battle's close she roam'd the ensanguin'd plain,
And gaz'd the threatening aspects of the slain.
Now from ignoble sloth she rarely rose,
For savage freedom sinks to mute repose;
Now to wild joys, and the bowl's maddening powers
Gave up the torpid sense and listless hours;
Now joyful saw the naked sword display'd,
Though brother's blood flow'd reeking from the blade.
By tyrants sunk she rose more proudly great,
As ocean swells indignant in the strait;
And, borne in chains † from Cambria's mountains bleak,
Rais'd virtue's generous blush on Cæsar's cheek.
But ah! full many a dark and stormy year
She dropt o'er Albion's isle the patriot tear.
Retir'd to mountains from the craggy dell
She caught the Norman curfeu's tyrant knell:
Sad to her view the Baron's castle frown'd
Bold from the steep, and aw'd the plains around:
She sorrowing heard the papal thunders roll,
And mourn'd the ignoble bondage of the soul:

* Vide Chatterton's Ode to Freedom.

† Vide Tacitus's account of Caractacus at the throne of Claudius.

She blush'd, O Cromwell, blush'd at Charles's doom;
And wept, misguided Sidney, o'er thy tomb.
But now reviv'd she boasts a purer cause,
Refin'd by science, form'd by generous laws:
High hangs her helmet in the banner'd hall,
Nor sounds her clarion but at honor's call.
Now walks the land with olive chaplets crown'd,
Exalting worth, and beaming safety round:
With secret joy and conscious pride admires
The patriot spirit, which herself inspires:
Sees barren wastes with unknown fruitage bloom;
Sees Labour bending patient o'er the loom;
Sees Science rove through academic bowers;
And peopled cities lift their spiry towers:
Trade swells her sails, wherever ocean rolls,
Glows at the line, and freezes at the poles:
While through unwater'd plains and wondering meads
Waves not its own the obedient River leads.
But chief the god-like Mind, which bears impress'd
Its Maker's glorious image full confest;
Noblest of works created; more divine,
Than all the starry worlds, that nightly shine;
Form'd to live on, unconscious of decay,
When the wide universe shall melt away:
The Mind, which hid in savage breasts of yore,
Lay, like Golconda's gems, an useless ore;
Now greatly dares sublimest aims to scan;
Enriches science, and ennobles man;
Unveils the semblance, which it's God bestow'd;
And draws more near the fount, from whence it flow'd.

ANACREONTIC SONG,

BY CAPTAIN MORRICE,

For which he received the Prize of the Gold Cup from the Harmonic Society.

COME, thou soul-reviving CUP,
And try thy healing art;
Light the Fancy's visions up—
And warm my wasted heart!
Touch with glowing tints of bliss
Mem'ry's fading dream;
Give me, while thy lip I kiss,
The heav'n that's in thy stream!

In thy fount the LYRIC MUSE
Ever dipp'd her wing,
ANACREON fed upon thy dews,
And HORACE drain'd thy spring!
I, too, humblest of the train,
There my *spirit* find,
Freshen there my languid brain—
And store my vacant mind!

When, blest CUP, thy fires divine
  Pierce thro' TIME's dark reign,
All the joys that once were mine
  I snatch from DEATH again;
And, tho' oft fond anguish rise
  O'er my melting mind,
Hope still starts to Sorrow's eyes—
  And drinks the tear behind!

Ne'er, sweet CUP, was vot'ry blest
  More thro' life than me;
And that life, with grateful breast,
  Thou seest I give to thee!
'Midst thy rose-wreath'd nymphs I pass
  Mirth's sweet hours away;
Pleas'd, while TIME runs *thro' the glass*
  To FANCY's brighter day!

Then, magic CUP, again for me
  Thy pow'r creative try;
Again let hope-fed FANCY see
  A Heav'n in BEAUTY's eye!
O, lift my lighten'd heart away
  On PLEASURE's downy wing,
And let me taste that bliss TO-DAY
  TO-MORROW MAY NOT BRING!

1800.

THREE IDYLS,

WRITTEN AT ANCHOR-CHURCH, DERBYSHIRE *,

BY THE REV. W. B. STEVENS,

AUTHOR OF INDIAN ODES, RETIREMENT, AND OTHER POEMS.

IDYL I.

Go festal bark, and Pleasure spread the sails!
  Indulgent Trent reflects a lover's smile,
And woos with whispering reed such gentle gales,
  As speed thy course, nor vex his wave the while.
Go by the marge of his fair winding vales
  To yon romantic cliff †, whose sainted pile
With all its waving oaks thy coming hails!
  Exulting go—yet mindful that the fate
  Of thousand hearts must on thy safety wait,
For never Cyprian bark could boast so fair a freight.

* In an excursion down the River Trent.

† Anchor-Church, a curious hermitage, belonging to Sir Robert Burdett, at Foremark in Derbyshire. It is situated about half a mile north of the house, amidst a chain of rocks, that hang abruptly over extensive meadows, on the margin of the river.

IDYL II.

ROMANTIC Cliff, in Superstition's day,
Whose chamber'd rock was scoop'd by holy hand!
Where lost to earth (as Cloyster legends say)
His church and cell some woe-worn Anchoret plann'd!
Yet chose he not a drear ungenial site;
See o'er that smooth expanse of pastures green,
What giant mountains heave their distant height;
While glitters, as he winds, bright Trent between!
Those lone and lifted towers * that awe the West,
See frowning still o'er Mary's regal woes!
And mark that graceful spire † above the crest
Of yon fair hill, where Mercia's kings repose!
Religious cliffs! forgive, with other view,
With vow less holy, if our pilgrim train
Short sojourn sweet in thy recess renew,
Nor deem gay Pleasure's festal rites profane,
Where Beauty's smile divine illumes thy rural reign!

IDYL III.

RETURN, lov'd bark, for lo, the falling day,
Throws shadowy light athwart Trent's osier'd edge,
While hastening from the dashing oar away,
The timid cygnets seek the sheltering sedge,
With misty veil o'erhung!—Ah, now return!—
Thy simple tent protects a dearer charge,
Than Cydnus own'd, when erst his trophied urn
Pour'd wavy splendour round that gorgeous barge,
Whose silver oars to lutes Idalian play'd,
Whose silken streamers Cupid' self unfurl'd,
As down his tide the floating pomp convey'd
The boast of love and rival of the world.

* Tutbury Castle. † Repton.

ARISTODEMUS.

A MONODRAMA.

ARGUMENT.

" The oracle had demanded a virgin victim of the blood-royal, as the price of Messenia's safety. The lot had fallen on the daughter of Lycurgus, who fled with her. Stimulated by ambition, Ariſtodemus voluntarily offered his child: her betrothed husband, to save her life, asserted that she was pregnant; Ariſtodemus immediately stabbed her, and bade the priest convince himself of the falsehood of this evasion. He obtained the crown; but the reflection, how he had obtained it, never could be obliterated; and, at length, he slew himself upon his daughter's tomb."

A Sepulchre. Time—Night.

YET once again—again at this dread hour,
When nature slumbers in serene repose,
And only murderers wake:—I come to pause
O'er thy cold grave, my child! Again I come,
Worn out with anguish, and the keenest pangs
That frenzying Memory knows. Ye dreadful ſhades,
Ye sullen monumental groves of Death!
To you I come; escap'd the wearying cares
Of empire, and its loathsome pageantry—
Sunk to the father, comes the wretched king.

O thou cold clay—once moulded by the hand
Of lavish Nature to perfection's form—
Once animate with life, and youth, and love;
Once my Earine! Again I come
To pour my sorrows forth and call to view
What this cursed hand destroyed; when, wild with rage,
With savage superstition, and the lust
Of empire, I destroy'd the fairest work
Of bounteous heaven—blasted the opening bud
Of beauty—cast away the ties of man—
And murdered my dear child!

Oh, she was dear!
I loved her—how I loved her witness heaven!
Witness the eternal grief that gnaws my heart;
Witness the days in fruitless efforts worn,
To check the bitter thoughts that still will rise;
Witness the nights, when Memory—sleepless fiend—
Fevers my throbbing brain. Oh, she was dear!
For she was all a father's heart could wish:
Health blossom'd in her cheek, and in her voice
The soul of music breath'd; her sparkling eye
Spoke each emotion of her gentle soul,
Most eloquent. Messenia never saw
A maid more lovely than Earine—
A happier father, than her barbarous sire.

Now I can praise thy falshood, when too late,
Androcles!—I had sanction'd all his hopes.
He saw her eye beam love; he heard her voice
Breathe tenderness; and Nature bade him urge
The fond, false plea. Some fury, at that hour
Possess'd me—in her breast I plung'd the sword,
Gor'd her white bosom, though her fearful eyes

Look'd up to me for aid, though her clasped hands
Clung round my knees for safety. I beheld
Her livid cheek convulse—I felt her grasp
My knees, in life's last struggle—I beheld
Her starting eye-balls;—calm, when thousands round
Rais'd one instinctive cry; when even the priest
Started, and shriek'd with horror—I was calm—
I only—I—her father!

But the hand
Of Heaven lies heavy on the murderer now!
Earine! Androcles! look on me!
Behold me in the autumn of my days,
When, had I known to feel a father's love,
My daughter's care had smooth'd the path of age,
Behold me, withering like the blasted oak,
Struck by the wrath of Heaven. Nor ever night
Descends, but round my couch the furies throng,
Dreadful they smile, and in their red eyes glares
Horrible expectation!

Light'nings come—
Rush round my head—annihilate my woes!
Thou fearful spectre, wherefore dost thou come?
Where dost thou beckon? Spirit of my child,
Why bare that bleeding breast? Earine,
Spare me! Earine! my murder'd child,
Spare thy poor father—tho' he spar'd not thee!
Thou pointest to the sword—this impious sword—
There is no hope—no mercy: I obey
The dreadful call—accurst, abandon'd wretch,
Down to perdition!——(*He stabs himself.*)

LINES

Addressed to a beautiful young Lady, who had been a long time absent on the Continent.

THE morn was bright—the tempeſt o'er,
The breeze blew lightly off the shore,
When CAROLINE, her lily hand
Wav'd as ſhe left her native land.—
Still, with a tearful gaze, I mark,
Far off, the beauty-freighted bark,
Where melting from my aching view,
She proudly rides the billows blue.

Now dead appears each well-known scene,
The glassy brook, the meadow green,
The daisy'd lawn, the upland swell,
The shelt'ring cave, the mossy well;
The roſe hath lost her blushing bloom,
The lily shed her soft perfume;
And ev'ry shrub that decks the grove,
But tells me of my absent love.

Unheeded now the woodman's song,
Echoes the russet wilds among;
Yon shepherd, tenant of the plain,
Now fills for me his flute in vain;

Aye, heav'n-ward may the sky-lark float,
And scatter wild the mellow note;
The wren may pipe his merry lay,
Perch'd viewless on the leafy spray.

Oft, gentle maid, my guideless feet
Pace round at eve thy fav'rite feat;
Where late, the lily-scented gale
Would love to loiter, and inhale
The sweets, that with a wishful care,
Thine infant hand had planted there;—
But now the thistle's armour'd head
Usurps the violet's lowly bed.

Can Mem'ry fail, my love, to trace
Yon lake's cloud-pictur'd, waveless face,
Where oft, along its willowy shore,
For thee I've urg'd the plashing oar?
Then was this arm with vigour strung;
No sorrow o'er this forehead hung;
And then thy soft benignant smile,
Could charm away the thought of toil.

Yon oak, whose summer-foliag'd arms,
Have shelter'd oft thy fairy charms;
Where stretch'd beneath his ample boughs,
Affection urg'd her pious vows;
Now in his sombre mantle drest,
And robb'd of Spring's umbrageous vest,
Seems the partaker of my grief,
And sheds around the wither'd leaf.

Ah, CAROLINE! the foft'ring spring
Shall o'er the oak her vesture fling;

Again shall breathe her genial power,
Expand the leaf, and paint the flower:
The zephyr shall again unclose
The embryo petals of the rose;
But will it waft thee, CAROLINE,
To bless this heart, for ever thine?

T. ASHTON.

LIVERPOOL, SEPT. 7.

SONG *,

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

I HAVE a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart:
It breaths no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart!

This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,
My lot for ever be;
So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
Be never known by thee!

And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this alter'd cheek;
When my poor wasted, trembling breath
My life's last hope would speak—

I shall not raise my eyes to Heav'n,
Nor mercy ask for me;
My soul despairs to be forgiv'n,
Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

* In the Stranger.

ODES,

BY THE LATE MRS. BROOKE *.

ODE I.

WHY will dear Sabina find
  Ills beyond the present hour?
Why torment her gentle mind
  With malicious Fortune's pow'r?
To Fate belongs to-morrow's dawn,
But let to-day be all our own.

While 'tis given to hear thy voice,
  Breathe the softness of thy soul;
Let us, dearest maid! rejoice,
  Let us fill the sprightly bowl;
And whisp'ring low the favour'd youth,
Commend his tenderness and truth.

Wherefore doth thy fading cheek
  Speak the doubt, the tender fear?
Why that faint essay to speak?
  Tell me, why that starting tear?
Does Damon slight thy gentle chain,
And sigh for Rhodopé again?

* Author of Julia Mandeville, Emily Montague, Rosina, &c. These Odes were written in early youth.

Ah! too plain that streaming eye
  Speaks my lov'd Sabina's pain;
Vain the voice of festive joy,
  Sorrow waits the lover's train!
Too weak, alas! the pow'rful bowl,
To cure the sickness of the soul.

ODE II.

Away! nor talk of flow'ry chains,
Of soft distress, and pleasing pains;
But learn this useful truth from me,
That Pleasure dwells with Liberty.

Me, raptur'd, let the Muses lead,
To wander careless o'er the mead;
Or soft repos'd beside the stream,
To taste the wild, poetic dream!

Let glowing fancy paint the scene
Of airy Pindus, ever green;
Around the Delian God, in state,
Let all his tuneful vot'ries wait.

And, see! where Sappho sits alone;
Her flowing robe, her loosen'd zone,
Th' ambrosial scent her locks diffuse,
Distinguish well the Lesbian muse.

A rosy smile o'erspreads her face,
Her mien assumes a softer grace;
She waves her snowy hand and see!
My gentle lyre, she points to thee.

She takes, she tunes, my trembling lyre,
And swelling, lo! the notes aspire!
She strikes the chords, and all around
List'ning echoes drink the sound.

But, ah! how treach'rous does she prove,
She sets the yielding strings to love;
And now alas! my rebel lyre
Will only sound to soft desire.

ODE III.

TO SAPPHO.

Not Philomela's liquid throat,
Nor dear Amintor's softer note,
Oh, charmer of the Lesbian plains!
Can equal thy melodious strains.

When in thy bright, enchanting page,
I view the tender, am'rous rage;
The melting lines my bosom move,
And all my yielding soul is love.

And sure my raptur'd notes have art,
To melt the stubborn, marble heart;
To wake the soft consenting glow,
Ev'n in Amintor's breast of snow!

If magic numbers can controul
His native cruelty of soul!
Ah! bring the silver-sounding lyre,
To wake the gentle, young desire.

Harmonious songstress, I no more
Will Cytherea's pow'r adore;
Since such dissolving numbers prove
That Sappho is the queen of love.

ODE IV.

The Lesbian lute no more can charm,
Nor when my once panting bosom warm;
No more I breathe the tender sigh:
Nor when my beauteous swain appears,
With down-cast look, and starting tears,
Confess the lustre of his eye.

With freedom blest, at early dawn,
I wander o'er the verdant lawn,
And hail the sweet returning spring;
The fragrant breeze, the feather'd choir,
To raise my vernal joys conspire,
While Peace and Health their treasures bring.

Come, lovely Health! divinest maid!
And lead me thro' the rural shade:
To thee the rural shades belong!
'Tis thine to bless the simple swain;
And, while he tries the tuneful strain,
To raise the raptur'd poet's song.

Behold the patient village hind!
No cares disturb his tranquil mind,
By thee and sweet Contentment blest;
All day he turns the stubborn plain,
And meets, at eve, his infant train,
While guiltless pleasure fills his breast.

Oh, ever good and bounteous! still,
By fountain fresh, or murm'ring rill,
Let me thy blissful presence find!
Thee, Goddess! thee, my steps pursue,
When careless of the morning dew,
I leave the less'ning vales behind.

ODE V.

Oh, far remov'd from my retreat
Be Av'rice, and Ambition's feet!
Give me, unconscious of their pow'r,
To taste the peaceful, social hour.
Give me, beneath the branching vine,
The woodbine sweet, or eglantine,
While ev'ning sheds its balmy dews,
To court the chaste inspiring Muse!
Or, with the partner of my soul,
To mix the heart-expanding bowl.
Yes, dear Sabina! when with thee,
I hail the Goddess, Liberty;
When joyous thro' the leafy grove,
Or o'er the flow'ry mead, we rove;
While thy tender bosom shares
Thy faithful Delia's joys and cares;
Nor pomp, nor wealth, my wishes move,
Nor the more soft deceiver, Love.

ON THE DEATH OF DAVID HUME.

BY W. J. MICKLE.

SILENCE, ye growling wolves and bears,
And hear the song of Russel *!
Hark! how upon Parnassus' hill
This bard kicks up a bustle!

He calls the Muses lying jades,
A pack of venal strumpets:
And reason good; for none of them
The death of David trumpets.

But say—shall Shakspeare's Muse bedew
This David's leaden urn?
Or at his tomb, O Milton! say,
Shall thy Urania mourn?

Shall gentle Spenser's injur'd shade
For him attune the lay?
No! none of these o'er his cold grave
Shall strew one sprig of bay.

* Russell's Elegy on the death of D. Hume.

For him, the modern Midas, these
No grateful * chaplets owe;
Yet shall his friends, with proper bays,
Adorn his heavy brow.

For him shall Russel rant and rave
In hobbling rumbling lays;
And Smith †, in barb'rous dreary prose,
Shall grunt and croak his praise.

VERSES:

Copied from the Window of an obscure Lodging House.

WHAT tho' to deck this roof no arts combine
Such forms as rival ev'ry Fair but mine:
No nodding plumes our humble couch above
Proclaim each triumph of unbounded Love;
No silver lamps, with sculptur'd Cupids gay,
O'er yielding Beauty pour their midnight ray:
Yet FANNY's charms could Time's slow flight beguile,
Sooth ev'ry care, and make this dungeon smile.
In her what Kings, what Saints, have wish'd is giv'n:
Her Heart is Empire, and her Love is Heav'n.

* Vide Hume's character of Spenser, &c. in his history.

† Adam Smith, LL.D.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

BY THE LATE W. COWPER, ESQ.

Forc'd from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.

Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold:
But though theirs they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?

Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.

Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there One who reigns on high?
HAS HE BID YOU BUY AND SELL US,
Speaking from his throne, the sky?

Ask him if your knotted scourges,
Fetters, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means which duty urges
Agents of his will to use?

HARK! HE ANSWERS! Wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which he speaks.

He, foreseeing what vexation
AFRIC's sons would undergo,
Fix'd their tyrants' habitation
Where his whirlwinds answer "No!"

By our blood in AFRIC wasted,
Ere our necks receiv'd the chain;
By the miseries which we tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main;

By our suff'rings since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart,—
All sustain'd with patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart;

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason you shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the COLOUR of our kind.

Slaves of gold! whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that ye have HUMAN feelings,
Ere ye proudly question ours.

EPIGRAM,

TO A LAWYER.

TRAPP'D by my neighbour in his clover,
Three pigs I fee'd you to recover.
Before the court you gravely stand,
And stroke your wig, and smooth your band;
Then, taking up the kingdom's story,
You ope' your case with Alfred's glory;
Of Norman William's curfew bell,
And Cœur de Lion's prowess tell;
How thro' the ravag'd fields of France
Edwards and Henries shook the lance;
How great Eliza o'er the main
Pursu'd the shatter'd pride of Spain,
And Orange broke a tyrant's chain.
All this, good Sir, is mighty fine;
But now, an please you, to my swine!

ODE,

TO PATIENCE.

BY MRS. SHERIDAN *.

UNAW'D by threats, unmov'd by force,
My steady soul pursues her course,
Collected, calm, resign'd;
Say you who search with curious eyes
The source whence human actions rise,
Say whence this turn of mind?

'Tis Patience—Lenient Goddess, hail!
Oh! let thy votary's vows prevail,
Thy threaten'd flight to stay;
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast,
And rul'd with gentle sway.

Through all the various turns of fate,
Ordain'd me in each several state,
My wayward lot has known;
What taught me silently to bear,
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,
When sorrow weighed me down?

* Wife of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, and Mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. and author of Sidney Biddulph, &c. &c.

'Twas Patience—Temperate Goddess, stay!
For still thy dictates I obey,
Nor yield to Passion's power;
Tho' by injurious foes borne down,
My fame, my toil, my hopes o'erthrown
In one ill-fated hour.

When robb'd of what I held most dear,
My hands adorn'd the mournful bier
Of her I lov'd so well;
What, when mute sorrow chain'd my tongue,
As o'er the sable hearse I hung,
Forbade the tide to swell?

'Twas Patience—Goddess ever calm!
Oh! pour into my breast thy balm,
That antidote to pain;
Which flowing from thy nectar'd urn,
By chemistry divine can turn
Our losses into gain.

When sick and languishing in bed,
Sleep from my restless couch had fled,
(Sleep which even pain beguiles,)
What taught me calmly to sustain
A feverish being rack'd with pain,
And dress'd my looks in smiles?

'Twas Patience—Heaven-descended maid!
Implor'd, flew swiftly to my aid,
And lent her fostering breast;
Watch'd my sad hours with parent care,
Repell'd the approaches of despair,
And sooth'd my soul to rest.

Say, when dissever'd from his side,
My friend, protector, and my guide,
  When my prophetic soul,
Anticipating all the storm,
Saw danger in its direst form,
  What could my fears controul?

'Twas Patience—Gentle Goddess, hear!
Be ever to thy suppliant near,
  Nor let one murmur rise;
Since still some mighty joys are given,
Dear to her soul the gifts of heaven,
  The sweet domestic ties.

EPIGRAM.

My heart ador'd three powers above,
And bow'd to Justice, Fortune, Love:
I sought their fane, but sigh'd to find
That Justice, Fortune, Love, were blind.
Ah! would the God who stole their sight,
In sympathy their souls unite!
Then might the three display to view
Charms that the Graces never knew:
Justice, the smiles of Fortune move,
And Fortune gild the shafts of Love.

S.

THREE ODES,

BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ. OF AMWELL.

ODE, OCCASIONED BY READING DR. AKENSIDE'S ODES, 1758.

1.

YES—our sequester'd vales have heard
The voice of Freedom's chosen bard;
He bids forsake the groves and streams,
He points the Muse to loftier themes;
To themes that Grecian lays inspir'd,
To themes that Grecian heroes fir'd,
To themes that Albion's Druids sung,
Their mountains bleak and oak-crown'd rocks among.

2.

Begone, ye am'rous trifling train!
Forbear your soft enervate strain;
Your idle tales of wanton loves,
Of wounds and flames, and darts and doves:
Begone, and in the Gallic land,
Where Folly leads her laughing band,
Along the gaudy banks of Seine
Mix in the light dance on the flow'ry plain.

3.

Not that I scorn the love-taught lay,
Where Nature speaks in Nature's way,
Where Truth dictates and Reason guides,
And spotless Chastity presides:
But sure a nobler love inspires,
A nobler praise awaits the song,
That glows with Freedom's sacred fires,
And marks the bounds of right and wrong;
For those who plead their country's cause,
Shall grateful time reserve a just applause,
And bear their fame thro' ages yet unborn,
Bright as the sun, and fragrant as the morn.

1.

Are there who breathe in British air,
And wish a tyrant's yoke to bear?
O hence, ye servile race, remove,
And taste the slavery ye love;
Where causeless wars and vary'd woes,
Are gifts unbounded pow'r bestows,
Where pines the swain on richest soils,
And fell Oppression frowns, tho' Nature smiles.

2.

On winding Ligris' verdant side,
Or where the Rhone devolves his tide,
Some sweet sequester'd scene explore,
Where vine-clad hills surround the shore;
There thoughtless, indolent, and gay,
They sport the smiling hours away;
Ambition calls, their King commands,
They march, they fight, they fall in foreign lands.

3.

Not so, where on the azure main,
Extends our Albion's happy plain;
Her sons, a race sublime of soul,
No fear, nor lawless force controul:
Who serves in peace, or serves in war,
Attends but where his choice inclines;
Each makes his nation's fame his care,
And this performs, what that designs:
Beneath fair Freedom's fav'ring smile,
Th' uninjur'd peasant tills a kindly soil;
Resound ye vallies! while your shepherds sing,
A free-born people, and a father king.

1.

By each ferocious Norman's reign,
Each haughty Tudor's galling chain,
And all the ills for thee design'd
In ev'ry gloomy Stuart's mind;
Till injur'd freedom wafted o'er
Her guardian * from the Belgic shore;
By ev'ry former frown of fate,
O prize, Britannia! prize thy present state.

2.

Whoe'er or heart or hand employ'd
To gain the bliss by thee enjoy'd;
Who bold were in thy senate heard,
Or bold in war thy standard rear'd;
Or nobly suffer'd for thy cause,
The victims of perverted laws;
To these the honours due decree,
And raise the storied arch to Liberty.

* William the Third.

3.

Conspicuous on the trophied ground,
With these her chosen train around,
The sculptor's art with nicest care
Should place her image heav'nly fair:
While Commerce, fraught with gems and ores,
The gifts of many a distant land,
And Labour, crown'd with rural stores,
Sustain her throne on either hand;
Oppression bound shall rage in vain,
And Persecution struggle with her chain;
And proud Iberia's shatter'd helm appear,
And trampled papal crowns, and Gallia's broken spear.

ODE TO LEISURE, 1762.

INDULGENT Pow'r, whom heretofore
To Wealth the blithe Contentment bore,
What time in tents on sunny plains
They dwelt with herds and flocks and swains,
And Health rang'd o'er the landscape fair,
And Peace and Poetry were there.

O fav'rite of th' untroubled mind!
O friend of all the studious kind!
For many a tranquil rural day,
For many a careless warbled lay,
To thee thy bard awakes this strain,
And may it not be sung in vain.

How oft in yonder rustic tow'r
With thee I've pass'd the vernal hour,
When open'd wide a pleasing scene
Of corn-clad field and meadow green,
And dusty road and winding rill,
And brown wood waving on the hill,
And spires that caught the morning beam,
And white sails gliding down the stream:
As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd.

How oft in Summer's sultry reign,
When scorching Suns embrown'd the plain,
Where rough rocks form'd the prospect's bound,
And glossy Aspens trembled round,
With thee I've linger'd in the cool,
On mossy bank beside the pool;
Where thro' the limpid medium seen,
The bottom show'd a shining green:
As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd.

How oft when ev'ning veil'd the sky,
And landscapes faded on the eye,
Have I with thee been wont to rove,
By hawthorn hedge or hazel grove;
Where heard among the rustling trees,
Sad Autumn's hollow voice could please,
And rising slow, the Moon's pale light
Gleam'd on the distant steeple's height:

As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd.

O gentle Leisure! absent long,
I woo thee with this votive song;
While rushing from the stormy main,
Stern Winter desolates the plain;
And o'er you Southern mountain's height,
The faint Sun sheds a transient light;
Thy presence deign where wealth displays
The shelt'ring room and chearful blaze;
There to my view while history brings,
The fall of States and fate of Kings;
Or mournful tales of private life,
Of hapless love or horrid strife;
The faithful Moralist shall show
That all is vanity below.

And should the Muse disclose once more
The wond'rous scenes she show'd before,
When on my mind in vision shone,
A land to vulgar thought unknown;
Beneath whose mild auspicious clime,
Bloom flow'rs that scorn the rage of time:
If there again 'tis mine to stray,
And bear some fragrant wreath away,
Design'd the beauteous brow to grace,
Of Freedom, friend of human race,
Or she, our guide to virtue giv'n,
Religion, progeny of Heav'n;
Then noise and care be far away,
But thou, O Leisure! near me stay;
With thee and Solitude, if blest,
Nought will I envy by the Great possest.

ODE TO FANCY,

WRITTEN IN WINTER, 1760.

WHILE in the sky black clouds impend,
And chill winds blow, and rains descend,
And one brown prospect opens round
Of leafless trees and furrow'd ground;
Save here and there th' unmelted snow
Appears, some shrubby bank below;
What pleasing views shall sooth the pensive mind,
That wont in rural scenes unenvy'd joys to find.

Whate'er th' inclement clime denies,
Fancy, indulgent Pow'r! supplies,
And wafts me o'er th' Atlantic main,
And lands on some delightful plain;
Bright is the sun, and mild the breeze,
And bloom and verdure deck the trees,
And the lone Indian roams the forest wild,
With native freedom blest, by av'rice undespoil'd:

Where midst high hills, with gloomy cedars crown'd,
Some smiling vale extends its round,
Of bended boughs his cottage made,
The broad Palmeto's leaves o'ershade;
The little maize-field waving near,
And climbing gourds with golden fruit appear,
And many a healthful herb and spicy flow'ret grow,
Beside the silver rills that down the green swamp flow.

I wish th' inchanting prospect here,
And blame our ever-changing year,
Till Fancy seeks the Polar coast,
The realm of night, and realm of frost,
Where on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the moon's pale light,
Stern Winter frowning sits, and o'er the plain
Sends Want and Horror forth his desolating train.

And are there those who this sustain?
There are, and I no more complain—
And now, descried by Fancy's eye,
Fair Spring descends the southern sky;
A primrose wreath surrounds her hair,
Her green robe floats upon the air,
She waves her wanton wings, and round her show'rs
Soft dews and rich perfumes, and variegated flow'rs.

O Fancy! thus thy ever active pow'r
Can chear the solitary hour;
Be near me still, and to my mind
Bring images of various kind;
But most, for those can most engage,
The transcripts fair of Nature's pleasing page;
And heed thee well, blithe Nymph! amid thy mingled train,
That all be chaste and fair, and free from guilt and pain.

INDIAN WAR SONG.

BY MRS. MORTON.

REAR'D midst the war-empurpled plain,
What Illinois submits to pain!
How can the glory-darting fire
The coward chill of death inspire!

The Sun a blazing heat bestows,
The Moon 'midst pensive evening glows,
The stars in sparkling beauty shine,
And own their flaming source divine.

Then let me hail th' immortal fire,
And in the sacred flames expire;
Nor yet those Huron hands reſtrain:
This bosom scorns the throbs of pain.

No griefs this warrior soul can bow,
No pangs contract this even brow;
Not all your threats excite a fear,
Not all your force can start a tear.

Think not with me my tribe decays,
More glorious chiefs the hatchet raise;
Not unreveng'd their Sachem dies,
Not unattended greets the skies.

A BRITISH WAR SONG.

QUIT the plough, the loom, the mine!
Quit the joys the heart intwine!
Join our brothers on the brine;
Arm, ye brave! or slavery!

Peace, so lov'd, away is fled;
War shall leave his iron bed;
To your arms, avengers dread!
Strike, oh strike at tyranny!—

For our homes—our all—our name!
Blast again the tyrant's aim;
Britain's wrongs—swift vengeance claim,
Rush to arms—or slavery!

Lo! the shades of Britons proud!
Hear them in yon flitting cloud!
"Freedom, Children, or a shroud!
"Chuse with British bravery."

Heroes of the sea—the shore!
Quit your laurel'd rest once more:—
Dreadly rouze the battle's roar,—
Vengeance hurl on tyranny!

Faithless, tow'ring tyrant! know,
Whirlwinds on thy head shall blow!
Rushing floods shall sap below!
Prince of blood—of treachery!

Sacred be our native ground!—
Strike the drums—the trumpet's sound!
Close, the Royal Standard round!—
March!—to death, or victory!

ODE

TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF BRITAIN,

ON THE PROSPECT OF INVASION.

O FOR the death of those,
Who for their country die,
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie!

How beautiful in death
The warrior's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond Affection's breath,
And bathed in woman's tears!

The loveliest spot of earth
Be sacred to the brave;
The womb of her that gave them birth,
Their country's womb, their grave.

——But the wild waves shall sweep
Britannia's foes away,
And the blue monsters of the deep
Be surfeited with prey!—

No!—they have 'scaped the waves,
'Scaped the sea-monsters' maws;
They come!—but O shall Gallic slaves
Give English freemen laws?

By Alfred's spirit, no!
—Ring, ring the loud alarms!
Ye drums awake, ye clarions blow,
Ye heralds shout "to arms!"

To arms our heroes fly;
And leading on their lines,
The British banner in the sky,
The star of conquest, shines.

The lowering battle forms
It's terrible array:
Like clashing clouds in mountain-storms,
That thunder on their way;

The rushing armies meet;
And while they pour their breath,
The strong earth shudders at their feet,
The day grows dim with death.

——Ghosts of the mighty dead!
Your childrens' hearts inspire;
And while they on your ashes tread,
Rekindle all your fire.

The dead to life return;
Our fathers' Spirits rise!
—My brethren! in YOUR breasts they burn,
They sparkle in YOUR eyes.

Now launch upon the foe
The lightning of your rage;
Strike, strike the' affailing giants low,
The Titans of the age.

They yield,—they break,—they fly;
The victory is won:
Pursue!——they faint,—they fall,—they die;
O stay!——the work is done.

Spirit of Vengeance rest:
Sweet Mercy cries, "forbear!"
She clasps the vanquish'd to her breast;
Thou wilt not pierce them there?

——Thus vanish Britain's foes
From her consuming eye!
But rich be the reward of those
Who conquer——those who die!

O'ershadowing laurels deck
The living hero's brows;
But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
—His children and his spouse!

Exulting o'er his lot,
The dangers he has braved:
He clasps the dear ones, hails the cot,
Which his own valour saved.

——Daughters of Albion! weep;
On this triumphant plain,
Your fathers, husbands, brethren sleep,
For you and freedom slain.

O gently close the eye,
That loved to look on you;
O seal the lip, whose earliest sigh,
Whose latest breath was true:

With knots of sweetest flowers
Their winding sheet perfume;
And wash their wounds with true-love showers,
And dress them for the tomb:

For beautiful in death,
The warrior's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond Affection's breath,
And bathed in woman's tears.

Give me the death of those,
Who for their country die;
And O be mine like their repose,
When cold and low they lie!

Their loveliest native earth
Enshrines the fallen brave:
The womb of her that gave them birth,
That womb shall be their grave.

ALCÆUS,

SHEFFIELD, AUG. 29, 1803.

Criticisms.

POETRY.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

Science Revived, or the Vision of Alfred. A Poem in Eight Books, by the Rev. J. Sympson, B. D. 4to. pp. 248.

AMONG the various writers by whom Alfred has been celebrated, Mr. Sympson is entitled to hold a distinguished station. His work, though liable to some objections in its plan and conduct, has many splendid passages, that could only have been conceived by the mind of a poet. The versification has a spirit and harmony that shews Mr. Sympson to have studied the best models.

Poems on various Subjects, by Thomas Dermody. Small 8vo. pp. 206.

THE author of this volume is now beyond the reach either of praise or censure. He died in the year 1802, at an early age, after having paſſed through a life of more than ordinary vicissitude, and added another name to the melancholy list of those, who have shown that genius is not always a blessing to its possessor. His talents were of a superior order, but

they were not always exerted in a situation to display them advantageously. Many of his pieces were written on the spur of necessity, and bear evident marks of haste, negligence and lassitude. The present volume, however, does not come under this description: it contains some of his most finished productions. Dermody formed his style on our early poets, and it has many of the excellencies of his masters. His descriptions are lively and interesting, his language and his imagery are poetical and rich, his ideas and combinations of them are frequently original and striking, and his versification has often much sweetness and spirit. This character is justified by many poems in the volume now before us. Some complimentary verses, the offspring of gratitude or necessity, rather than of genius, might have been omitted with advantage.

A Tribute to the Manes of unfortunate Poets, in Four Cantos; with other Poems on various Subjects, by John Hunter, Esq. Second Edition. Small 8vo. pp. 167.

THE principal poem in this volume is long, and from its want of vigour, elegance and imagination, in no small degree tedious. It is a tribute which, for the value of it, might as well never have been paid. If we mistake not, the first edition of this "Tribute" was written in verse of eight syllables, which is now lengthened to that of ten! A few of the smaller poems are not without merit. The translation of "Cecco's Complaint" is executed with success.

Rural Tales, Ballads and Songs, by Robert Bloomfield, Author of the "Farmer's Boy." Small 8vo. pp. 130.

SECOND productions not unfrequently disappoint the expectations which had been formed of an author from the success of his first. In the present instance, however, this is not the case. The reputation of Mr. Bloomfield will be increased by his volume of "Rural Tales." Too much praise cannot be given to his delineations of rural subjects, feelings and manners: they have a correctness, spirit and grace, which indicate the hand of a master. In pastoral, true pastoral, he stands almost alone. Nor is the manner in which he treats his subject less worthy of applause, than his choice of subject itself. His versification is unaffected, flowing and elegant. One thing only in the volume calls forth censure; but this censure does not affect Mr. Bloomfield. At the end of every poem, Mr. Capel Lofft has, with great kindness, given a sort of direction to the reader what opinion he must form on what he has just read. This impertinence of commentary cannot be too severely reprobated. We recommend to Mr. Bloomfield to expunge, as soon as possible, this obtrusive nonsense.

Rhyme and Reaſon; short and original Poems. Small 8vo. pp. 152.

WITH great modesty the writer of these poems declares, tnat "he is not so courteous to himself, as to think that his poems have the smallest claim to the title of poetry." Whatever may be the author's real opinion of his poetical powers, we will frankly own that we believe him not incapable of acquiring some poetical reputation. His present volume appears to be the sportive production of a mind capable of better things. Some of his pieces are highly laughable.

Wallace; or the Vale of Ellerslie, with other Poems. Small 8vo. pp. 125.

THIS volume is published without the name of the author, but it is not possible that a writer of so much merit should remain long unknown. The imagery of "Wallace" is highly spirited and poetical, and the versification is flowing and animated. Many of the smaller poems are distinguished by great tenderness and elegance.

The Metrical Miscellany: consisting chiefly of Poems hitherto unpublished. 8vo. pp. 224.

FOR this elegant collection the public is indebted to the taste and talent of Mrs. Riddel. It contains, among those of many other authors of merit, compositions from the pens of Darwin, Smyth, Roscoe, Sheridan, Barbauld, and Cumberland. The bare mention of these names supersedes the necessity of giving praise. Some of the anonymous pieces, however, do not yield in beauty to those which are avowed. Mrs. Riddel herself has contributed several poems which will give the reader no mean opinion of her talents.

An Essay on War, in blank Verse; Honington Green, a Ballad; the Culprit, an Elegy; and other Poems, on various Subjects, by Nathaniel Bloomfield. Small 8vo. pp. 124.

THIS volume of poems is introduced to the world by Mr. Capel Lofft, in a long gossiping, preface, which contains some account of Mr. N. Bloomfield, and a criticism, or rather panegyric on his writings. The panegyric, like most compositions of the kind, is not a little exaggerated. Had Mr. Lofft contented him-

ſelf with claiming a large share of praise for the man who in such a station as Mr. N. Bloomfield could write such poems, his claim would have been readily allowed; but when he compares him to Lucretius, and asserts that few have ever reached before to such a height on Parnassus, it is impossible to repress a smile, of something like contempt, at his utter want of taste and judgement. So determined is Mr. Lofft to find beauty in every thing, that he does not hesitate to say, that the verſification of these poems, which, beyond dispute, *is* frequently "harsh and untuneable," can only appear so to "a careless reader," and is really "musical and energetic!" We must be allowed to give it as our opinion that there is ſome defect in the conformation of his ears. Thus much for Mr. Lofft, who has an unlucky propensity to thrust himself upon the public notice, that marks a weak mind, and ought to be repressed. With regard to the poems, they certainly do credit to Mr. Bloomfield. They ſhew that the author has a reflecting and an amiable mind.

Broad Grins, by George Colman, the Younger. Small 8vo. pp. 125.

THE line which Mr. Colman has applied to a notorious character of the present age, may with great propriety be applied to himself. In this volume he never betrays a want of "wit," but very frequently a want of "grace." Mr. Colman's wit would surely not have been less powerful had it been untainted by indelicacy! Not to laugh at his tales is nearly impossible: it is equally impossible not to be disgusted at many parts of them. It is no apology for Mr.

Colman, though he manifestly considers it as an apology, that many parts of Swift and Sterne are unfit to be read.

Poems, by Mrs. Opie. Small 8vo. pp. 185.

AMONG the female writers of the present day Mrs. Opie is entitled to hold a distinguished rank. Her poems cannot fail of giving pleasure to every reader of taste. They are not deformed by any of those meretricious ornaments which are so profusely employed by some persons; but are characterized throughout by elegance, tenderness, and simplicity.

The Miscellaneous Works, in Verse and Prose, of the late Henry Man. 2 vols. 8vo.—Verse 1 vol. pp. 259.

THESE volumes, it may be presumed, are published by some friend of the late Author. "Heaven de-"fend me from my friends, and I will defend myself "from my enemies," was of old said, and not unjustly. The injudicious kindness of friends has, if possible, a more mischievous tendency than even the harshness of splenetic and interested Critics. Nothing but the very folly of friendship could have thought of calling the attention of the world to Mr. Man's writings. They may have pleaſed in a private circle, but they possess none of the requisites which command the public praiſe. Mr. Man ſeems to have written upon every occasion, and by that means to have attained a facility of rhyming. His verſes have little either of elegance or thought. By no ſtretch of courtesy can they be dignified with the title of poetry. They have also a worse fault than being trite; they are ſometimes indelicate. His Essays are in a strain of common-place thinking.

The Peasant's Fate: a rural Poem, with Miscellaneous Poems, by William Holloway. Small 8vo. pp. 128.

THIS poem is in some parts feeble, and in others incorrect. It is not, however, without a respectable share of merit. Many of the thoughts are good, and some of the descriptions are faithful and picturesque. In versification the author appears to have taken Goldsmith for his model, but he has not been quite successful in his attempt to imitate the manner of that poet. His verse is, notwithstanding, in general, sufficiently flowing.

Verses on several Subjects, written in the Vicinity of Stoke Park, in the Summer and Autumn of 1801, *by Henry James Pye.* Small 8vo. pp. 85.

A VERY considerable portion of this little volume is occupied by Gray's "Long Story," and a continuation of it by Mr. Penn, which are inserted to introduce a further continuation by Mr. Pye. This mode of making a volume is, perhaps, not quite fair. There is, however, much merit in Mr. Pye's additional stanzas. The other poems are generally pleasing and elegant.

Tales of Superstition and Chivalry. Small 8vo. pp. 144.

THESE tales contain many passages of no common merit. The language is frequently in a high degree poetical, and the incidents well imagined. One fault, however, runs nearly through the whole of the volume. It is obscurity. The author solicitous, as it would appear, to produce a striking effect, has often left so much to be imagined by the reader that he is turned aside from the general beauty of the poem to dis-

cover the connexion or the meaning of particular parts.

Verses, social and domestic, by George Hay Drummond, A. M. Small 8vo. pp. 188.

FROM the title of these poems the reader will have already guessed that they lay no claim to the higher graces of poetry. Their character of style is well expressed in the appellation given to them. Though not without some occasional incorrectness and languidness, they display much elegance, tenderness, and simplicity.

The Festival of the Rose, with other Poems, by Mrs. Montolieu. Small 4to. pp. 77.

To those who can be gratified by a simple tale, told in polished and flowing verse, the "Festival of the Rose" will afford pleasure in the perusal. Though the poetry of Mrs. Montolieu is not marked by much originality of thought or force of expression, it never sinks into the opposite extremes, and if it fail in gaining very animated praife, will, at least, not call forth any aſperity of cenſure.

Malvern Hills, and other Poems, by Joseph Cottle. 3d. Edit. ſmall 8vo. pp. 238.

"MALVERN HILLS," the principal poem in this volume, is written in blank verse. Both the blank and rhymed verse of Mr. Cottle are entitled to the praise of variety and animation. The reader of these poems will be rewarded in his progress through them, by some, and those not a few, passages of picturesque description, and by others which show the author to be a man of deep thought and pure morals.

Egypt; a Poem descriptive of that Country and its Inhabitants, with other Poems, by M. M. Clifford, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 79.

To the feeling and talent of Mr. Clifford this little volume does very great honour. The principal poem was composed, he tells us, "at uncertain intervals, "and under every disadvantage of time and place." Of this apology, however, it does not stand in need. It is an elegant, spirited, and interesting production. The smaller poems are pleasing.

The Poetical Works of Eaglesfield Smith, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 270.

THIS volume contains much democracy, much bad taste, and very little that has any claim to the character of poetry. It is but justice, however, to say, that in his Notice to the Reader the author makes no high pretensions: he chiefly rests his claims on an endeavour "to imitate the style and simplicity of the "ancient ballad." In his attempt at imitation he has failed. Many persons seem to think that to produce the same effect as the ancient ballad writers, nothing is necessary but to copy those negligencies and inaccuracies * in them which arose from the state and character of the age in which they lived. Mr. Smith appears to have been possessed by this unfortunate idea. But there is a heavier charge against Mr. S. than want of poetical merit. Though he has been confined in a French prison, though he has known all the horrours of revolutionary France, he persists in praising the French revolution, and in repeating the

* See Poetical Register, vol. 1, p. 434-5.

infamous and often refuted lie, that all the crimes committed by that miserable country, were the consequences of a combination of despots against her: In this case, he has to chuse between the imputation of ignorance, and something far more criminal than ignorance.

Poems, by George Dyer. Small 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 452.

THOUGH the muse of Mr. Dyer never soars into the more elevated regions of poetry, she never descends so low as to become an object of contempt. Mr. Dyer appears, in truth, to be a man of a benevolent mind, cultivated taste, elegant attainments, and classical knowledge. His poems, though occasionally negligent or feeble, may be read with some pleasure. His comic efforts are among his least successful ones.

Poems, by Mrs. John Hunter. Crown 8vo. pp. 122.

MANY of the small poems in this volume have been long known to the public, no less by their own intrinsic merit than by the beautiful music composed for them by Haydn. The songs of Mrs. Hunter are of peculiar excellence. They possess great simplicity, sweetness, and elegance. The longer poems have also considerable merit.

Poems, by Francis Wrangham, M. A. Small 8vo. pp. 111.

THE two principal poems in this volume are "The Restoration of the Jews," and "The Destruction of Babylon." Of these the first, which is in blank verse, gained the Seaton prize in the year 1794: the second,

in which the author has chosen rhyme, was an unsuccessful candidate for the prize of the succeeding year. In both his efforts, however, Mr. Wrangham has manifested great poetical ability. His versification, whether in blank verse or rhyme, is polished and vigorous. Some of the smaller poems are neat and spirited.

Pleasures of Solitude, 2d Edition, with other Poems, by P. L. Courtier. Small 8vo. pp. 128.

In the present edition the "Pleasures of Solitude" appears considerably enlarged, and, which is of more consequence, considerably improved. It is not always that an alteration is an amendment. Not unfrequently the spirit of a passage evaporates in the process of correction. The changes in the poem now under consideration are, however, uniformly for the better. The additions have been skilfully inserted, and give to the poem a greater regularity and connection than it had before. The stanza chosen by the author is that of Spenser, and is well managed. A strain of sound thinking runs through the whole of the "Pleasures of Solitude;" there is also a tinge of melancholy, which renders the poem still more interesting. The smaller pieces are pleasing and elegant.

Original Poems and Translations; particularly Ambra, from Lorenzo de Medici, chiefly by Susanna Watts. 8vo. pp. 144.

In her translations from the Italian, Miss Watts has been very successful. They have a great degree of freedom and elegance. Her original pieces are above

mediocrity. Some of the poems in this volume are by " A gentleman," whose name, had he thought proper to give it, would not have been disgraced by his compositions.

The Pleader's Guide, a didactic Poem, in Two Books, containing the Conduct of a Suit at Law, with the Arguments of Counsellors Bother 'um and Bore 'um &c. by the late John Surrebutter, Esq. special Pleader and Barrister at Law. Large 8vo. pp. 187.

" THE Pleader's Guide" is the production of Mr. Anstey, a son of the celebrated author of the Bath Guide. From the merit of this volume, we might almost be tempted to believe that wit is hereditary. The same wit, the same humour, the same playful satire, that adorn the Bath Guide are to be found here. To render the jargon of the law at all bearable in verse, seems at first sight impossible, but Mr. Anstey has proved the fallacy of such an opinion. The man who can read the Pleader's Guide without laughing, must be in possession of most inflexible muscles, or a more than common share of stupidity.

Thoughts on Happiness, a Poem in Four Books. Crown 8vo. pp. 94.

WERE there no other merit in this poem, the charitable purpose to which the profits of it are to be applied, and the uniform purity of its sentiments, would disarm the severity of criticism. But these are not the only claims it has to favour. It is in many parts animated, and in many picturesque. The verse, though sometimes negligent, is, on the whole, nervous and spirited: it has something of the manner of Cowper.

Poetry, by the Author of Gebir. Crown 8vo. pp. 64.

THE author of this poetry had doubtless read that obscurity was a source of the sublime, and thought that to write an obscure poem, would be to write a sublime one. With respect to the obscurity he has, beyond dispute, succeeded, for a great part of his verse may be read over a hundred times, and still leave us "gravely wondering what it is about." But amidst all his obscurity, two things are perfectly clear, —that he is a determined hater of what he is pleased to call "Circæan, soul-dissolving Monarchy," and a slavish adulator of the being, whose Consular purple has veiled from vulgar eyes, the poisoning of his sick companions in arms, and the massacre of his defenceless prisoners.

The Passage of the Saint Gothard; by the Dutchess of Devonshire; with an Italian Translatian, by G. Polidori. Small 8vo. pp. 47.

THIS elegant little poem does great honour to the taste, talent, and feeling of its noble authoress. The Italian translation is, in general, sufficiently faithful. A dedicatory poem of considerable merit to the Countess of Besborough, by an anonymous writer, opens the volume.

A Poetical Sketch. Crown 8vo. pp. 51.

IN this "Poetical Sketch," many passages are to be found which have the appearance of being imitated from, or at least suggested by, preceding authors. But there is also much of originality and a poetical spirit. Many of the descriptions are just and animated: the verse, though it has sometimes too much

of modern art, is, almost always, flowing and harmonious, and the rhymes are correct in a degree which is seldom to be found in any poem of considerable length. The whole indicates the writer to possess talents much above mediocrity.

Poems and Ballads. Crown 8vo. pp. 63.

THOUGH frequently incorrect, these poems discover some talent. The versification is flowing, and there is much simplicity and tenderness in many of the thoughts. It is impossible to praise too highly the generous indignation with which the author has several times mentioned the infamous seducers of female innocence.

Specimens of the Odyssyad. 4to. pp. 30.

IN this Age of Experiments it is certainly not wonderful that, sharing the fate of matters of more importance, Versification should have been subjected to the torturing trials of the Experimentalists. Some time ago, a gentleman of known poetical ability, after several minor efforts, which were sent forth as scouts to discover the public opinion, produced a tolerably long poem in a strange and rambling kind of metre, which, with a parental partiality, he had persuaded himself was far more beautiful than any of those in common use. This experiment, however, was unsuccessful. One half of the world stupidly mistook the poem for prose, and the other half, while it did justice to the author's talent, thought his book was neither prose nor verse. After this it might have been supposed that there would have been an end to experiments upon verse! But the love of experiment is

an operative principle. The Specimens now under consideration are published by another poetical reformer. His system differs from the one before alluded to, but is equally unfortunate. It professes to combine in a new and harmonious order all the different feet employed in poetry, and by this means to form a superior kind of blank verse. But so unlucky has the projector been that, though he has charitably placed an accent over various words as a sort of direction post, it is impossible to make verse of the greatest part of his lines. Some of the names of his heroes are as strange as his metre. No one surely can without a smile read of Towrai, Neehourai-he, and king Tootoowhah! Yet the author seriously means to publish the whole of his poem in a "large octavo volume." We have extended this article to a disproportionate length in the intention of once for all marking with reprobation such new-fangled systems.

The Tears of Hibernia! dispelled by the Union. A Poem, by W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq. 4to. pp. 19.

THOUGH we agree with Mr. Fitzgerald in many of his sentiments, we must be allowed to lament that he did not confine his expression of them to plain prose. The verse of Mr. Fitzgerald is neither nervous nor elegant.

The Island of Innocence; a poetical Epistle to a Friend, by Peter Pindar, Esq. Part I. 4to. pp. 17.

IN this little poem there are some passages that may be read with pleasure. The thoughts are frequently trite, but they do not offend by indecency or irreligion. It would, however, have been as well had

the author said nothing about his "love of virtue," and his "moral lays." Such pretensions come from him with a very bad grace indeed.

Designs to a Series of Ballads, written by William Hayley, Esq. and founded on Anecdotes relating to Animals. 4to. Three Numbers. pp. 39.

THESE ballads are witten in a style of elegance and simplicity. They are three in number, and the subjects of them are the Elephant, the Lion and the Eagle. It is intended to continue the publication to the extent of a quarto volume. The work is inscribed by Mr. Hayley to the inhabitants of Chichester.

The Happy Village, a Poem, by the Rev. Richard Wallis. 4to. pp. 20.

THAT the village of Blanchland, which is here described, enjoys so great a share of happiness, as Mr. Wallis asserts it to do, must give pleasure to every feeling mind. The reader of taste may, however, be allowed to lament that the news of its happiness was not communicated to the world in verse and description less drawling and insipid, than that of the present poem!

Elegy to the Memory of the late Duke of Bedford; written on the Evening of his Interment, by Mrs. Opie. 4to. pp. 16.

THIS Elegy will not add to the reputation of Mrs. Opie. Though it has some good lines, it is, on the whole, a languid, and, of course, uninteresting poem. Neither is Mrs. Opie as successful in heroic verse as

in other metres: her verse of that kind is not recommended by elegance or vigour.

The Curate, an Elegiac Poem, by ****. *******. 4to. pp. 16.

In this composition there are some good lines and ideas, but they are almost as thinly scattered as the oases in the sandy desert of Lybia: as a whole, its character is feebleness and incorrectness. The sentiments are unexceptionable.

The Infidel and Christian Philosophers: or the last Hours of Voltaire and Addison contrasted. 4to. pp. 18.

The design with which this poem was written is entitled to the greatest praise: the execution, unfortunately, cannot be commended. Both the language and versification are below mediocrity.

St. Peter's Denial of Christ: a Seatonian Prize Poem, by the Rev. Wm. Cockburn, M. A. 4to. pp. 20.

There is little to praise in this poem. An attempt is made by the writer to give a variety of pause to his blank verse, but the attempt is productive only of harshness, Nor is the subject itself treated with much felicity: not more than two pages relate to the lapse of the Apostle, and in the very middle of his subject the author breaks away to pay an aukward compliment of two pages in length to the peace.

The Histrionade: or theatric Tribunal, a Poem; descriptive of the principal Performers at both Houses, In two Parts, by Marmaduke Myrtle, Esq. 8vo. pp. 56.

THIS poem is the production of a man who was capable of far better things. It was one of the last compositions of poor Dermody, and was, most probably, written on the spur of necessity, to obtain a temporary supply of money. It bears evident marks of haste. Many parts are feeble, and many incorrect, but the genius of the author sometimes appears in passages of considerable merit.

Love: an Allegory. To which are added several Poems and Translations, by James Lawrence. Small 8vo. pp. 65.

DURING his residence in Germany, in which country these poems were composed, the author has imbibed an abundant portion of German principles. His allegory is written to persuade the world that all its evils arise from what he thinks proper to call superstition, and from chastity: He hates both most cordially, but the latter has the greatest portion of his hatred. Hymen, of course, receives a share of his invective. To turn them all out of doors is the infallible recipe that he proposes for producing on earth "a second golden age, a paradise regained!!" It is perhaps no great compliment to say, what is the fact, that his poetry is far better than his principles. It is generally flowing and animated.

Union; a Poem. Part I. Small 8vo. pp. 40.

"UNION" is evidently by a young author. The ideas are sometimes poetical, but never for any long continuance, and the blank verse, in which it is written, is feeble and monotonous, such as theirs must always be who conceive that blank verse is merely verse without rhime.

Pictures of British Female Poesy, by W. Case, Jun. Small 8vo. pp. 26.

THIS writer possesses considerable facility of versification, and command of language, but he is frequently negligent and inaccurate. His faults, however, may be removed by time, and the study of the best authors. The principles he professes are entitled to unqualified praise.

Youth, a Poem, by J. Bidlake, A. B. Crown 8vo. pp. 29.

THIS poem has many picturesque and pleasing parts, but is deficient in correctness and spirit. Had it been compressed into half the compass it would have been more worthy of praise. The rhymes are sometimes imperfect, and the same rhyme is too often repeated: the word "found" terminates three lines out of eighteen.

SATIRE.

The Scum Uppermost, when the Middlesex Porridge-pot boils over!! an heroic Election Ballad, with explanatory Notes: accompanied with an admonitory Nod to a blind Horse. 4to. pp. 19.

INTERNAL evidence, as well as common report, justifies us in attributing this humourous poem to the editor of Salmagundi. It is a spirited satire upon certain notorious demagogues, and their proceedings. In wit, ludicrous rhymes, and pointed allusion, it is not inferior to any of the author's former poems.

The Middlesex Election; or Poetical Epistles, in the Devonshire Dialect, &c. &c. Edited by Peter Pindar, Esq. 1ſt. Part. 4to. pp. 64.

Pitt and his Statue; an Epistle to the Subscribers. Also Lord B— and his Motions, &c. &c. by Peter Pindar, Esq. 4to. pp. 51.

The Horrors of Bribery; a penitential Epistle, from Philip Hamlin, Tinman, to the Right Hon. H. Addington, Prime Minister, &c. &c. Edited by Peter Pindar, Esq. 4to. pp. 26.

THESE poems are in the usual style of Peter Pindar. To say this is surely to say enough. Is there any person who needs to be informed that they are abusive, indelicate, and irreligious, that ribaldry supplies the place of wit, and that, in short, they are of such a nature as to render them a more proper object for a court of justice than a court of criticism? If there be any difference between these and his former productions of the same kind, it consists in their being, if possible, more dull and more malignant. In "the lowest deep" he has found "a lower deep."

TRANSLATIONS.

The Odes of Anacreon, translated in English Verse, with Notes, by Thomas Moore, Esq. of the Middle Temple. 2d Edition. Small 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 307.

BY this translation the poetical fame of Mr. Moore may be considered as established on a solid basis. His Anacreon comes recommended by an elegance

and spirit which is not often found. There is perhaps too much epithet, and the translation is sometimes too paraphrastical, but here objection must end. The notes are at once pleasing and judicious, and show Mr. Moore to be a man of extensive reading and acquirements.

Select Odes of Anacreon, with critical Annotations; to which are added Translations and Imitations of other ancient Authors, by the late Hercules Younge, and published by the Rev. Robert Drought. 12mo. pp. 183.

THESE translations from Anacreon cannot, consistently with critical justice, be recommended to public favour. They are, in general, spiritless and inelegant, and in some places, vulgar. The notes are the most interesting part of the volume.

Miscellaneous Translations and Imitations of the Minor Greek Poets, by I. B. S. Morrit, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 51.

WHEN the reader of this little volume has arrived at its conclusion, his only regret will be that he has not further to go. Few translators have succeeded more happily than Mr. Morrit. He is at once faithful, elegant, and spirited.

The Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis, translated into English Verse, by William Gifford, Esq. with Notes and Illustrations. 4to. pp. 486.

IT has long been a matter of regret that the English language possessed no translation of Juvenal which could satisfy the reader of taste. The translation which goes under the name of Dryden is unequal, as

are all the others. Dr. Johnson, in imitating two of the Satires, has given cause for regret that he went no further. Last year an attempt was made by a person, who published a volume which might with propriety have had its title "Juvenal travestied." Mr. Gifford has, at length, given to the world his translation of Juvenal, and has left little to be wished for. He has executed his task with fidelity, and spirit, and, generally, with elegance. Some low and colloquial expressions occur, which might be expunged with advantage to the work. The notes and illustrations are judicious. A narrative of his early life is prefixed by Mr. Gifford. It is of a most interesting nature.

The Thirteenth Satire of Juvenal: intended for a Specimen of a new Translation of his Satires. 12mo. pp. 20.

THIS translation has some passages which are executed with tolerable success. As a whole, however, it is not above mediocrity. It is hardly probable that the translator will, now that the volume of Mr. Gifford has appeared, carry into effect his intention of publishing the whole of the satires.

The Divina Commedia of Dante Alighieri: consisting of the Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradiso. Translated into English Verse, with preliminary Essays, Notes, and Illustrations, by the Rev. Henry Boyd, A.M. 8vo. 3 vols. pp. 1212.

SEVERAL years have elapsed since Mr. Boyd first published his translation of the Inferno. His success in that part of the "Divina Commedia," induced a wish

that he might extend his labours to the whole. That wish is now gratified, and the English reader may have the pleasure of perusing the works of a poet, who has few equals in the terrible and sublime. Mr. Boyd's translation is entitled to great praise. Though he has sometimes expanded and sometimes added, he is on the whole sufficiently faithful to his original. The stanza that Mr. Boyd has chosen is perhaps, though well managed, not the best form of verse for such long poems. His versification is, nevertheless, flowing and spirited.

ANCIENT POETRY.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border: consisting of Historical and Romantic Ballads, collected in the Southern Counties of Scotland; with a Few of modern Date, founded upon local Tradition. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 788.

It is to the taste, judgement, and assiduity of Mr. Walter Scott, that the public is indebted for this elegant collection of Border Poetry. The task could not have been undertaken by more able hands, and it has been executed in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. Some of the ballads have great poetical beauty, and all are interesting, from their faithful delineation of manners. The notes and dissertations by Mr. Scott form not the least valuable part of the volume. They display an intimate acquaintance with the history, customs, and manners of Scotland. The volumes contain some modern ballads, of which those by the editor, rank high in the scale of merit.

Ancient Engleish Metrical Romanceës, selected and publish'd by Joseph Ritson. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1201.

HAD Mr. Ritson confined himself to the mere publication of these Romances (and no man is more capable of publishing them correctly) he would have deserved the thanks of every lover of ancient poetry. But this he has not thought proper to do. He has prefixed to them a dissertation, which while it displays, in many parts, great information, is perhaps unparalleled for petulance, malignity, and some qualities of a still worse nature. His insane hatred of Christianity, and his ridiculous mode of expressing it, excite a mingled sentiment of pity and contempt: pity for his wretched state of mind, and contempt for the imbecillity of his attacks on a religion of the comforts of which he must stand so much in need. Singularity seems to be the bane of Mr. Ritson. Under the dominion of this weakness, he has enrolled himself among those re-modellers of the English language, at whom Dr. Johnson in the preface to his Dictionary, has aimed a single, but severely sarcastic, observation. He has invented a mode of spelling which, from its whimsicality and incomprehensibleness, throws all the attempts of Elphinstone, and other innovators, wholly into the shade. A faint idea of it may be formed from the title page. One capital improvement made by Mr. Ritson, consists in altering the "ſs," by placing the little "s" before the great one! This amendment was, probably suggested to its ingenious author, by some old stories, in which the giant is preceded by a dwarf.

NEW EDITIONS OF EMINENT ENGLISH POETS.

The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Warton, B. D. *Fifth Edition, with Additions, Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Author, and Notes critical and explanatory, by Richard Mant*, M. A. *Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.* 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 725.

At a period when the general voice has justly ranked Warton among those writers who do honour to their country, it is unnecessary to enter into a criticism on the merit of his poems. Of the present edition, something may, however, be said. It is the most complete and correct that has hitherto appeared. The Life of Warton is more extensive than any former one. The notes upon the poems are copious: somewhat, indeed, too copious. It may reasonably be doubted, whether a profuseness of illustration adds much to the pleasure or instruction of the reader, when the author commented upon is not one whose antiquity or obscureness calls for a commentary.

THE DRAMA.

UNACTED PLAYS.

A Series of Plays: in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger Passions of the Mind, each Passion being the Subject of a Tragedy and a Comedy, by Joanna Baillie. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 478.

Miss Baillie seems to have received from the tragic Muse a larger portion of her favour, than she has deigned to bestow on any dramatist for many years. It is in the composition of tragedy that Miss Baillie shines with peculiar lustre. Her strong conception of character, her accurate delineation of the varied feelings and passions, her vivid imagery, and her command of poetical language, are such as cannot fail to excite admiration. In comedy, though above mediocrity, she has not equal success.

Oberon: or Huon of Bourdeaux, a Mask; and Orestes, a Tragedy, by William Sotheby, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 240.

By the publication of this volume, the well-earned fame of Mr. Sotheby, will be considerably augmented. The Mask and the Tragedy, are both compositions of superior merit. Of "Oberon," the story is taken from Weiland's poem of the same name; a poem, which about two years ago, was translated by Mr. Sotheby, in a style which ranks it among our best translations. Orestes is a splendid effort of tragical composition. It excites horror and pity in a strong degree. In both dramas, the language is elegant and poetical.

The Cid, a Tragedy, in Five Acts, taken from the French of Corneille, by a Gentleman, formerly a Captain in the Army. 8vo. pp. 63.

The mere English reader, who should form an idea of the celebrated "Cid" of Corneille, from the translation now before us, would be led into an error of no small magnitude. He would imagine Corneille to

be the dullest of writers, and wonder at the folly of those who liberally rewarded him for even a few lines of this very play. But the fault is not in Corneille. In this translation his meaning may commonly be found, but it will be found degraded by the language in which it is clothed. The carcase of Corneille is here, but the soul that inspired it is flown. The language and the versification of this English Cid are alike miserable!

Joseph; a Sacred Drama, by W. T. Procter. 8vo. pp. 56.

As we conceive it to be the duty of a reviewer to read to the end every work which comes under his critical authority, we have with great patience toiled to the conclusion of this Sacred Drama. The satisfaction arising from the strict performance of a duty, has been the only one we have felt in the perusal of Mr. Procter's production. Probably our good natured readers would have thought it no fault at all, or at worst a venial one, had we closed the book and passed judgment, after reading the following lines, by which the drama is opened.

> " Yonder my dear brethren are coming. And,
> " Ah! my brother Benjamin I spy: my
> " Own and youngest brother; the fav'rite son
> " Of my father; tender, affectionate,
> " And doating."——

These are *not* the worst lines in the book. The author has a strange antipathy to vowels. " Cruelty," according to his new system, is written " cru'lty."

John Woodvil, a Tragedy, by C. Lamb; to which are added, Fragments of Burton, Author of the Anatomy of Melancholy. Small 8vo. pp. 128.

In this Tragedy, as it is called, the reader must not look for either plot or character. Sir Walter Woodvil the father of the hero, having been a partizan of the Republicans, who murdered king Charles the first, has on the restoration, taken refuge in Sherwood forest, with his youngest son, under the disguise of a Frenchman. The secret is confided to his eldest son John Woodvil, the hero of the tragedy, who, in a fit of drunkenness, commits it to a worthless friend. This friend he immediately insults, and draws his sword upon. They fight; the friend is disarmed, and in revenge takes down officers to seize Sir Walter, who hearing his son has betrayed him, puts his hand to his face and dies instantly. The first time that John Woodvil is introduced after this event, he is admiring his mourning, and descanting very philosophically, upon the adaptation of black clothes to grief. His love Margaret, who had been driven away by his conduct in his riotous days, then enters, and he for a moment seems very miserable, but she expostulates, he recovers himself, and tells a long story how he had been made quite happy, by going into the church and praying that morning before any body came—and so the Tragedy concludes. The whole last act is taken up with the dialogue between John and Margaret. The first four acts are like the tragedy of King Cambyses, " mixed full of pleasant mirth :" what with drunken servants and drunken masters, there is an abundance of bad jokes. One praise, however, the author may claim : he has imitated the style of blank verse, used by the ancient dramatists, and sometimes with uccess.

ACTED PLAYS.

The Poor Gentleman: a Comedy, in five Acts, by George Colman, the Younger. 8vo. pp. 84.

THIS comedy is by no means equal to some of Mr. Colman's dramatic productions. It is a very irregular and unequal performance. Yet, though it does not rank with the best of Mr. Colman's dramas, it is not without merit. Many of the incidents are laughable, the dialogue is often animated, and the whole is enlivened by numerous flashes of wit and humour.

The Fashionable Friends; a Comedy, in five Acts: as performed by their Majesties Servants at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. 8vo. pp. 85.

MUCH has been said of the immorality of this comedy by some diurnal writers, of whom it is not uncharitable to say, that their moral perceptions are not very acute. That it contains immoral characters is true, but its tendency is not hostile to morality. It punishes vice and rewards virtue. Some equivoques there are, which must certainly be considered as reprehensible, but they are not numerous. The dialogue is, in general, sprightly, the characters are not ill drawn, and many of the situations are well imagined.

Folly as it flies: a Comedy, in five Acts, by F. Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 65.

IF the only aim of Mr. Reynolds be to excite laughter, it must be owned that he is generally successful. The play before us is not a comedy but a farce in five acts. There is much drollery in it, and many good hits at the follies of the times. Character there is none.

Chains of the Heart, or the Slave by Choice; in three Acts, by Prince Hoare. 8vo. pp. 92.

If we rightly understand the meaning of Mr. Hoare, in his dedication of this piece, he claims no more merit for his production than is due to a mere vehicle for music. To this kind of merit he has an indisputable title. Beyond it he can have no pretensions. His opera, (for in his dedication, though not in his title page, he calls it an opera) has little plot, and no character; and its dialogue cannot boast of much wit or humour. He confesses it himself to be a hasty performance.

The Bedouins, or Arabs of the Desert: a comic Opera, in three Acts. As it was performed at the Theatre Royal, Dublin: with Corrections and Additions, by Eyles Irwin, Esq. M.R.I.A. 12mo. pp. 60.

This opera was not successful in the representation. It perhaps deserved success as well as many other pieces that have attained it. Though it has not any very striking beauties, it is sufficiently interesting to prevent the reader from becoming fatigued.

Urania; or the Illuminé: a Comedy in Two Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane: by W. R. Spenser, Esq. 8vo. pp. 38.

Urania is a pleasant satire on the taste for spectral appearances, which is so prevalent in Germany. The dialogue is, in general, elegant. Some few passages, which seem intended to gain the applause of the upper galleries, are liable to objection.

The Wife of a Million: a Comedy, in five Acts. As performed by his Majesty's Servants of the Theatres Royal, Norwich, Lincoln, and Canterbury: by Francis Latham. 12mo. pp. 93.

THERE is nothing very new or attractive in this comedy. It is, however, not inferior to many that have been tolerated for more than nine nights. Some good sentiments and situations occur in it. The morality, and that is no small consideration, is unexceptionable.

A Tale of Mystery, a Melo Drama, by Thomas Holcroft. 8vo. pp. 51.

AN attempt is here made by Mr. Holcroft, to introduce on the British stage, a species of entertainment hitherto unknown to it. The attempt is not without success. Much of the effect in pieces like the present, must depend upon the music, but the Tale of Mystery has some pretensions to praise, even when considered without the accompaniment of the orchestra.

A House to be Sold; a musical Piece in Two Acts: As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane: by James Cobb. 8vo. pp. 56.

THIS musical piece is an alteration and enlargement of a French drama in one act, called *Maison a vendre.* Like the generality of after pieces, it has little plot, and still less character. With the assistance of music and scenery, such pieces may amuse, but in the perusal they can give no pleasure.

The Sixty Third Letter, a Musical Farce, in Two Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket: by W. C. Oulton. 8vo. pp. 44.

THE plot of this little piece is not ill contrived. Much character is not, perhaps, to be expected in an after piece. The dialogue is sprightly and laughable.

CATALOGUE.

ALMEIDA, a Tragic Drama, by a Lady, 8vo.
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THE END.

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